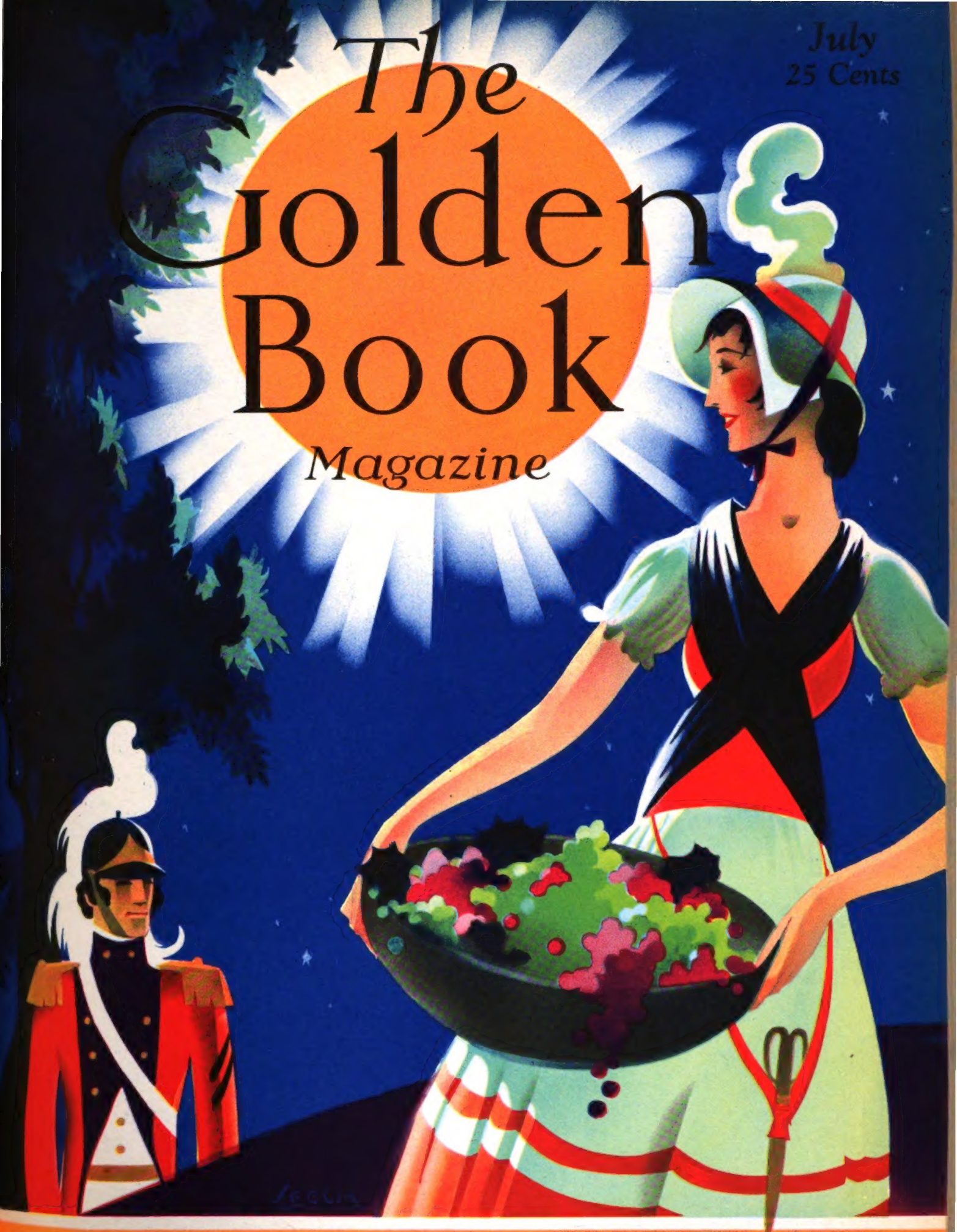

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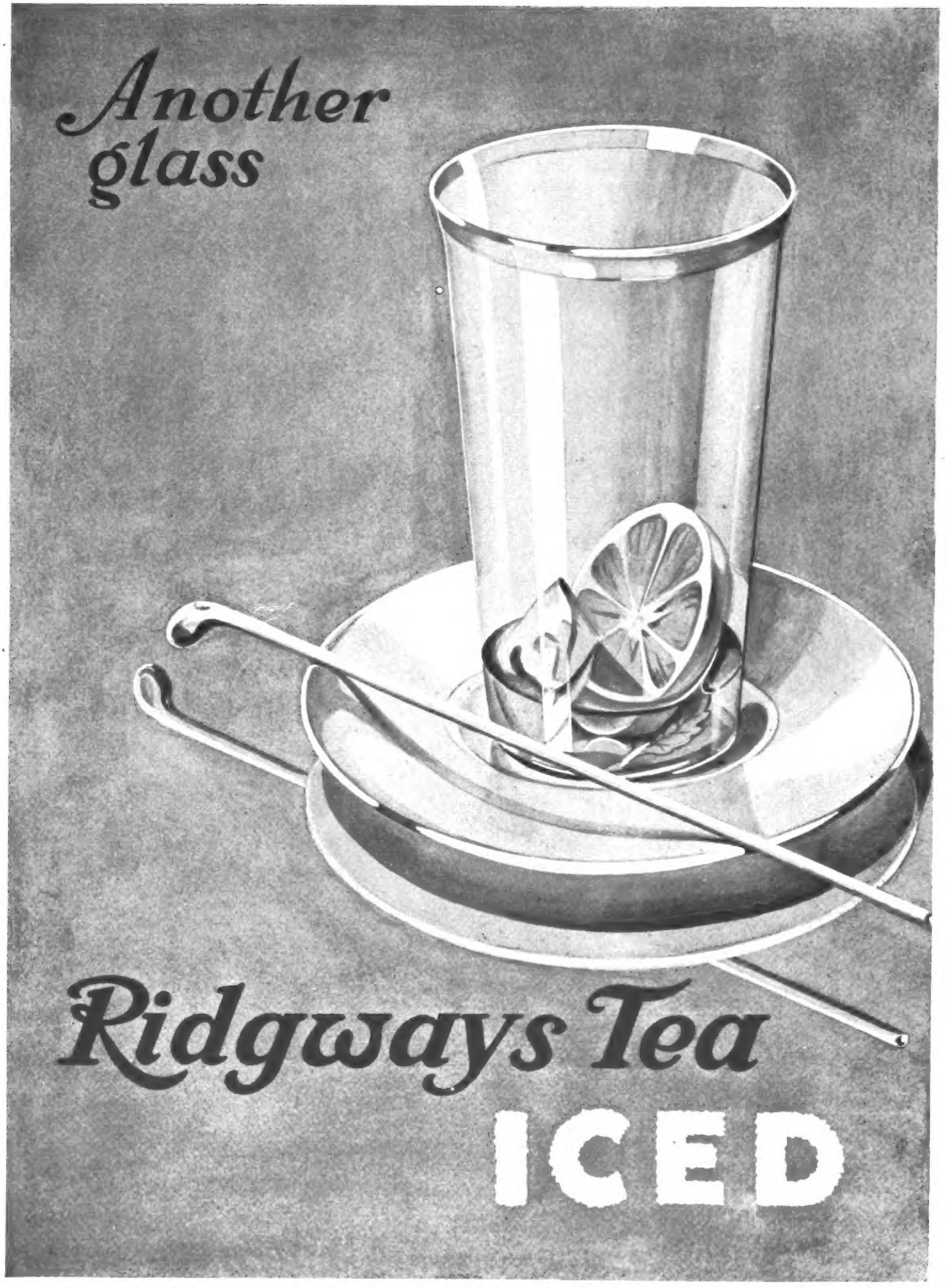

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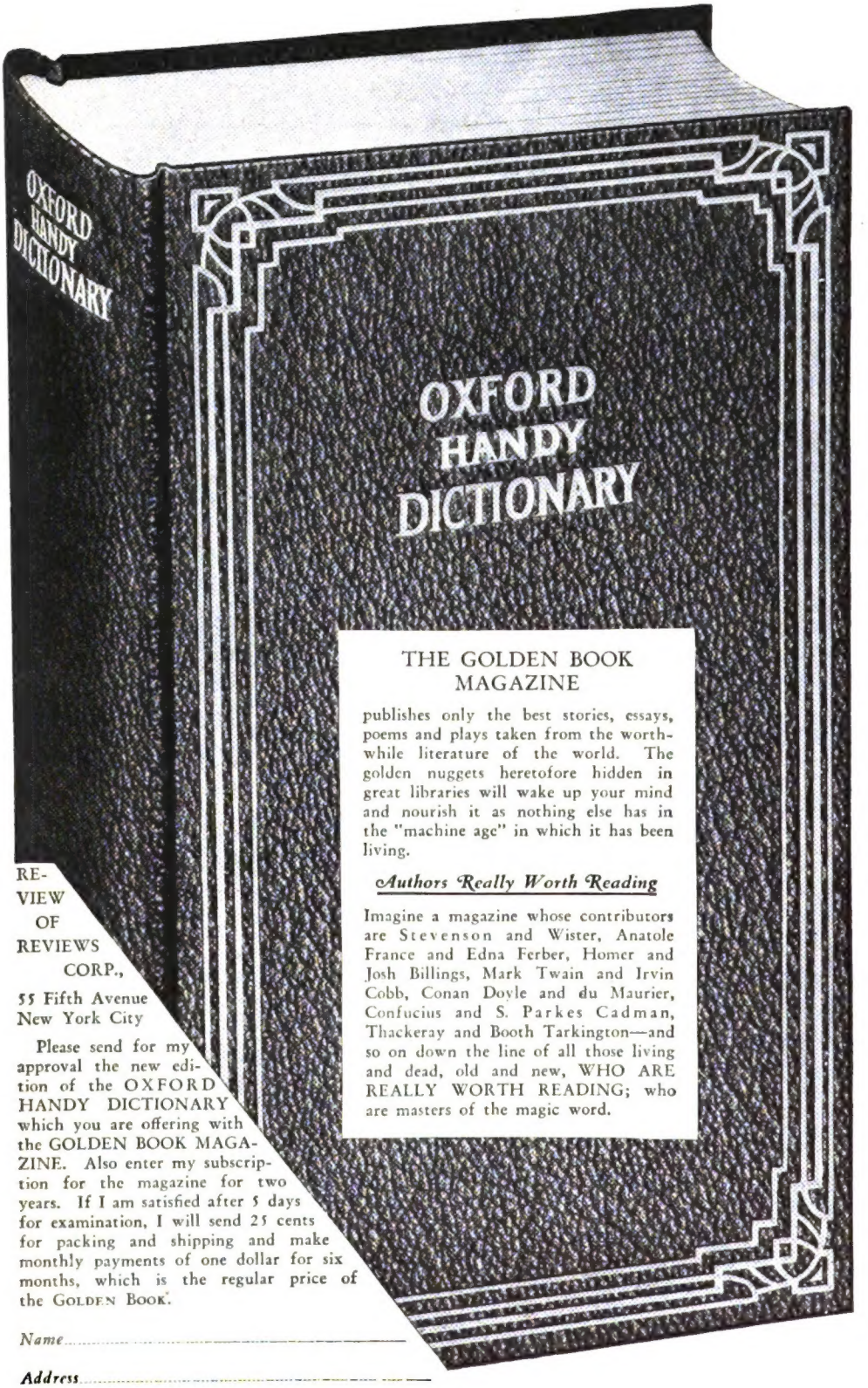

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Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

E. V. Lucas, the biographer of Charles Lamb, and his ablest follower in the field of the essay, gives his recipe for the perfect vacation. We do not hold ourselves responsible for those of you who follow his advice. Mr. Lucas was born in 1868 and from 1899 he published regularly an astounding number of books. He is journalist, biographer, essayist, editor, publisher, and anthologist. The rare, whimsical quality of his humor is particularly delightful in "The Perfect Holiday."

Near the Mississippi River and fifteen miles from a railroad, Roark Bradford was born in 1896 in Lauderdale County, Tennessee. He studied at home and at public schools and after college entered the army. For fifteen months and fifteen days he was in the coast artillery in Panama, and then came to New York for an overseas assignment. The armistice was signed before he left New York, and after a brief trip to Boston, he returned to his South as an instructor of gunnery in Mississippi. After his discharge from the army, he went into newspaper work in Atlanta. Two years later he was running a small country daily in Louisiana. He then went to the New Orleans *Times Picayune* and rose from copyreader to a position as Sunday editor. Now he spends all his time in writing, alternating between his home in New Orleans and Santa Fé, New Mexico.

In 1927, the O. Henry prize award went to "Child of God," the sympathetic, stirring tale of Willie's journey to heaven, printed in this issue. So the spotlight was first turned toward this quiet man, Bradford, who has taken it upon himself to be the spokesman for the Southern negro, whom he sees as a child struggling earnestly and beautifully to make the white man's complex ideas of God fit his simple soul. But despite his achievement in 1927, he was known only to a comparative few until the play, *The Green Pastures,* based on a book of his stories, took New York City by storm this spring. Heywood Broun wrote of it: "I would rather have written *The Green Pastures* than made Lindbergh's flight to Paris." Through all the publicity attendant upon his recent successes, however, Bradford remains as anonymously as possible in his South. His books are: *Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun, This Side of Jordan,* and *Ol' King David and the Philistine Boys.*

Rafael Sabatini is both a story-teller beyond compare and a scholar of distinction. Both are in evidence in the "Lust of Conquest," a story of the Borgia Prince. For ten years Mr. Sabatini dug into old Italian manuscripts and books in Latin, Spanish, and French, collecting material on Cesare Borgia. The result of his study was a book, *The Life of Cesare Borgia,* which marks Sabatini as an accomplished historian. From this same research came, too, short stories such as the "Lust of Conquest."

Sabatini's father was an Italian, a tenor singing in opera. His mother was an English girl, also a singer. Sabatini spent the early part of his life in Portugal, and at the age of sixteen was sent to school in Switzerland. He speaks a half dozen languages, though he chooses to write in English. He writes:

> At the early age of seventeen, I was packed off to my mother's people in England, and by them guided into the way of commerce. For ten years I worked at a desk in the office of a Liverpool firm engaged in the Brazilian trade. There the very gifts upon which my father counted so confidently as stepping-stones to fortune might easily have proved my ruin. I was given charge of the firm's very extensive and varied foreign correspondence and I was so magnificent a letter writer in half-a-dozen languages that there was no remotest chance of my ever being moved from that particular post. But it happened that after I had been in England some three or four years I began to yield to the writing itch. . . .
>
> In the days of my first and secret essays in the art of narrative, it happened that in an expansive moment I confessed the practice to a friendly journalist, who became interested and begged me to show him something I had done. I yielded, and I was amazed to have his word for it, after he had read the story I gave him, that the thing was salable. On his advice I submitted it in a quarter which he indicated, and to my increasing amazement I had early proof that what he said was true, for the editor actually offered me money for it.

So Sabatini began his writing career. He is his own severest critic, and has advanced steadily to a place of prime importance. He himself confesses, however, that salmon fishing is his chief business in life, tennis his favorite game, and writing novels his "principal amusement." He is a prolific writer and his complete edition now runs to twenty-one volumes. His latest novel, *The King's Minion,* will be published by Houghton Mifflin in the late summer.

Mark Twain's picture of the young man lionized by London society in the "£1,000,000 Bank Note" has something of an autobiographical character in it. Twain was already well-known when in 1872 he made his first trip to London, where he was widely acclaimed. The Englishmen flocked about him as if he had been a visiting ruler and he received such a reception as his own countrymen, in spite of their enthusiasm, had never given him. Whatever he did or said they found amusing.

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To his mother he wrote:

> I came here to take notes for a book, but I haven't done much but attend dinners and make speeches. I've had a jolly, good time, and I do hate to go away from these English folk; they make a stranger feel entirely at home, and they laugh so easily that it is a comfort to make after-dinner speeches.

Samuel Clemens was born in 1835 in the small pioneer town of Florida, Missouri. He led the life of Tom Sawyer along the Mississippi River, participated in the famous gold rush days of the West, and grew to be one of America's most popular authors both here and abroad.

At the age of five years he was sent to school. (His mother said she was willing to pay somebody to take Sam off her hands, for it was taking the whole family's attention to keep him from drowning.)

Young Sam was not a good scholar and one day he was ordered by the teacher to go out and bring back a stick for his own correction. He went, but could find nothing suitable at first. Even the smallest switches had a hard, disagreeable look. Finally he had an inspiration. Across the road was a cooper shop with a good many shavings outside. One of them had blown across and lay at his feet. Solemnly he picked it up and bore it to the teacher. Apparently she did not take the joke kindly, for he went home that night with a desire to be an Indian and scalp all teachers.

From the carefree days of his life on the Mississippi, which he has described for all time in *Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Pudd'nhead Wilson* and *Life on the Mississippi*, he passed to setting type on his brother's newspaper, to piloting a steamboat on the Mississippi and to wandering the West. Shortly after he began writing articles for a Nevada newspaper—clever, fun-poking skits. In 1863 he first adopted the name of Mark Twain. "I want to sign them 'Mark Twain,'" he wrote. "It is an old river term, a leadsman's call, signifying two fathoms—twelve feet. It has a richness about it; it was always a pleasant sound for a pilot to hear on a dark night; it meant safe water."

Innocents Abroad, published in 1869 after a five months' Mediterranean tour, first brought him popular recognition. Arthur Guiterman in one of his poems pictures Twain at the gates of heaven.

> "Your name?"
> "Sam Clemens, please."
> "Don't know you. Where in space
> D'you hail from?"
> "Earth."
> "What place is that?"
> "A place for fun."
> "Hmp . . . tell me what you've done."
> "Let's see . . . I wrote *Huck Finn*. . ."
> "What . . . Mark . . . Why, come right in."

And not only *Huck Finn*, but *Tom*

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IN 1836 THE publishing house of Chapman and Hall in London was looking for someone to write explanatory text to accompany some sporting pictures. Theodore Hook, Leigh Hunt, Clarke, Hood and John Poole had all been approached and had declined. Finally it was suggested that they ask a young man who had published some short pieces in the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Old Monthly Magazine*, Charles Dickens by name. Soon the art work diminished and the writing assumed a prime importance. Editions were sold out, and the project became a huge success. These were the *Pickwick Papers*, from which the traveling salesman's yarn in this issue is taken. Dickens at this time is described by Kitton:

> A slight, trimly built figure; an oval face eminently handsome; long silken hair, and slight downy whiskers; a swallow-tail coat with a very high velvet waistcoat, over which meandered a lengthy gold chain; beneath the crimson vest one and sometimes two underwaistcoats; "Cossack" trousers for morning dress; for evening wear, tightly fitting black pantaloons with small buttons at the ankles, the pedal extremities being endued with speckled black silk hose and pumps; while the high mounting stock was replaced by a white cravat, with a bow about eight inches wide, and a protruding jacket or shirt frill.

Dickens was born at Landport, a suburb of Portsea, in 1812. His father was an amiable but shiftless man who spent some time in prison for debt, while Charles, a sensitive and highly-strung boy, pasted labels on bottles in a blacking warehouse. Later, when the fortunes of the family improved, Charles was sent to a private school. His famous pictures of the English school system in his novels are evidence that his treatment there was none too good. When he was fifteen he left school and secured a position in a lawyer's office. This was an improvement over label pasting, but his interest was elsewhere. He studied short-hand at night in order to become a reporter, and in 1833 his first sketch was printed in the *Old Monthly Magazine* over the signature of Boz, a nickname which Charles had given his younger brother Moses, and which consequently was a familiar name in the Dickens household.

From the time of the publication of *Pickwick Papers*, three years later, his fame was established. *Pickwick* was the work of a master humorist, firmly based upon the type of humor popular at the time, and its author, Charles Dickens, became the most popularly loved figure of his time both in England and America. Wagenknecht, in his biography, writes:

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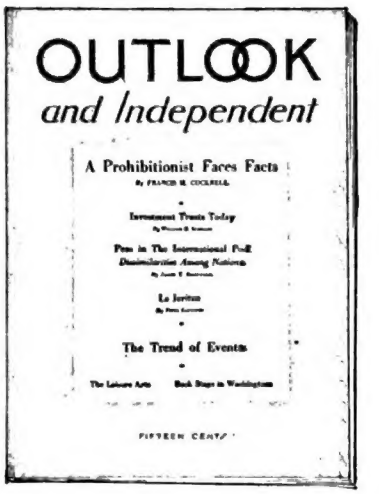

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Like our own Mark Twain, he was of the people, he wrote for the people, he tested life by the standards that they could understand. As for the fastidious, he had no use for them, no desire to secure their approval, any more than Mark had. "I have no respect for their opinion, good or bad; do not covet their approval; and do not write for their amusement. I venture to say this without reserve; for I am not aware of any writer in our language having a respect for himself, or held in any respect by his posterity, who ever has descended to the taste of this fastidious class." . . . He could never have become the writer he is if he had written for a class, or if he had tested human values by the standards of any one group rather than by those of the people at large.

His influence on society, on the betterment of poor conditions, prisons and the school system has been wide-spread. His greatest influence, however, is as an artist. He has given us a host of characters who are a part of our everyday life.

"AS A PROPHET, William Blake must dethrone Swedenborg; as a poet, Milton. He has seen truth, they have not." So wrote Basil de Sélincourt about one of the great mystics of all time. Blake's own generation did not know what he was trying to do; they could not understand him, so they ignored him. Since his death, however, his fame has grown steadily.

In 1767, when he was ten years old, William Blake, son of a hosier, was sent to a drawing school, and four years later he was apprenticed for seven years to an engraver. At the age of twenty-one he became a professional engraver, carrying out commissions for booksellers and publishers. His writings were a form of amusement, and his drawing his chief business. He read Burke, Locke, Bacon and Fuseli's translation of Winckelmann, though his prime source of inspiration was in his own imagination. From his childhood, he saw angels in trees. He even claimed to hold communion with Virgil, Dante, and his own dead brother. He found it hard to get along with people, though the few men whom he had for friends were very loyal to him.

The proverbs which we reprint in this issue are from Blake's notebook, which he always carried and in which he jotted his random thoughts.

When he died in 1827, poor and neglected, he was buried in an unmarked grave in Bunhill Fields, and not till 1927 was an attempt made to locate his burial place. Now a tablet marks the approximate location. He died in poverty and obscurity, having published most of his poems at his own expense. Even the elaborate illustrations for the *Book of Job* had been poorly paid for. It remained for future generations to see in Blake the beauty of his lyric and mystic qualities.

ALFRED SUTRO follows in the tradition of Oscar Wilde in moulding deft, smooth society dramas with a touch of irony. Born in 1863, the son of a doctor, he studied in London and later in Brussels. His first play was not published until he was thirty-seven years old. *A Marriage Has Been Arranged* was produced at the Garrick Theater in London in 1904.

Mr. Sutro says that before beginning to write down any of the dialogue of a play, he drafts out the whole action, paying particular attention to plausible exits and entrances and the actual stage business. His finished product is thus technically well-knit and effective on the stage.

His best known plays are: *The Walls of Jericho*, 1904; *The Perplexed Husband*, 1911; *The Two Virtues*, 1914, and *The Choice*, 1919. *The Open Door*, another one-act play, was produced by Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theater in New York this past winter.

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Edgar Wallace, Famous Author.
Admiral Lord Beresford, G. C. B., G. C. V. O.
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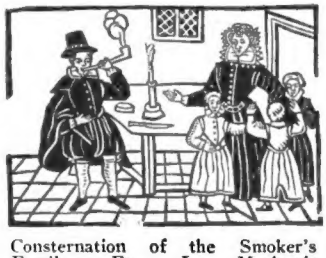
Authors and Books

OUR FAVORITE book this month is Leo Markun's *Mrs. Grundy*. . . . This is a very threering circus of a book. . . . Turning through it to look at as entertaining a collection of pictures as may well be, one's eye falls on so many racy tidbits of information bristling out of every paragraph that it is almost impossible to start reading at any one place. . . . Mr. Markun has set out a history of morals during the past four centuries in Great Britain and America, with the commendable aim of illuminating present social problems. The message of his volume is tolerance: the method of teaching it is to show by a thousand entertaining illustrations that Mrs. Grundy has never for more than a few years at a time played her game of right and wrong with the same rules, and has always been utterly intolerant of anyone using any other rules than the favored ones of the moment. . . . Trial marriage was an accepted mode in a sixteenth century Scotland which denounced tea as a vile drug bound to ruin the country. . . . Not fifty years separated the severe chastisement of a young girl accused of ogling a clergyman, and the social acceptance of every courtier's mistress-for-the-season. . . . And Pilgrim fathers not averse to a little quiet drinking, yet arranged that tithingmen and constables should enter their homes frequently while they were absent, to see that their wives were not entertaining other men. . . . Incidentally, Mr. Markun's swift survey of the centuries casually served another purpose. His book is a compendium of all the gossip that history books leave out, and apparently gossip is the way to teach history to light-minded souls like us. . . . For once, kings and dress styles and periods of literature are all nicely straightened out in our mind. . . . Appleton publishes this book, 666 pages, at much less than a cent a page. . . .



Consternation of the Smoker's Family. From Leo Markun's *Mrs. Grundy.*

A NIGHT'S SAIL east of Java lies the little island of Bali, built of volcanoes on whose fertile slopes live a beautiful, happy race of people, all prosperous, wrapped away in a world of savagery and ancient Hindu culture strangely mingled. . . . To peaceful Bali came Hickman Powell, a restless young New York newspaperman, shared its simple Eden-like existence, attended its religious ceremonies, learned its customs — and wrote a book called *The Last Paradise*. . . . If we can believe Mr. Powell, the people of Bali have no faults: a combination of prosperity, leisure, and deep religious motivation has made artists of them all; they have no vices more serious than cock-fighting (and a spot of opium-smoking); their women lead a life of freedom and equality; there is plenty of excitement to be had in the frequent religious festivals about which their lives center. . . . Mr. Powell writes not as well as one might hope of a special correspondent from Eden, but he succeeds nevertheless in recreating the peace of this alien world with a sort of dreamy reality. . . . Lithe brown maidens posturing in their cloth-of-gold gowns and elaborate head-dresses outside of decaying, thousand-year-old temples; a *léak* haunting the cremation yard in the shape of a bicycle riding furiously around with no rider, its front tire palpitating like a human breast; a girl dragged through the streets by her hair, protesting frantically —all part of a happy marriage ceremony with a young man she herself has chosen. . . . This is the sort of thing Mr. Powell will give you. . . . The book, published by Cape and Smith, is illustrated with twenty photographs by André Roosevelt, another American visitor to the island, and many drawings — half age-old Javanese, half primitive, as they should be—by Alexander King. . . .

Drawn by John Held, Jr., for *Grim Youth.*

QUITE A DIFFERENT sort of travel book is Somerset Maugham's *The Gentleman in the Parlour* (Doubleday, Doran), a record of a journey from Rangoon to Haiphong (wherever that is; we still don't know after reading the book). . . . Here is literary flavor, but not too much; beautiful prose surely; anecdotes and observations about Eastern life and men and women; stories told to him by Burmese gentlemen, and white gentlemen too long in the East; stories made up irrelevantly and delightfully by Mr. Maugham himself. . . . A polished, subtle book, rich with the flavor of the East as it carries to the cosmopolitan Englishman. . . . Down the Irrawaddy; to the Shan States on pony back; through the jungle into Siam, and down to Bangkok; to Angkor and on goes this author in search of material, and his varied findings are here. . . .

"ROD WAS DRAPED on a wing chair, that being youth's way of sitting. . . . One of his long legs was thrown over the arm of the chair and the rest of him was slumped down deep in the upholstery, but he was not relaxed." . . . With these opening words of *Grim Youth*, John Held, Jr., begins to prove that he knows as much about the insides of the present generation as he does of their knobbly knees and flaring pant-legs. . . . And he keeps it up throughout the ten staccato short stories that make up the volume. . . . They are mostly dialogue, inspiredly accurate telephone conversations, flashes of frat. house parties, intervals in parked automobiles that put Scott Fitzgerald definitely in his place ten years behind the times. . . . They are not kind

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portraits, or funny portraits, though there is much humor and much pathos to be found in them. . . . And these infinitely weary men and women of the world are at bottom the same love-sick, self-conscious creatures that they were when Booth Tarkington wrote *Seventeen*. . . .

ONE OF THE NOVELS of the Spring, important for itself, but perhaps more important because of who wrote it, is Llewelyn Powys' *Apples Be Ripe* (Harcourt Brace). . . . This is the first novel by the author of *Ebony and Ivory* and *Black Laughter*. . . . In it Mr. Powys' extraordinary power to mould English into lovely and gracious forms is subordinated to his interest in his version of the pet hero of post-war English novels: the young man frustrated in life and in marriage, who runs away to find himself. . . . Mr. Powys does a beautiful job in portraying Chris Holbech's early life, and the influences of upbringing and surrounding which result in the prosy marriage from which he ultimately breaks loose. . . . He does an almost uncannily good job in showing us a Chris perennially boyish, who attempts to find life by running away from it, who experiences varied loves as a farm laborer without finding maturity. . . . We say uncannily, because we suspect that Mr. Powys is on the whole sympathetic with Chris, and does not feel his futility. . . . Here is an object lesson in the unreasonableness of love, at any rate. . . . Never has the point been so gently insisted upon that this very same young man who appears to us, whom Mr. Powys means to be, nice but ordinary, can hold all fascination, all importance for a Lucy, a Nelly, a Flora. . . .

THIS IS OUR See-America-First-and-Then-Write-About-It page. . . . We have pretty thoroughly delved into the spirit of these discussions of our culture or lack of it since the war. In fact we were beginning to be a little worried because they had markedly fallen off of late. . . . But here are half a dozen volumes at once. . . .

Drawing by Ben Kutcher for the Dial Press's new edition of *Lalla Rookh*.

DR. CHARLES A. BEARD'S symposium, *Toward Civilization* (Longmans, Green) is by far the most important of these, so much so that Dr. Mims has taken three pages farther along in this magazine (83, 84 and 85, to be exact) to tell you what it, and the volume *Whither Mankind?* to which it is an answer, are all about. . . .

THESE LOOKS at American life have a way of being gloomy, if they originate abroad. . . . Not so Sisley Huddleston's *What's Right With America* (Lippincott). . . . Such a rosy volume it is. We had no idea we were so nice. . . . Prohibition works perfectly, the poor are rich, machines have souls, there are no gunmen in Chicago — at least, Mr. Huddleston did not see any. . . . Mr. Huddleston is a distinguished European correspondent who has for years been gossiping delightfully about European politics and *salons*. . . . Here he sets out on a serious survey of America's contribution to civilization and sounds just like a Public Relations Counsel (a feature of American life which he no doubt approves). . . . Anyway, never was such a country of world leaders, universal prosperity, dazzling lights, beautiful cities. . . . "Knockers" of America are just jealous, or they are European-minded persons who don't deserve to live here. . . . Certainly, this book is a pleasant change from the more usual study of our faults. . . . But by page 247 we were pretty weary of this picture of ourselves sitting up so straight in our Sunday clothes, looking worthy. . . .

Drawing by Alexander King for Powell's *The Last Paradise*.

WE TURNED, therefore, with some glee to *King Mob*, by a gentleman who desires to be known as Frank K. Notch. . . . His views, very American in their anti-Americanism (no foreigner could know so well of what he speaks), are compacted in a small book published by Harcourt Brace, and described by them as "a cry of protest against the organized power of modern advertising, current catch words, and high pressure salesmanship." . . . It is admitted that the pen-name Notch conceals that of a far better known author. . . . H. L. Mencken himself, men whisper, but if it is Mencken it is Mencken on a sloppy day-off as far as his English in concerned. . . . Entertainingly vituperative as it is, it is but a weak and flabby caricature of Mencken at his best, though all the Mencken battle cries are here. . . . It defines the mob as a group of persons unable to think straight because they are affected by the consciousness of their own numbers, and then sets out to prove that America is ruled by this mob — because American publishers, authors, educators, advertisers, politicians, have sold themselves to it. . . . And if this is the kind of thought-provoking nonsense that makes you mad, this particular book will make you very mad indeed, so don't say we didn't warn you. . . .

Liberty (W. W. Norton), Everett Dean Martin's scholarly but readable inquiry into the concept and history of human freedom, is another stock-taking of American civilization, and like Dr. Beard's *Toward Civilization*, it is a grand and stimulating book. . . . Dr. Martin, the author of *The Meaning of a Liberal Education* and director of the People's Institute of Cooper Union, is one of the few popularizes who escape the stigma that attaches to the word. . . . He does not over-simplify his subject for the thousands at the expense of clear-thinking and thoroughness, yet his ideas have the clarity of a neatly worked geometry problem, and he is not above a few verbal rockets to lighten the way. . . . Dr. Martin has decided what he means, and what average Americans mean by "liberty," and that whatever he or they mean, we haven't got it. . . . In looking into the reasons for this, Dr. Martin traces the history of liberty from Greek days to our own. . . . And he concludes that present-day lack of it is the fault of the very democracy that sets freedom up as its fetish: there can be no real liberty, says he, in rule by "the people" so long as they are not sufficiently educated or civilized to know the true meaning of it. Man once sought rule by the people to free himself from the tyranny of individuals; now he must free himself from the tyranny of a democracy which threatens to become increasingly the rule of organized mediocrity. . . . Dr. Martin concludes:

"The long history of the struggle of mankind for freedom is a record of the noblest and most courageous achievements of humanity, with many bright visions doomed to disappointment, many a righteous cause lost in sickening defeat, and every hard-won liberty gained at frightful cost and retained only with tireless vigilance. Such permanent advance as has been achieved has taken place only with the advancement of culture. And this has always been the work of the liberal-minded few. Throughout this history there has been a ceaseless psychological class-struggle between the mentally mature and those who have never grown up. To the majority, liberty has been, and still is, the removal of restraint to mass action. They can be led to coöperate with liberals in resisting the tyranny which a ruling class may impose upon them from without; but they seem to be defenseless against their own forms of tyranny of the mass. Nor do they often feel that liberty is seriously menaced when the individual and his responsibilities are crushed under the will of the majority. It is the friends of culture, the few who have attained the life of reason, who have kept the cause of liberty alive and have made it the means of the best development of the individual and the advancement of civilization."

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN'S *When Beggars Ride* (Putnam) goes down under the heading of "amusing, but . . ." Nona, sent down into the Paris street to bring back the first young man she sees to take the place of Prince Melancours at the dinner her mother is giving to launch her

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in Parisian society, picks out a perfectly good hero, of course. . . . But Mr. Chamberlain does not live up to this engaging beginning. . . . Big Business Intrigue rears its ugly head, and to the very end no one (apparently not even the hero —certainly not us) understands what the plot is all about. . . . A mediocre light novel, in spite of its many entertaining characters. . . .

WE RATHER WISH William R. Gillis hadn't felt he better excuse his reminiscences of early mining days in the West by dragging in Mark Twain. . . . *Goldrush Days With Mark Twain* (Boni) needs no literary anecdotes about the home life of the great to make it a lusty and readable volume of Americana. . . . Jackass Hill, California, in the '50's is the hero of Mr. Gillis' story, and Mark Twain remains just "one of the boys," who loved a joke so long as it was not on himself. . . . These are rambling, rough-and-ready reminiscences of a day when life was equally rough-and-ready, when jokes were of the fraternity-initiation variety, and apt to end in a shooting. . . . Mr. Gillis was one of the last of the old-timers, for years custodian of the Mark Twain cottage where Clemens wrote *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*, and lived the material of *Roughing It*. . . .

Woodcut by H. Glintencamp for Gillis' *Goldrush Days with Mark Twain.*

THE BIOGRAPHY we like best this month is Charles Edward Russell's *Charlemagne, First of the Moderns* (Houghton Mifflin). . . . Mr. Russell, Pulitzer prize-winner of a couple of years ago, can be counted on for prose that reads like clear and energetic talk, and for uncommon sound scholarship. . . . Here he has directed both these toward stripping one of the grandest figures in European history of his motley of legends, and showing the real king—a lusty, likeable person, clear-headed, with a mania for education, a preachiness that must have worn at times on his courtiers, and a casualness about his personal morals that was an old family custom. . . . Charlemagne found Europe a seething madhouse of conflicting races and governments; he left it unified and organized. . . . He found it a place in which all refinements of human existence were in eclipse: "There was almost no life better than the life of a sty. The wealthiest, most powerful nobles were rammish clowns of unmentionable personal habits"; learning and art were dead; there was no paper, even if men had known how to write; they even forgot for a time how to forge iron. . . . Charlemagne changed all this: he fought against wolves and bandits; he organized the first public schools; built bridges, churches; fostered agriculture. . . . In short, prosperity, order and some small renaissance of the intellect flickered for a time under his wise reign, to go out again among the disputes of his heirs. . . . Mr. Russell's tracing of the true history of Charlemagne's achievements, from actual records and from Charlemagne's own Capitularies, is a brilliant achievement. . . . Best of all are the opening chapters leading up to Charlemagne's accession . . . . Charlemagne makes, for all his mild marital indiscretions, too worthy a hero. . . . Not so the earlier kings of the Franks: murderers, bandits, bullies, imbeciles, gluttons and degenerates—but "no lollers on day beds." . . . That which we would criticize about this book, were we so minded, would be the picture of the life of the day. . . . Mr. Russell could make it far fuller and more vivid than he does. . . . When he stops to do so, his whole book suddenly becomes ten times as alive and important to the general reader, who, after all, has not much idea to begin with of the customs and little ways of the folk who lived in the year 800 A. D.

THE PRETTY, sparkling, favorite daughter of the greatest man of his day has a rather enviable position from which to observe her contemporaries, and it is fortunate for us when she comes of an old family of diary-writers. . . . Mary Gladstone left behind her a voluminous record of more than fifty years of changing Victorian England—now edited by Lucy Masterman and published by Dutton as *Mary Gladstone: Her Diary and Letters*. . . . While the diaries extend from 1864, when Mary was still in her 'teens, almost to the year of her death in 1927, the most interesting part is the full chronicle of the Eighties, before Mary married the charming Mr. Drew, and while she was still reigning as the princess of Downing Street. . . . Disraeli, "impertinent and vulgar," enters her story as villain, of course; Queen Victoria's grandsons (one of them later George V.), "nice creatures," share Sunday afternoon tea-parties with thirty Sunday School teachers. . . . A gentleman known in the diary as St. Crumpet turns out to be the august John Ruskin. . . . Browning "spits in her face" when he talks; Tennyson outrages her maidenly proprieties by commenting on the color of her eyes and kissing her. (But she also records with much gusto his comment that, when the Queen took him through the Mausoleum of the late Prince Consort, the only thing he was conscious of was the creaking of his boots). . . . She is "addled" with excitement over the first telephone, the cutting of the American cable; she plays croquet with Lord Asquith. . . . Mary's view of the world about her, strange combination of priggishness and individuality, is expressive of the best of the age she lived in. . . . Much of the more personal gossip that composes the diary is pretty dull,

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but from the high spots one can glean an intimacy with a warmer, livelier Gladstone; with the chief political and artistic trends of six decades; with moral and intellectual fashions and the personalities who set them. . . .

ALL THIS TIME we've said nothing about the big news of the book month, or at least it is the big news as we go to press. . . . We mean this business of new, good books for $1 and $1.50, sponsored by Doubleday, Doran, Farrar and Rinehart, Coward McCann, Simon & Schuster and who knows how many others by the time you have read this. . . . We have cheered right along for all schemes for providing the public with good books at lower prices — such as the Boni paper books, the Star and Blue Ribbon libraries. . . . But we give you fair warning, if some $2.50-and-worth-it book seems to be having its light hidden by a bushel of $1 books less worth while, you'll find us on its side. . . . F. F.

Recommended Books

General

MRS. GRUNDY, by Leo Markun. Appleton. $5. The first complete history of morals from Knox to Ben Lindsay, intended to illumine present problems in Great Britain and the United States.

THE LAST PARADISE, by Hickman Powell. Cape and Smith. $4. A jerky but alluring picture of life on the island of Bali, where everything is simple and serene and Eden-like.

THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PARLOUR, by W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran. $3. Mr. Maugham studies Malaysian personality, recounts inimitable anecdotes and reflects charmingly on life.

TOWARD CIVILIZATION, by Charles A. Beard. Longmans, Green. $3. Concrete answers to the challenge of *Whither Mankind?* A group of noted contemporary scientists and engineers say *Toward Civilization* and prove their contention in these essays.

LIBERTY, by Everett Dean Martin. Norton. $3. The downfall of liberty at the hands of democracy, viewed in the light of the whole history of man's search for freedom, with advice for the future. Arresting and valuable. A Book-of-the-Month.

KING MOB, by Frank K. Notch. Harcourt, Brace. $2. A protest against high-powered advertising which rules the public through its mob spirit.

GOLDRUSH DAYS WITH MARK TWAIN, by William R. Gillis. A. and C. Boni. $4. Mark Twain's mining partner writes of the most glamorous period of our Western history.

THE FACTS OF LIFE, by H. W. Hanemann. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50. A book of parody biographies in the manner of our leading novelists, from Hemingway to Vina Delmar. Funny pictures.

THE INVINCIBLE JEW, by Harford Powel, Jr. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50. A modern biography of Paul of Tarsus that is also a challenge to racial prejudice against Jews in America.

UNCLE VANYA, by Anton Chekhov. Translated by Rose Caylor. Covici, Friede. $2. Excellent reading text of the play of 19th Century ennui that has been running in New York this season.

POETRY AND POETS, by Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin. $2.25. A slim post-humous book of Miss Lowell's original and stimulating criticisms.

RANDOM THOUGHTS OF A MAN OF FIFTY, by John Harsen Rhoades. $1.50. Tips on life for the traveler and stay-at-home.

TO BE TAKEN BEFORE SAILING, by Irvin S. Cobb. Cosmopolitan. $1. Hilarious observations on globe trotting. Illustrated by Tony Sarg.

A SCANDINAVIAN SUMMER, by Harry A. Franck. Century. $4. Information, well-flavored of a ramble through Scandinavia.

Biography

CHARLEMAGNE: FIRST OF THE MODERNS, by Charles E. Russell. Houghton Mifflin. $4. A singularly rich portrait of one of the most important characters in history.

MARY GLADSTONE, Edited by Lucy Masterman. Dutton. $6. Her letters and diaries constitute a glittering day-by-day record of life in Victorian London.

EMERSON: THE ENRAPTURED YANKEE, by Regis Michaud. Harper. $4. In which Emerson comes back to life and reveals his innermost thoughts.

MY THIRTY YEARS' WAR, by Margaret Anderson. Covici, Friede. $4. The founder and editor of *The Little Review* reminisces about contemporary writers, musicians, painters and sculptors.

Novels

APPLES BE RIPE, by Llewelyn Powys. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Chris Holbeck, modern English young man, breaks away from a respectable career to find new life and delight as a wanderer in the English countryside.

HAPPY LANDINGS, by Fanny Heaslip Lea. Dodd, Mead. $2. The story of Malou Carlin, half lover, half actress; who thrusts aside fame and fortune for a happy landing in romance.

POOR NIGGER, by Orio Vergani. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50. The powerful story of a black prize-fighter in Africa, France and America.

AXELLE, by Pierre Benoit. Dial Press. $2.50. A psychological novel describing the conflict between a woman's love for a man and her loyalty to her country.

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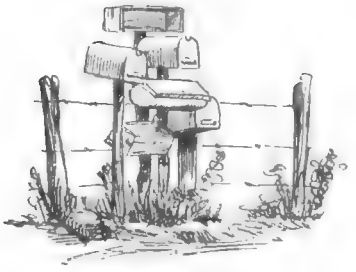
Mail Boxes I Have Met

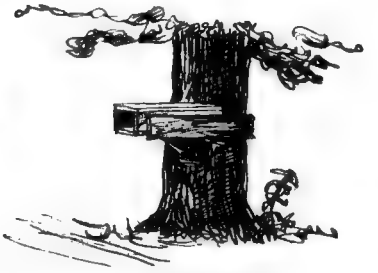
By CARL BREDEMEIER

Uncle Sam holds the mail. Recently banned by the Postmaster General.

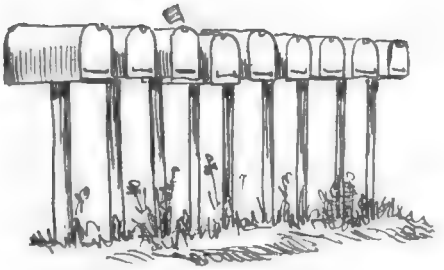


A chummy crowd of mail boxes watching the parade go by on a West Virginia road.

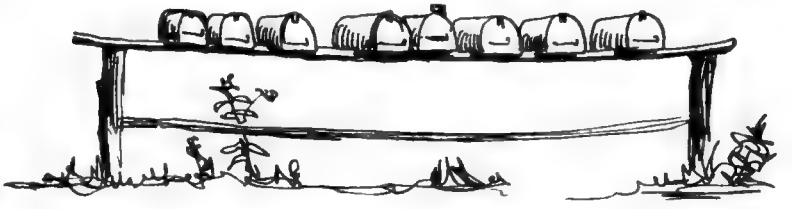
A Kentucky merry-go-round.



Humble and unprotected. A home for caterpillars.



A dignified set-up, each box on its own post, suspicious of its neighbor.



Hens roosting in Ohio. A friendly, coöperative arrangement, as informal as their owners.

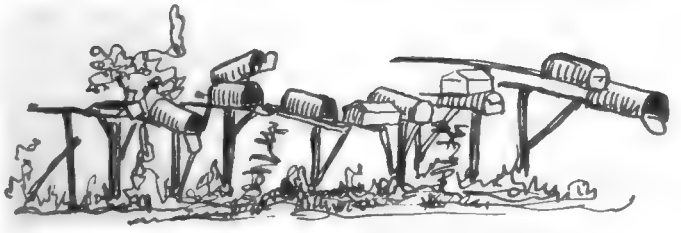
Aloof and characterless. Seen in every state.

Bridging a ditch in Pennsylvania.

A milk-fed box on a muddy Iowa road.

Mail box with trailer.

An informal affair.



Settlement workers, attention! There is serious work to be done in mail-box slums.

A barbered creation in Illinois.

For violet-scented letters only.

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JULY

By Walter Tittle, courtesy Kennedy & Co.

The Perfect Holiday

By E. V. LUCAS

THE SECRET is that our holidays should rest not only our minds and bodies but our characters too. Take, for example, a good man. His goodness wants a holiday as much as his poor weary head or his exhausted body. I wonder if he should not rest it by becoming for three weeks a bad man. Instead of sitting quietly on the pier, as he now does, he might pick a pocket or two. On returning from a sail in a boat he could bore a hole in it. In his hotel he could mix up the boots, turn out the electric light, and decamp without paying his bill. Such expenditure as his holiday involved might be met with a forged check. On returning to town all the errors of the three weeks could be rectified; the handkerchiefs and purses returned to his victims on the pier; provision made for the survivors of those who had been drowned when the boat filled and sank; and so forth. But that is not the point. The point is that he would have had a complete holiday. Similarly a wicked man should rest his wickedness and devote his month at Brighton to good works.

I do not, I must confess, see, in England, any period of prosperity for my plan; but it is sound, none the less. Perhaps the nearest practicable advice to it that one dares to give is that on a holiday we should endeavor to change the conditions of our life in every way as completely as possible. Only thus can a holiday be, for those of us who are active and restless in mind, a genuine rest. For it is not idleness that such require, but a change of employment.

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VOLUME XII
NUMBER 67

The Golden Book Magazine

JULY
1930

Only aristocrats signed their names in the original Libro d'Oro of Venice from which the Golden Book Magazine takes its name. The world's aristocrats of letters—of all ages, from the oldest to the most modern—appear in these pages.

"I'se Glory bound!"

Child of God

By ROARK BRADFORD

Illustrations by Lewis C. Daniel

WHEN WILLIE TOLD the preacher that morning that "ev'ything is all O. K., Revund," he meant it from the bottom of his heart. The hawking of the rain crow from the limb of the dead cottonwood sounded like the song of a mocking bird. The monotonous patter of rain on the tin roof lulled him into gentle restfulness. The damp, dirty stench that floated up from the dark closeness of the cells below him was like a sedative. Even the lyelike coffee served to remind him that the jailer was his friend.

"Cap'm Archie told me I could have ev'ything I wanted fer brekfus," he explained as he caught the minister sniffing and eyeing the scant remains of the meal. "An' I tole him I b'lieve I'd take some po'k chops an' cawfee, ef'n hit wuz all right. An' hyar it is."

"You mean dar hit wuz," admonished the preacher. "Now yo' flesh is fed, Willie, whut 'bout yo' soul?"

Willie beamed a broad, knowing smile. "My soul," he said tolerantly, "is all O. K. An' Revund," he continued jubilantly, "Cap'm Archie say he gonter bring me a ten-cent cigar to go walkin' up de gallows wid in my mouf." The minister's face was a study in expression. "An' I makes me a speech up yonder"—jerking his arm toward the gallows high in the roof of the jail—"an' den——"

"Den which, son?" Preacher Moore was eager to find a point of contact at which he could begin his prepared message of consolation.

"I'se Glory bound!" Willie declared with enthusiasm.

While the condemned man talked and the preacher listened, the Great State of Louisiana prepared to exact its penalty in the form of the life of Willie Malone because "he did feloniously, wilfully, and of his deliberately premeditated malice aforethought, make an assault on one Thurston Gibbs, and a certain gun which then and there was loaded with gunpowder and buckshot and was by him, the said Willie Malone, had and held in both hands, he, the said Willie Malone, did then and there feloniously and of malice aforethought shoot off and discharge at and upon the said Thurston Gibbs thereby, and by thus striking the said Thurston Gibbs with the buckshot, inflicting on and in the body one mortal wound of which said mortal wound the said Thurston Gibbs then and there instantly died. And so the said Willie Malone did in the manner and form aforesaid, feloniously and of deliberately premeditated malice aforethought, kill and

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murder the said Thurston Gibbs in the Parish of Wilton aforesaid, against the peace and dignity of the Great State of Louisiana."

It all came out at the trial. Hogs had been running in Willie's cornfield. The hogs belonged to Mr. Gibbs. And when Willie asked him to keep them home Mr. Gibbs had cursed him. Willie then bought a shotgun and some buckshot. Everybody agreed upon that much of it. Willie said he aimed to shoot the hogs and that when he heard something rustling the long blades he fired, thinking it was a hog. The district attorney pointed out that it was impossible to get a witness who could say what was in a man's mind and, therefore, he'd leave it to the jury as to whether Willie was hog hunting or man hunting.

The jury was divided upon the point, but all agreed that no nigger had any right to shoot a white man's hogs, anyway, much less shoot a white man. So they found him guilty as charged.

Willie had rather enjoyed his stay in jail. Two or three times his lawyer came and talked to him in a low voice and had him make his cross mark on many important-looking pieces of paper. It all gave him a feeling of importance hitherto not experienced.

He liked "Cap'm Archie," too—Cap'm Archie was always making jokes, and didn't make him do any work around the jail except a little sweeping. And during the long cool spring evenings, when the stars twinkled in the sky and the fiddling of the katydids out in the weed patch back of the jail floated in between the long iron-barred windows, Cap'm Archie would have one of the short-time prisoners drag his chair back to Willie's own private cage and Willie would sing for him.

Willie did like to sing—church songs, mostly. But sometimes when he felt sad and lonesome he'd sing the one that began:

> Thirty days in jail,
> Baby, don't soun' so long,
> But de las' fren I got in dis worl',
> Done shuck her laig an' gone.

There were many verses, and to these Willie had added a hundred others. He was good at that. When they locked up that Caldonie for cutting her husband because he stole one of her hens and a chicken brood and gave it to another woman, Willie celebrated the occasion by adding:

> He might er stole yo' chickens,
> He might er stole yo' cow,
> Hit don't make no diffunce what he stole,
> You's in de jail-house now.

Cap'm Archie had laughed at that one and it made Willie happy.

He landed right in the midst of a group of other angels who were seated around the great throne.

Not long after that Cap'm Archie sent for him to come to the office. Cap'm Archie looked sad that day, and it made Willie feel sad. So when Cap'm Archie told him the Supreme Court had turned him down and that he would have to hang, Willie was much relieved.

"Shuh! Cap'm Archie," Willie consoled, "dat ain' nothin' to go worryin' 'bout. I thought hit mought er been somethin' wrong, de way you had yo' face strung out. Shuh! Ain' dat de same as de jedge done tole me?"

That afternoon Reverend Moore, Negro preacher, was ushered into Willie's cell, and under his exhorta-

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tions Willie was converted. He had been converted annually ever since he could remember, but he always had been too busy to follow it up. This time he had ample leisure in which to contemplate Christianity and draw mental pictures of it. Willie was keenly interested.

The preacher had spared no detail his imagination could supply as to the glories of heaven, and these Willie supplemented with the colorful pigments of his own imagination. Heaven was a wonderful place. Willie wanted to go there.

"Hyar dey comes, son," the preacher said kindly. "Git up off'n yo' knees."

Cap'm Archie unlocked the cage door with keys that rattled nervously in his hand. Behind the jailer were half a dozen others—the doctor, two brothers of the man he had killed, the editor of the *Wilton Parish Gazette*, and a short, stubby, mean-looking man that Willie disliked instinctively. He had never seen him before, and the pale-green, watery eyes that squinted out at him through shaggy eyelashes made Willie feel bad. "I loves him too," Willie insisted under his breath. "Got ter love him. 'Makes me love ev'ybody —hit's good ernuff fer me'"—Willie recalled the words from the old song. "An' I guess he is somebody, But I be dog ef'n he looks like much, Ole Green Eyes."

"Ready to go, Willie?" It was Cap'm Archie. His voice was kind and filled with sorrow. Willie hated to see Cap'm Archie like that. But when the jailer's teeth clicked together and he said briskly, "Here, slip your hands into these," it did not sound so sad, and Willie obeyed with alacrity.

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"I bet you fergits my cigar, Cap'm Archie," Willie countered as his arms were being pinioned behind him.

"Cut out that damned foolishness! Come on here, nigger. I ain't got all day to fool." It was the stubby little man who assumed charge.

"'Makes me love ev'ybody,'" Willie hummed desperately under his breath. "'Hit's good ernuff for me.'"

"Good ernuff fer anybody," seconded the preacher loudly, happy that he had found some place to enter into the ceremony with the dignity of his calling. "Hit's de ole time religion, and hit's good ernuff for me!"

As the party marched up the narrow steps to the gallows, the Negro prisoners on the lower tier of cells caught up the refrain and the brick walls of the little jail reverberated with:

> Gimme dat ole time religion,
> Gimme dat ole time religion,
> Gimme dat ole time religion, Lawd,
> Hit's good ernuff fer me.
> Hit will take you home to Glory,
> Hit will take you home to Glory,
> Hit will take you home to Glory, Lawd,
> Hit's good ernuff fer me.

The climb to the gallows took a remarkably short time and Willie noticed that as soon as they arrived there "Ole Green Eyes" rushed to the rope that was lying handy and began making a loop in the end of it.

"'Makes me love ev'ybody,'" Willie insisted.

Everybody seemed nervous. Cap'm Archie couldn't look at him. The editor was talking with big words to the elder of the Gibbses and said something about "dancing on the air." Willie didn't understand it but he knew he wasn't going to dance on anything. Dancing would send him straight to hell. He had the preacher's word for it.

He edged over toward Cap'm Archie.

"When does I make my speech, Cap'm Archie?" he asked.

The jailer did not look up. "In a minute," he replied. "When you are ready to—when they stand you over there." He pointed to the trapdoor with his foot.

"Come over here, nigger." It was "Ole Green Eyes" again. Willie stood on the trapdoor.

"'Makes me love ev'ybody,'" he kept repeating as the knot was being drawn close to his ear. "'Makes me love ev'ybody.'"

When the knot was finished the little stubby man slipped a black hood over Willie's head and stepped back. A jaybird on a dead limb of the cottonwood broke out in a scathing chatter of malediction at the crow. A dog howled mournfully in the jail yard below. The katydids in the weed patch opened with a wild symphony of fiddling. "Somethin' 'bout to happen," Willie concluded. "I guess I better make my speech."

He threw back his shoulders and raised his chin as though about to address a large congregation.

"Folkses," he began in a clear, strong voice, "I has a few words I wants to say to y'all——"

"Too late now, nigger." It was that stubby little man. And even as the trap gave way under his feet Willie began:

"'Makes me love ev'ybody.'"

Willie did not finish that line, however. He was interrupted in the midst of it by a long blast on a horn. It was a loud, thundering blast and it startled him. He looked into the direction from which it came and there, charging down the road, he saw four prancing horses drawing a snow-white chariot. It was a beautiful sight. He had seen some such rig the time when he went to the circus at Baton Rouge. But this rig was even prettier than the circus carriages. Big white plumes bobbed from the crown-pieces of the bridles, and the horses pranced and danced along, raising a terrible dust.

"Great day!" he exclaimed. "Class sho' is comin' down de road today."

IN A MINUTE the carriage was in front of him, and with much suddenness it came to a halt, the horses falling back on their haunches to check the momentum.

"Git up hyar, boy, an' le's git goin'," the driver called down. "Us is late, as it is or—else you is early."

Willie scrambled to the seat beside the driver. As the horses raced onward he enjoyed the thrill of the speedy ride, the wind rushing by his ears, the sparkle of the gold and silver harness, the dexterity with which the driver held the horses in the road with one hand and cracked the whip over their heads with the other.

"You drives right well, boy," he observed. "What's yo' name?"

"Jehu," replied the driver.

"Jehu-which?"

"Jest Jehu," replied the driver.

"Who dat boy wid de hawn in his han'?"

"Gab'l."

The monosyllabic replies of his companion irritated Willie. He wanted conversation and he intended to have it.

"How long you been——" he began, but suddenly Gabriel raised his trumpet to his lips and blew a deafening blast which almost lifted Willie from his seat.

"Hol' tight," cautioned Jehu, and the chariot stopped suddenly.

Willie saw an old man in a black slouch hat and cutaway coat, walking very alertly toward the carriage. His face was cleanly shaven except for a moustache and goatee which gave him a distinguished appearance. Willie instinctively knew that this quality-gentleman was going to ride on the plush seats inside, so he leaped down and opened the door of the carriage. The old man halted a few paces from him and cast a surveying glance at the horses.

"That checkrein is too tight on that off-lead horse," he said. "It is a pity that I have to 'tend to these trifles, but damn it all, I can't stand to see fine horseflesh suffer on account of triflin' niggers."

Willie quickly ran and lowered the checkrein and climbed back to his seat.

"You oughter know better'n to check up dat hoss so high," he admonished Jehu with a proprietary air. "Us likes our hosses to have a heap er room."

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Jehu did not reply. He held steadily to the reins, and the carriage fairly flew through the misty haze. Willie wanted to ask for the reins himself. He felt he could drive much more to his own satisfaction but, withal, he admitted, Jehu was doing very well. A minute later, however, when the lead horse bolted just as they approached a long bridge, and Jehu prevented a crash by expert maneuvering of the reins, Willie was glad he was not driving.

"Does dat ev'ytime at the bridge," Jehu volunteered as the team settled down to a long gallop across the structure. "Lots er times us misses an' de folks in de chariot gits drownded tryin' to cross Jurdan."

"Dat de Jurdan, huh?" asked Willie. "I be dog," and he gripped tightly to the seat.

The chariot rolled off the bridge and up to the front of a white pearly gate where it stopped. Willie dropped confidently to the ground, opened the chariot door, and assisted the distinguished old passenger to alight. St. Peter swung the big gate open.

"Welcome, Colonel," he said. "It gives me great pleasure to greet you personally after having known you indirectly for these many years. She's waiting for you under the crêpe myrtles. Cherub, escort the

The $25 Prize-winning Essay

My Favorite Story *and* Why

It is seldom that Reverence and Humor are found in harmonious union. Usually the presence of the one overawes the other; or, if Humor gains the upper hand, poor Reverence is bound to go about in stiff and awkward garments, while her profane companion laughs with unholy glee. It is just this rare combination, however, that makes Roark Bradford's "Child of God" a story never to be forgotten.

It deals with the last hours and glorious resurrection of a certain Willie Malone, a negro condemned to death for the murder of a white man. Willie is a masterpiece of fiction. He has the loving trust and guileless simplicity of a child, combined with a quick responsive nature and vivid imagination. His faith in the "revund's" words enables him to meet his fate with an elation of spirit best expressed in his own assertion—"I'se Glory bound." Only two shreds of worldly ambition cling to him, pathetic in their childishness, and the callous denial of these requests casts a wistful pathos around his last hour.

Through Willie's eyes we then see the incongruous glories of a negro heaven, a strange mixture of Scriptural lore and vivid recollections of a circus at Baton Rouge. The picture of the Great Lord God, seated on a golden throne with his crown tilted jauntily over one eye and smoking a big ten-cent cigar, is not easily forgotten. Terrible indeed is His anger when He learns that Willie's last request was denied and we rejoice in the poetic justice with which He rewards His humble servitor.

In "Child of God," an unusually happy title, Mr. Bradford has given us a unique story in which laughter and tears are strangely intermingled. A delicate and finely tempered humor plays upon the surface, while underneath lies a beautiful and reverent interpretation of a deep and child-like faith. I can think of no other story in which these elements are blended in so felicitous a manner.

—Mildred L. Hannon, New York City.

¶ *Each month* Golden Book *offers a cash prize of $25 for the best essay of 250 words on "My Favorite Story and Why." You may write your essay about any story you like, just so long as it has proved memorable to you and worth re-reading. It may be old or new, thrilling or humanely touching, the funniest story you have ever read or the most beautiful.*

The next Prize-winning Essay will be published in our August issue.

¶ *It does not matter whether your favorite story has already appeared in the* Golden Book *or not. We have been proud to find that an overwhelming number of the favorite stories chosen by contestants have appeared in our pages. But we are also particularly interested in those replies which have led us to, or reminded us of, stories which merit and have not yet found a place in the* Golden Book—*such as Roark Bradford's* Child of God.

¶ *The rules for the contest are simple ones: (1) Your story must not be longer than the average magazine short story. (2) Your 250-word statement of why you like a certain story, or what a particular story has meant to you, must carry your full name and address (3) You need not send the story, but you must indicate the name of the book or the name and date of the magazine in which it appeared. (4) No manuscripts can be returned. (5) Entries for each month close on the first day of the preceding month.*

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Colonel to Miss Julia."

Willie thought that was great, and he was thrilled almost to ecstasy when the old gentleman gave him a curt nod in recognition of his service.

As soon as the old man had disappeared behind the cherub, St. Peter dropped his air of formality.

"Well, well," he said, "if it ain't that worthless Willie Malone. Willie, how'd you git here, son?"

That was language Willie could understand and appreciate.

"St. Peter," he replied, "I jes' got on de chariot an' rid up hyar."

"Well," said St. Peter, "I guess you better try on a pair of wings, then. Here, Cherub. Bring out a pair of wings for old Willie Malone."

St. Peter helped the cherub adjust the wings.

"Now you're fixed, son," he announced. "Fly away!"

And Willie flew. He flew among the golden clouds and down long narrow golden streets. He flew over mansions of gold and sparkling rivers. High into the air and close to the ground he flew. He tried a few fancy turns, such as he had seen birds perform among the chinaberry trees. He dived at the surface of the water and grabbed at the golden fish and then climbed again by lusty flaps of his wings, as pelicans do. And he did it perfectly.

"Doggone my hide," he exclaimed, "dis is somethin' like!"

After a few hours the novelty began to wear off. He was high in the air, maybe a mile high, he estimated. So he pointed one wing at an angle and began gliding down, making a huge spiral as he descended. Halfway down, he reversed the cant of his wings and came down the rest of the way, flying backwards.

He landed right in the midst of a group of other angels who were seated around the Great Throne. Upon the throne sat the Great Lord God. Willie recognized him instantly because of the distinction with which he sat upon his throne and by the carefree tilt of his huge, bejeweled crown almost hiding one eye and by the angle at which the ten-cent cigar was cocked. Willie was a little frightened, and dazzled by the regal splendor of it all, but he settled down noiselessly to the ground, and was made to feel perfectly at home by the informal greeting he received.

"I bet you want to hear some music, don't you, Willie?" asked the Great Lord God and, without waiting for Willie's reply, he continued, "Little David, play on your harp."

"What shall I play, Great Lord God?" asked Little David.

"Play something calm and low, Little David," said the Great Lord God. "Do not alarm my people."

David struck a chord or two on his harp. It was beautiful. The mellow music floated straight to Willie's heart. One or two of the other angels started humming with the music and, almost unconscious of where he was, Willie added his low, rich bass to the chorus:

> When dat big Titanic sunk down in de sea,
> All de brass bands played "Nearer My God to Thee."
> Out on de deep blue ocean de people sleep
> In a cold wet cradle, three miles deep.
> It's yo' las' trip, *Titanic*.

After several verses Willie began to feel a personal sorrow for the passengers of the *Titanic*. The music stopped suddenly, and the Great Lord God commanded, "Little David, play something quick and lively. Let the skies rock with mirth. Let the heavens open wide. Let the stars and the moon shine out. Let my people shout with joy."

And as soon as the command was issued all the angels began dancing and singing as Little David played:

> Two little babies a-layin' in de bed.
> One of'm sick an' de yuther mos' dead.
> Sont fer de doctor an' de doctor said,
> "Give dem babies some shortnin' bread."
> So put on de skillet an' throw way de led,
> Cause mammy gonter make a little shortnin' bread.

Several more songs followed and finally Willie began to tire of singing. The party broke up, the angels flying away in groups of twos and threes. Soon no one was left before the throne except Willie.

Willie felt slightly embarrassed there, with no one around except the Great Lord God. He figured he might be intruding or something, or that perhaps he'd better go out and fly some more. But as he was turning over the idea a tall, kindly looking angel, more strikingly handsome than any he had ever seen, strolled up and down familiarly by the side of the Great Lord God. At first Willie thought it was Cap'm Archie. There was kindness and understanding in his face, just like Cap'm Archie's face. But it wasn't Cap'm Archie. Cap'm Archie had no scars on his hands and feet as had this angel.

Roark Bradford

The phenomenal success of the play Green Pastures, *based upon a book of negro stories called* Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun, *has brought wide public recognition to the book's author, Roark Bradford — hitherto known only to a small if ardent group of admirers who placed him with Joel Chandler Harris and DuBose Heyward as interpreter of the South and of the childlike spirit of the negro.*

Mr. Bradford is a New Orleans newspaper man, who refused to leave the South even to see The Green Pastures *on the New York stage, but preferred to fix the roof on his New Orleans home and to take a steamboat trip up the Mississippi.* Child of God *is one of Mr. Bradford's earliest stories, and its mingled humor, beauty and pathos are typical of the best of Mr. Bradford's work.*

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"Git away, damned nigger! I see you."

As he puzzled over the matter he faintly remembered a story his old mammy had told him about a man with scars on his hands and feet, and he recalled the lines of a song that Cap'm Archie used to make him sing:

They nailed His hands and
they rivet His feet.
An' de hammers wuz heard
in Jerusalem street.

Some way, Willie could not place him. But he felt much more at ease for his presence.

"What you thinking about, Willie?" the kindly angel asked. "You don't seem to be enjoying yourself so much."

Willie did not know exactly what to reply. He rummaged through his mind hastily. He had been entirely happy for ever so long, not a thing had gone wrong. Everybody had been so nice to him. The music had been beautiful and just the songs he liked to sing. His wings fitted him perfectly and St. Peter had been wonderful. So had Jehu. And Cap'm Archie—he had given him everything he could think of and a heap he did not think of. Of course there was the matter of the cigar. He wanted to go to the gallows with a cigar in his mouth. But that wasn't Cap'm Archie's fault . . . and, too, maybe Cap'm Archie had forgotten the cigar. He had so many things to think about. Willie concluded that if it were the cigar he would say nothing about it to the kind angel because he did not want to embarrass Cap'm Archie. He did not really want to go to the gallows with a cigar, anyway, he decided.

"But I did want ter make dat speech," he concluded.

"What speech is that?" asked the kindly faced angel.

Willie explained in great detail, and the angel and the Great Lord God listened intently.

"But hit wa'n't Cap'm Archie's fault," he declared.

"Whose fault was it, then?" demanded the Great Lord God.

"Hit mought er been—onderstan', I ain' s'cusin' nobody," Willie faltered, "but hit mought er been Ole Green Eyes. But I loves ev'ybody—him, too," he added hastily.

"I know the scoundrel," declared the Great Lord God. "He's been plaguing me for years and years. But this is too much." The brow of the Great Lord God clouded in anger and he shouted with a terrible roar, like seven peals of thunder, "Cherub, bring me a bolt of forked lightning that I may strike that man from the face of the earth."

The cherub brought the lightning, and the Great Lord God was about to hurl it. But the kind angel touched his arm gently.

"I wouldn't, Father," said the angel. "He might not have understood that the speech was to have been the biggest thing in Willie's life."

The Great Lord God stayed his hand and turned upon the kind angel. "Of course he understood. That's why he didn't let him make it. He's just low-down mean. I've put up with enough of it."

"But," insisted the kind angel, "it will do no good to strike him down with lightning. It would frighten many people. And it would start new arguments over religion and that would lead to controversies and they would lead to hatreds and hatreds lead to——"

"I've heard that speech a million times, Son," said the Great Lord God, "and you needn't go into details. I admit you are right," and he handed the lightning bolt back to the cherub. "But," continued the Great Lord God, "I will not let this thing pass." His brow clouded in anger again. "I am the Great I am," he roared, "and my commands shall be obeyed." The kind angel sat meekly and argued no further.

"Willie Malone," commanded the Great Lord God in a tone of thunder.

"Yassuh, Great Lord God," replied Willie, jumping to his feet.

"You go right back down yonder and make that speech. He's sitting in the jail office right now with Captain Archie. Now go and do my commands."

Willie lost no time in getting to the jail. As he approached, he noticed a half-dozen Negroes—friends

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of his—standing in the rain about the big steel door entry to the lower cells. But he hurried by them with only a curt "hy-dy, boys." The fact that they ignored him stung a little but he had no time to lose. He went straight to the office entrance.

The green-eyed man was seated at a table fingering five new ten-dollar bills. The coroner was scratching away with a pen on a big official-looking document. The editor and the two Gibbses were talking in low tones. Cap'm Archie was hunched down in his chair at his desk, looking at the floor. Willie stood a minute respectfully, hoping Cap'm Archie would notice him and inquire what he wanted.

But Cap'm Archie did not look toward him and Willie tried a scheme that had worked many times for him.

"Cap'm, suh," he said, "don' you want dis ole dirty flo' swep' up er somethin'?"

But Cap'm Archie acted as though he did not hear.

Willie cogitated. Maybe he was worrying about forgetting the cigar.

But as the thought came to Willie Cap'm Archie slowly reached to his vest pocket and drew out a single long black cigar and studied it intently.

"You got the mate to that'n, Sheriff?" Ole Green Eyes quit shuffling the new bills and directed his attention toward the cigar.

"Nope," replied Cap'm Archie, "I ain't got the mate to this'n." And he tightened his grip on the cigar until he had broken and crushed it. "And if I did have it," he added, "I'd damn well keep it."

"No hard feelings, Sheriff," offered Green Eyes. "I see you ain't used to it. Cheer up. It's just another nigger less."

A scraping of feet in the jail hall at the side of the office attracted the attention of both Cap'm Archie and Green Eyes. Willie followed their gaze through the barred hall door and saw six Negroes carrying a long black box toward the big jail door. Behind the box marched Preacher Moore, directing and exhorting as he went.

"There he goes now—out of yer jail and out of yer life. It's all over and yer duty's done."

Cap'm Archie squeezed the cigar tightly, crumbling it into tiny bits.

The green-eyed man essayed a cackling laugh, "And so's mine," he continued, picking up the five bills, "so I guess I'll be going."

Willie had been standing by in respectful silence since the white folks had indicated by ignoring him that they were too busy to talk to him. White people are that way, Willie had learned. Sometimes they will talk with you and laugh with you. And sometimes when they are busy they won't pay any attention to you unless you get in their way or something. Then they will curse you. Willie knew how to get along with white folks.

But things were different now. He had business with Mister Green Eyes.

"Wait a minute, Cap'm, suh," he addressed the green-eyed man.

Green Eyes stiffened, blinked his eyes, passed his hand across his forehead, and frowned. He stuck the money into his pocket and grabbed for his hat.

"Wait a minute, Cap'm," Willie pleaded, "I got ter make my speech."

The green-eyed man turned pale and shut his eyes tightly, gritting his teeth and shaking his head as if in an effort to clear his brain.

"Sheriff," he said with a great struggle for calmness in his voice, "I need a drink. I—I—I'm sort of nervous, I reckon."

"There's the doctor," Cap'm Archie replied calmly, nodding toward the coroner.

"But, Cap'm, suh, wait," interjected Willie, "lemme make my speech——"

The green-eyed man yelled and ran to the doctor.

"Get me a drink, Doctor!" he begged. "A drink! For God's sake. I'm all shot to hell, Doctor. Get me a drink, quick."

"What's the matter, man?" demanded the doctor. "What is it?"

"That damned nigger, Doctor. I'm seein' things. So help me. He wants to make a speech, Doctor——"

"Dat's all right, Cap'm," Willie insisted. "Hit ain't no mean speech."

"O-ww-w-w—Doctor," screamed the green-eyed man. "There he is again."

The coroner and Cap'm Archie caught the hangman and led him to a chair.

"Calm down, man," said the doctor. "Your nerves are upset."

"But that nigger, that damned nigger! I see him!"

"Well, he isn't going to hurt you, man. He's——"

"Nawsuh, I wa'n't gonter hurt nobody," Willie assured him. "I jes' was gonter say a few words."

The man struggled wildly, and it was only with the added strength of the two Gibbses and the editor that they succeeded in holding him in his chair. He was alternately crying and cursing, trembling weakly and fighting wildly.

"That damned nigger! I see him! I see him!" he kept shouting. "He wants to make a speech!"

"Hold him until I can fix a hypodermic," ordered the doctor.

"I jes' gonter make my speech," Willie pleaded again in an effort to calm the green-eyed man. "I ain' gonter do nothin' but jes' tawk."

But instead of being soothed, the man became more violent and but for the utmost strength of four men. he would have escaped. They held him, though. Held him in the chair while his eyes glared in wild frenzy, his huge neck swelled even bigger, his face turned purple, and his breath came in short rasping gasps. "Git away, damned nigger. I see you. Ow-ww-ww!"

"I jes' on'y got a few words I wanner say," Willie began again. And after one lunge at the sound of Willie's voice the man quieted down, and his eyes stared glassily at nothing, although his neck still bulged. The color of his face changed to an ugly blue and his mouth dropped open and dripped frothy saliva. And while the green-eyed man sat limp in the chair Willie Malone completed his speech:

"I jes' wanner say I ain't got no hard feelin's again nobody an' I don' want nobody to has no hard feelin's agin me. An' I wants to meet you all in heaven."

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Drawings by Lyman Anderson

His Widows

By VIOLET HUNT

Violet Hunt

THERE WAS a little wistaria and ivy-clad cottage on the road to D——, and two maiden ladies lived there. They were of an age, forty-five, and they had been housemates for the last ten years. They were supposed to be rich, and known to be eccentric. It is well to have such a reputation in neighborhoods like that of D——, implying as it does complete liberty of action, combined with perfect social consideration. The toilette and the domestic appointments of Miss Varney and Miss Leven left nothing for a censorious world to desire, while their habits of a just sufficiently unconventional nature inspired interest and amusement. They were, of course, open to the imputation of being unmarried women of a certain age, but there was not the slightest hint of anything old-fashioned or old-maidish in their appearance or in their surroundings. There were no tatted or crocheted chair-covers, no painted hand-screens, no stamp-snakes, in their drawing-room; their clothes were exquisitely fashionable, and came down from London, and perhaps Paris. But the material of these clothes was invariably black, and they both wore what looked very like widows' caps, of the same identical pattern. There their eccentricity came in.

Once a fortnight they paid a visit, bearing two similar bunches of white flowers, to a cemetery on the other side of the town of D——, but no one ever discovered whose grave it was that they took an interest in, though some curious, otherwise unoccupied persons had thought it worth while to play hide-and-seek with the two ladies among the tombs, without success, so cleverly did the mourners dodge them.

They had not many friends in the town of D——, nor did they seem to care to make any; but after a while, a young girl, called Lucy Gray, who had but very recently left school, succeeded in ingratiating herself where more important people had failed. She was sweet and simple, yet shrewd, and soon she knew more of the inner life of Miss Varney and Miss Leven than anyone. She thought them romantic, and admired them openly, and the ladies did not in her case disdain the tribute of this subtle and seductive form of flattery.

She used to find it delightful to go and sit with them, in the long winter evenings, over the fire, and to confide her little doings and little troubles to their sympathetic ears. She sat on a low stool exactly between the two, and talked, and turned her eager face first to one and then to the other, without exercising any particular discrimination as to the precise recipient of each particular confidence; for though they differed from each other as much as two unrelated human beings are likely to do, they seemed, by skilful modification and adaptation of habits and idiosyncrasies, to have made themselves as one. To Lucy Gray it seemed at any rate to be so.

But in appearance they differed a good deal. Miss Varney was dark and eager-looking, and a little imperious in manner. She laughed more than Miss Leven, and betrayed a fuller, at times more cynical, humor. She read the modern magazines, and kept herself up to date. Miss Leven was softer, perhaps sillier, certainly more sentimental. She was a little inclined to be stout, her complexion was still wonderful; she took life more easily than Miss Varney.

Had taken it; for surely, during these last ten years that they had lived in D——, life had stood still for both of them!

The life of little Lucy Gray was but just beginning, in a mild, idyllic way; she told the ladies all her innocent affairs, and they gave her the promptest interest and sympathy; but she came to notice, when she looked up into the face of either, that their gaze was seldom if ever bent on her who was confiding in them. No, their eyes were generally raised, and fixed, severally, on two large framed cabinet photographs hanging over the bell-pull on either side of the chimney-piece.

There was nothing very odd in this, except that the two photographs were in every respect identical!

It was the likeness of a man in full regimentals—handsome, dogged-looking, with a heavy, self-sufficient jaw, and gentle eyes and an elusive mouth. Under the print was written, in a bold, decided handwriting, the name "Robert F. Musgrave," and a date, "1870."

Later on, when she came to know the ladies better, Lucy Gray was taken into their bedrooms and shown various things: Afghan trophies, Indian ivories, Burmese shawls—two of each, invariably; but what interested the girl most was that, though there were

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two separate rooms, the same likeness, enlarged and colored in this instance, hung over the bed of each.

Lucy Gray was loving and curious. She put the story of her two friends—one story, two women—together as well as she could, and gloated on it. She realized that these two ladies had loved the same man, and that this was his likeness. They had lost him, how, she could not guess, but at any rate he was not here, nor had been these ten years. They mourned him, therefore; but what she could not understand was, that they should mourn him in such strict concert. It seemed to form the very bond of union between them: now, according to her simple theories, it should rather have forced them apart!

Was it possible for two human beings so to compound with jealousy—jealousy, that is even stronger than love?

WHAT GROWN-UP CURIOSITY could never have achieved, her sweet childish sympathy was able to draw from them. She sat one evening in her accustomed place between the two; she had had a little love encounter of her own that day, which she fondly hoped was going "to mean something," and she had been telling these two kind women about her innocent hopes and her fears. Solicitude for her own happiness and the emotion of confidence had brought the easy tears to her eyes. She became, unconsciously, silent a while, and her brown, liquid, suffused glance was fixed, she knew not why, on the portrait of Robert Musgrave. Miss Varney caught her expression and was touched by it.

"You pretty child!" she said suddenly; then laying her hand on the girl's bent head, she said to Miss Leven, sitting opposite:

"How he would have admired her, would not he, Kitty?"

"I was just thinking so," Miss Leven replied.

"Who do you say would have admired me, dear Miss Varney?"

"A man of singularly good judgment, my dear, where women's looks were concerned. A man who could have had his pick of all the prettiest women in England, and who knew what was what!"

"That man!" said the *ingénue*, quickly pointing deferentially to one of the photographs. "He was a great friend of yours, was he not?"

"A great friend of mine—yes—and of Miss Leven's," was the answer.

"And was he engaged to——?" began Lucy Gray, and stopped, overwhelmed with confusion, *"to either of you"* was what she had saved herself from saying.

"To neither of us, dear," Miss Varney replied quietly. "He was just a very great friend."

Miss Leven rose and left the room. Lucy thought there were tears in her eyes.

She turned round impulsively to the woman who was left and stole her hand into hers.

"Dear Miss Varney!" she murmured, "have I been stupid?"

"Not at all, dear," Miss Varney answered cordially, holding Lucy's hand closely. "We are a couple of absurd old women, that's all! Robert Musgrave was our friend, and we loved him."

She gave a faint, nervous laugh, and put Lucy's hand away. But the girl took hold of her again.

"Dear Miss Varney, do tell me about it. It does interest me so—to compare notes, you know. I am not such a baby, really! I know what love means!"

"Do you really?" The older woman smiled. It was a sweet, confused, self-mocking smile, that showed Lucy what a lovely and attractive woman Miss Varney must once have been, and that not so very long ago. "Do you know," that lady continued, "you are a very insinuating little thing?"

"Tell me, now do tell me," pleaded Lucy, seeing, and quick to profit by, the advantage she had gained. "Tell me all about him! Couldn't you? Oh, I do think him so handsome!"

"The most handsome man of his time!" Miss Varney corroborated her, "and quite the most remarkable. He did wonderful things. Any woman might have been proud to have been loved by him—or to have had him for a friend."

"But he *did* love—a woman?" cried the young girl eagerly, catching at the first triumphant part of Miss Varney's sentence, not its lame and impotent conclusion. Her little hesitation was due to a thought that would force itself in—ought she not to have said *"Two women"?*

"Did he? Some woman, of course. But we never knew anything about that," said Miss Varney loyally. "He was very fond of Kitty and me. We both knew that, and were proud of it—his respect and esteem. I don't think that there was any difference in his way of looking at us! He was very fond of us—he flirted with us both."

"Was he a flirt, then?" asked the girl in a disappointed tone.

"Terrible, my dear!" Miss Varney said, smiling, with retrospective indulgence. "But we don't judge him. Why should we? He could no more help flirting with us or any other pretty girl—we *were* pretty, you know—than we could help falling in love with him. He never pretended, at any rate. And he never knew. That is as well, isn't it?"

Her sad little smile pierced the girl's very heart, and gave her the first conception of the heroism and grace that may lie in the voluntary assumption of a comic view of things tragic.

"Was he married?" she blurted out.

"My good child!" was all Miss Varney deigned to answer. She was, however, not really cross, but went on laughing. "What sort of books have you been reading? I shall begin to think that your mother has not been looking after you properly. . . . Robert Musgrave died at the age of forty, unmarried."

"But then I *must* say I don't understand?"

"No, dear," said Miss Varney, tapping Lucy's head amicably, "but you must not let romantic notions run away with you. Did I not tell you that though Miss Leven and I—she will, I am sure, not mind my speaking for her: we are one in this!—though we loved him with an equal love, he was equally indifferent to us both—*in that way?* There was no mistake about it. Don't let there be, in your little mind. It is an absurd story, but it is all the story we have got, Kitty and I. We have it between us, as two children

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have a favorite toy. We came together after his death, and admitted that we had both been fond of him, and he of us. We decided, as it were, to throw our recollections into the common stock. It makes it bigger—more worth having, don't you see? And it makes it easier, to mourn him together. We shall not be so very long behind him, I trust!"

"And to which of you, I wonder, will he belong in heaven?" was what the ingenuous Lucy thought to herself; but aloud she said, "Dear, dear Miss Varney, I hope you will live forever!"

She put her arms round Miss Varney, and her eyes wandered to the symbol of this strange widowhood on Miss Varney's raven-gray hair. Her thoughts flew to the other widow of Robert Musgrave, the sentimental one, who had no sense of humor, and who, she shrewdly suspected, was crying her eyes out in the cold, fireless dining-room at this very moment. She remembered Miss Leven's soft round cheeks and pale yellow locks, and decided in her own mind that though in her youth she must undoubtedly have been the prettier of the two, yet that Miss Varney must have been by far the more vivacious and interesting.

Miss Leven, wherever she was, did not come back.

"I wonder if I might say to you what I have been thinking?" Lucy asked Miss Varney timorously.

"Of course, dear, say anything that you like! I have given you my confidence—our confidence, I might say—and I do not withdraw it."

"It is this—that I think—somehow—that Mr. Musgrave must have liked—you best."

Miss Varney's brow clouded as it had not done in the whole period of her intercourse with Lucy Gray.

"Ah, my dear," she said, "don't think to please me like that! It is a wrong note, and you must never strike it. I want no concessions to my vanity. Mr. Musgrave did not care for one of us more than the other, and that is the secret of our bond—Miss Leven's and mine. Do you not see that we are co-partners—in his indifference, if you like to put it so,—and a little more on either side would at once destroy the balance? It would be disloyal to Miss Leven if I were to let you talk like that to me."

She sighed, then she laughed. "I really don't wonder that people call me eccentric!" she said. "Talking like this to a mere child! What can have become of Miss Leven?"

"You don't know how I love it!" exclaimed the mere child. "You are quite sad, and yet you make such funny fun of yourself all the time, as it were!"

"Is it the saving grace of humor that I have got?" asked Miss Varney, smiling again; and again the girl was penetrated with the conviction of her past and present attractiveness. "That is what you like? I wear my rue with a difference—that's all."

"Differently from Miss Leven!" the girl could not help saying. "She is sweet, too, but she never says funny things. You can never have both been alike in that!"

Miss Varney, to her surprise, accepted this little compliment, adding, however, "She was a great deal prettier, at any rate. Here she comes! We have no secrets from each other, Kitty and I! Kitty, I have been telling this child all my story—all our story!"

Miss Leven had been crying; but she answered, without a shadow of umbrage, "You know, Alice, that you can always speak for me."

"Yes; our minds are quite Siamese in that respect, are they not?" Miss Varney rejoined, laughing. "You look cold, Kitty. Come and get warm. I was just telling Lucy how awfully pretty you used to be!"

"And I told Miss Varney that I could see that for myself!" said the child, with astounding duplicity. "But—I *am* so puzzled about *him!*"

"How so?" asked both the widows at once.

"Well—how can he have been so blind?"

Miss Varney persisted in taking an entirely humorous view of it all. "Ah, you see," she said, "he had a great deal of choice. There were so many other pretty and funny women in the world! But Kitty and I are quite content with what Fate was good enough to mete out to us. One cannot have everything, and there is no bitterness——"

"Except the bitterness of death!" Miss Leven unexpectedly put in, and Miss Varney stared at her.

"And that is easier to bear in concert, isn't it, Kitty?" she resumed, with persistent cheerfulness. "Good night, dear little Lucy. Kitty looks tired. Don't go and tell all D—— about the two silly old women, but come and see us again soon."

Lucy Gray kissed them both; the maid was summoned; she put on her wraps and walked home. She thought a good deal of what she had heard; and the sum of her reflections and her sympathy for Miss Varney and Miss Leven came to this, that their theory of life, poetical as it was, was hardly satisfactory.

"They are two dear, strange, sweet women!" she thought to herself. "Really and truly eccentric, I suppose; but so far as I am concerned, I shall hope to have a whole man to myself, some day! I am worldly, I fear!"

She took to thinking earnestly of the man she was just beginning to care for, and who had seemed lately as if he were going to care for her, and decided that nothing would induce her, even if it never came off, to share even his memory with another woman.

She was not called upon to do so. In a very few days her fate was decided; and so imperious was the will of the man who adored her, and wished to have her all to himself, that the girl of eighteen was married to him out of hand, from a relation's house near London, and taken away without even being given time to communicate the news to her two friends in person.

Two distinct but rather similar wedding presents—one from Miss Varney and the other from Miss Leven—followed her abroad, and she was for the moment too much absorbed in her happiness to notice that Miss Varney's letter was dated from London, while Miss Leven's gift bore the postmark of a town in the north of England. When, later on, she went back to her old home on a visit to her mother, she was told that the interesting *ménage* of the little house on the D—— road had been broken up, and that the two ladies now lived apart. It was not until long after, when she had sought out and seen both Miss Leven

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and Miss Varney separately, that she learned why, and that "we did not quarrel, dear, but circumstances made it impossible that we should continue to live together any more!"

Among other "Siamese habits" of the two—was this: they carried each a duplicate bunch of keys. These keys were objects of beauty chased and silvered, and depended from silver chatelaines of antique workmanship. On the night that Lucy Gray left them, the two ladies sat a while in front of the fire before retiring to their rooms for the night, and Miss Varney's keys lay in her lap, catching the warm rays of the dying firelight on their surfaces.

"How pretty gold light is on silver!" she said, letting the keys play idly through her fingers. "They want redipping, though, I think."

"Indeed they do," said the other, beginning to finger hers. "Let us have them done. Shall I send mine first, or will you?"

"It doesn't matter which," Miss Varney said. She began to pick up the keys and tell them over one by one. "The bookcase! . . . the linen press! . . . the storeroom! . . . the bureau! . . . I can't remember what this key belongs to?" she said suddenly.

The face of the woman sitting opposite to her suddenly became blanched and gray with fear. "Alice!" she said helplessly.

"Well—Alice, that is my name!" said the other impatiently, staring at her. "Are not you well, Kitty?"

"No—only I am afraid that you have somehow or other got hold of my bunch!" Miss Leven said, in a far-away kind of voice.

"Well, and if I have? There is no difference!"

"There is a key on my bunch—an extra key——"

"An extra key? I don't understand you, or your agitation, Kitty!"

"No, dear. It is the key of a little desk that I have——"

"I see!" said the fiery Miss Varney. "You have a secret, Kitty. Say no more."

She turned a proud profile to Miss Leven, and put her hand on her heart.

"Dearest Alice, please don't take it so seriously! It is nothing—no secret—merely the key of a little old desk of my mother's where I keep a few papers."

"Naturally. Papers that you do not care to have me see!" Miss Varney replied haughtily. "There is no more to be said. I should like the subject dropped, if you do not mind."

She was quivering all over.

"But can we go on living together?" asked the other, giving voice to her secret preoccupation.

"No, I don't see how we can," Miss Varney, driven to bay, answered her. "I am a fool, I know; but it was not in the bond——"

"I'll show you the papers!" desperately.

"Oh, no, no; please do not speak of such a thing. You have a perfect right to have secrets from me, but I confess—I—don't like it. . . . It is no good, Kitty! Look here, my dear, don't let us speak of it any more, but go to bed, and we will see how we feel in the morning. . . . Heavens! I never knew what a temper I had till this moment!" She put her hand to her head.

"No," said Kitty Leven determinedly. "I could not rest, thinking that we had quarreled. You must——"

"We have *not* quarreled. It is only my temper, as I said. Good God, Kitty, will you go?"

"No, Alice. I would rather you would look at the contents of my desk, if you don't mind. I have a right to demand it, after all you have said. What I wished so much to avoid cannot be worse than this! And now I insist on your looking over my desk. I will go and fetch it."

"I have told you I had so much rather not."

"Ah, but you spoke of our parting! That was enough for me."

She rose as she spoke. Her complexion was now quite pale and ashen, while the sallow Miss Varney's cheeks wore the handsomest flush of a gypsy.

Then Miss Varney clutched at her lost self-control, put her handkerchief to her face, and was able to resume, almost in her own natural voice:

"I am an old fool! . . . Yes, bring the desk, Kitty, and we'll have an end of this." She sat down, laughing hysterically.

Miss Leven soon returned, bearing with her an old rosewood desk, that looked indeed as if it might have belonged to her mother.

Slowly and deliberately, with the solemn air of one accomplishing a long-forgotten religious rite, she inserted the little silver key in the worn keyhole. It was so jagged that the key did not go in easily, and her face flushed, and her eyes filled, so that a tear betrayed her and dropped on to the polished surface of the box. When the key had turned she raised the lid slowly, murmuring:

"I could have wished this had not happened—but what must be, must be!"

She drew out a packet of old letters, tied up with string—the outside envelope was addressed to "Miss Katherine Leven" in the bold, not easily mistakable handwriting that they both knew.

"I wish you to read the first letter—the very first letter that comes and no more!" Miss Leven begged.

"I won't read any," said Miss Varney doggedly; yet her eyes were wild with eagerness and her restless hand went towards, and again withdrew from, the packet she coveted.

"You must, Alice! Only the first. I don't know which it happens to be. Chance it!"

She trembled, but valiantly held out the packet.

Thus adjured, Alice Varney broke the string that tied the letters of Robert Musgrave to Katherine Leven. She glanced up at the man's photograph as she did so. Miss Leven's eyes were already fixed there, and she never removed them. She was saying something under her breath. . . .

The first letter lay open on Miss Varney's knee and it began, "*My own dear love, Kitty.*"

That was all Miss Varney saw, for she fainted.

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Etching by Arthur Briscoe, Courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co.

A Wanderer's Song

By JOHN MASEFIELD

A WIND'S in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels,
I am tired of brick and stone and rumbling wagon-wheels;
I hunger for the sea's edge, the limits of the land,
Where the wild old Atlantic is shouting on the sand.

Oh I'll be going, leaving the noises of the street,
To where a lifting foresail-foot is yanking at the sheet;
To a windy, tossing anchorage where yawls and ketches ride,
Oh I'll be going, going, until I meet the tide.

And first I'll hear the sea-wind, the mewing of the gulls,
The clucking, sucking of the sea about the rusty hulls,
The songs at the capstan in the hooker warping out,
And then the heart of me'll know I'm there or thereabout.

Oh I'm tired of brick and stone, the heart of me is sick,
For windy green, unquiet sea, the realm of Moby Dick;
And I'll be going, going, from the roaring of the wheels,
For a wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels.

JOHN MASEFIELD, poet laureate of England in the footsteps of Ben Jonson, Dryden, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and the late Robert Bridges, could not easily be more a poet of his country and of his people. This gentle, sea-faring man of letters, who worked years before the mast, has built a quiet way to prominence on verses singing of the sea so close to English hearts, and of the pleasant green charm of the English countryside—of Herefordshire, "the fine land, the West land, the land where I belong," of the Malvern hills, of the great tides of Severn.

Since 1902, Masefield has published steadily and with amazing versatility. Long narrative poems: *The Everlasting Mercy; The Widow in the Bye Street; Dauber;* poetic dramas of which the greatest is *The Tragedy of Nan;* novels, and a half-dozen books of verses. His famous "Sea Fever" and "Cargoes," endlessly new, have the simplicity, the rhythm, and the sincere emotion which mark the poetry that is comprehensible to all. Again and again he has touched these clear heights.

The day is past when a poet laureate is obliged to find inspiration in an opening exposition or a royal birthday. Mr. Masefield, as Dr. Bridges' successor, will not have to write a line to earn his salary of $360 a year (and the $135 additional in lieu of the butt of sack which was once a laureate's privilege). But certainly in his songs already written one may find everywhere "the clear outlines of the English shore."

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I was admitted by a gorgeous flunky and shown into a sumptuous room.

The £1,000,000 Bank-Note

By MARK TWAIN

When I was twenty-seven years old, I was a mining-broker's clerk in San Francisco, and an expert in all the details of stock traffic. I was alone in the world, and had nothing to depend upon but my wits and a clean reputation; but these were setting my feet in the road to eventual fortune, and I was content with the prospect.

My time was my own after the afternoon board, Saturdays, and I was accustomed to put it in on a little sail-boat on the bay. One day I ventured too far, and was carried out to sea. Just at nightfall, when hope was about gone, I was picked up by a small brig which was bound for London. It was a long and stormy voyage, and they made me work my passage without pay, as a common sailor. When I stepped ashore in London my clothes were ragged and shabby, and I had only a dollar in my pocket. This money fed and sheltered me twenty-four hours. During the next twenty-four I went without food and shelter.

About ten o'clock on the following morning, seedy and hungry, I was dragging myself along Portland Place, when a child that was passing, towed by a nurse-maid, tossed a luscious big pear—minus one bite—into the gutter. I stopped, of course, and fastened my desiring eye on that muddy treasure. My mouth watered for it, my stomach craved it, my whole being begged for it. But every time I made a move to get it some passing eye detected my purpose, and of course I straightened up then, and looked indifferent, and pretended that I hadn't been thinking about the pear at all. This same thing kept happening and happening, and I couldn't get the pear. I was just getting desperate enough to brave all the shame, and to seize it, when a window behind me was raised, and a

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Drawings by
Paul Orban

¶ *A ragged suit of clothes, a million-pound-banknote, and no credentials—Henry's strange dilemma moves Mark Twain to one of his most light-hearted tales.*

Said Kipling, friend of Mark Twain: "I love to think of the great and godlike Clemens. He is the biggest man you have on your side of the water... Cervantes was a relation of his."

gentleman spoke out of it, saying, unexpectedly:

"Step in here, please."

I was admitted by a gorgeous flunky, and shown into a sumptuous room where a couple of elderly gentlemen were sitting. They sent away the servant, and made me sit down. They had just finished their breakfast, and the sight of the remains of it almost overpowered me. I could hardly keep my wits together in the presence of that food, but as I was not asked to sample it, I had to bear my trouble as best I could.

Now, something had been happening there a little before, which I did not know anything about until a good many days afterwards, but I will tell you about it now. Those two old brothers had been having a pretty hot argument a couple of days before, and had ended by agreeing to decide it by a bet, which is the English way of settling everything.

You will remember that the Bank of England once issued two notes of a million pounds each, to be used for a special purpose connected with some public transaction with a foreign country. For some reason or other only one of these had been used and canceled; the other still lay in the vaults of the bank. Well, the brothers, chatting along, happened to get to wondering what might be the fate of a perfectly honest and intelligent stranger who should be turned adrift in London without a friend, and with no money but that million-pound bank-note, and no way to account for his being in possession of it. Brother A said he would starve to death; Brother B said he wouldn't. Brother A said he couldn't offer it at a bank or anywhere else, because he would be arrested on the spot. So they went on disputing till Brother B said he would bet twenty thousand pounds that the man would live thirty days, *anyway*, on that million, and keep out of jail, too. Brother A took him up. Brother B went down to the bank and bought that note. Just like an Englishman, you see; pluck to the backbone. Then he dictated a letter, which one of his clerks wrote out in a beautiful round hand, and then the two brothers sat at the window a whole day watching for the right man to give it to.

They saw many honest faces go by that were not intelligent enough; many that were intelligent, but not honest enough; many that were both, but the possessors were not poor enough, or, if poor enough, were not strangers. There was always a defect, until I came along; but they agreed that I filled the bill all around; so they elected me unanimously, and there I was now waiting to know why I was called in. They began to ask me questions about myself, and pretty soon they had my story. Finally they told me I would answer their purpose. I said I was sincerely glad, and asked what it was. Then one of them handed me an envelope, and said I would find the explanation inside. I was going to open it, but he said no; take it to my lodgings, and look it over carefully, and not be hasty or rash. I was puzzled, and wanted to discuss the matter a little further, but they didn't; so I took my leave, feeling hurt and insulted to be made the butt of what was apparently some kind of a practical joke, and yet obliged to put up with it, not being in circumstances to resent affronts from rich and strong folk.

I would have picked up the pear now and eaten it before all the world, but it was gone; so I had lost that by this unlucky business, and the thought of it did not soften my feeling toward those men. As soon as I was out of sight of that house I opened my envelope, and saw that it contained money! My opinion of those people changed, I can tell you! I lost not a moment, but shoved note and money into my vest pocket, and broke for the nearest cheap eating house. Well, how I did eat! When at last I couldn't hold any more, I took out my money and unfolded it, took one glimpse and nearly fainted. Five millions of dollars! Why, it made my head swim.

I must have sat there stunned and blinking at the note as much as a minute before I came rightly to myself again. The first thing I noticed, then, was the landlord. His eye was on the note, and he was petrified. He was worshiping, with all his body and soul, but he looked as if he couldn't stir hand or foot. I took my cue in a moment, and did the only rational thing there was to do. I reached the note towards him and said, carelessly:

"Give me the change, please."

Then he was restored to his normal condition, and made a thousand apologies for not being able to break the bill, and I couldn't get him to touch it. He wanted to look at it, and keep on looking at it; he couldn't seem to get enough of it to quench the thirst of his eye, but he shrank from touching it as if it had been something too sacred for poor common clay to handle. I said:

"I am sorry if it is an inconvenience, but I must insist. Please change it; I haven't anything else."

But he said that wasn't any matter; he was quite willing to let the trifle stand over till another time. I said I might not be in his neighborhood again for a good while; but he said it was of no consequence, he

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could wait, and, moreover, I could have anything I wanted, any time I chose, and let the account run as long as I pleased. He said he hoped he wasn't afraid to trust as rich a gentleman as I was, merely because I was of a merry disposition, and chose to play larks on the public in the matter of dress. By this time another customer was entering, and the landlord hinted to me to put the monster out of sight; then he bowed me all the way to the door, and I started straight for that house and those brothers to correct the mistake which had been made before the police should hunt me up, and help me do it. I was pretty nervous; in fact, pretty badly frightened, though, of course, I was no way in fault; but I knew men well enough to know that when they find they've given a tramp a million-pound bill when they thought it was a one-pounder, they are in a frantic rage against *him* instead of quarreling with their own near-sightedness, as they ought. As I approached the house my excitement began to abate, for all was quiet there, which made me feel pretty sure the blunder was not discovered yet. I rang. The same servant appeared. I asked for those gentlemen.

"They are gone." This in the lofty, cold way of that fellow's tribe.

"Gone? Gone where?"

"On a journey."

"But whereabouts?"

"To the Continent, I think."

"The Continent?"

"Yes, sir."

"Which way—by what route?"

"I can't say, sir."

"When will they be back?"

"In a month, they said."

"A month! Oh, this is awful! Give me *some* sort of idea of how to get a word to them. It's of the last importance."

"I can't, indeed. I've no idea where they've gone, sir."

"Then I must see some member of the family."

"Family's away, too; been abroad months—in Egypt and India, I think."

"Man, there's been an immense mistake made. They'll be back before night. Will you tell them I've been here, and that I will keep coming till it's all made right, and they needn't be afraid?"

"I'll tell them, if they come back, but I am not expecting them. They said you would be here in an hour to make inquiries, but I must tell you it's all right, they'll be here on time and expect you."

So I had to give it up and go away. What a riddle it all was! I was like to lose my mind. They would be here "on time." What could that mean? Oh,

When I couldn't eat any more, I took out my money, unfolded it, took one glimpse and nearly fainted. Five millions of dollars!

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the letter would explain, maybe. I had forgotten the letter; I got it out and read it. This is what it said:

"You are an intelligent and honest man, as one may see by your face. We conceive you to be poor and a stranger. Enclosed you will find a sum of money. It is lent to you for thirty days, without interest. Report at this house at the end of that time. I have a bet on you. If I win it you shall have any situation that is in my gift—any, that is, that you shall be able to prove yourself familiar with and competent to fill."

No signature, no address, no date.

Well, here was a coil to be in! You are posted on what had preceded all this, but I was not. It was just a deep, dark puzzle to me. I hadn't the least idea what the game was, nor whether harm was meant me or a kindness. I went into a park, and sat down to try to think it out, and to consider what I had best do.

At the end of an hour my reasonings had crystallized into this verdict.

Maybe those men mean me well, maybe they mean me ill; no way to decide that—let it go. They've got a game, or a scheme, or an experiment, of some kind on hand; no way to determine what it is—let it go. There's a bet on me; no way to find out what it is—let it go. That disposes of the indeterminable quantities; the remainder of the matter is tangible, solid, and may be classed and labeled with certainty. If I ask the Bank of England to place this bill to the credit of the man it belongs to, they'll do it, for they know him, although I don't; but they will ask me how I came in possession of it, and if I tell the truth, they'll put me in the asylum, naturally, and a lie will land me in jail. The same result would follow if I tried to bank the bill anywhere or to borrow money on it. I have got to carry this immense burden around until those men come back, whether I want to or not. It is useless to me, as useless as a handful of ashes, and yet I must take care of it, and watch over it, while I beg my living. I couldn't *give* it away, if I should try, for neither honest citizen nor highwayman would accept it or meddle with it for anything. Those brothers are safe. Even if I lose their bill, or burn it, they are still safe, because they can stop payment, and the Bank will make them whole; but meantime I've got to do a month's suffering without wages or profit—unless I help win that bet, whatever it may be, and get that situation that I am promised. I *should* like to get that; men of their sort have situations in their gift that are worth having.

I got to thinking a good deal about that situation. My hopes began to rise high. Without doubt the salary would be large. It would begin in a month; after that I should be all right. Pretty soon I was feeling first-rate. By this time I was tramping the streets again. The sight of a tailor-shop gave me a sharp longing to shed my rags, and to clothe myself decently once more. Could I afford it? No; I had nothing in the world but a million pounds. So I forced myself to go on. But soon I was drifting back again. The temptation persecuted me cruelly. I must have passed that shop back and forth six times during that manful struggle. At last I gave in; I had to. I asked if they had a misfit suit that had been thrown on their hands. The fellow I spoke to nodded his head towards another fellow, and gave me no answer. I went to the indicated fellow, and he indicated another fellow with *his* head, and no words. I went to him, and he said, in a condescending way:

"Tend to you presently."

I waited till he was done with what he was at, then he took me into a back room, and overhauled a pile of rejected suits, and selected the rattiest one for me. I put it on. It didn't fit, and wasn't in any way attractive, but it was new, and I was anxious to have it; so I didn't find any fault, but said, with some diffidence:

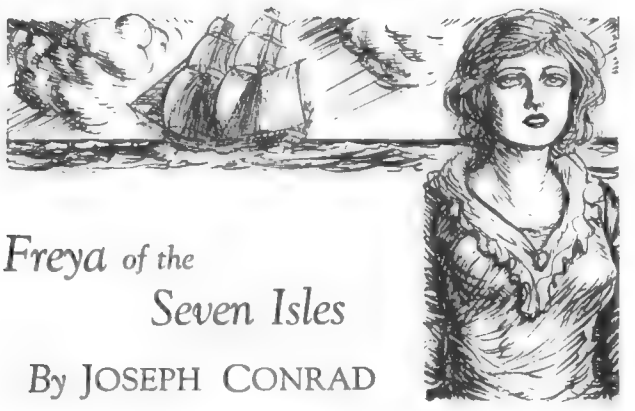
"It would be an accommodation to me if you could wait some days for the money. I haven't any small change about me."

The fellow worked up a most sarcastic expression of countenance, and said:

"Oh, you haven't? Well, of course, I didn't expect it. I'd only expect gentlemen like you to carry large change."

I was nettled, and said:

"My friend, you shouldn't judge a stranger always by the clothes he wears. I am quite able to pay for



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this suit; I simply didn't wish to put you to the trouble of changing a large note."

He modified his style a little at that, and said, though still with something of an air:

"I didn't mean any particular harm, but as long as rebukes are going, I might say it wasn't quite your affair to jump to the conclusion that we couldn't change any note that you might happen to be carrying around. On the contrary, we *can*."

I handed the note to him, and said:

"Oh, very well; I apologize."

He received it with a smile, one of those large smiles which goes all around over, and has folds in it, and wrinkles, and spirals, and looks like the place where you have thrown a brick in a pond; and then in the act of his taking a glimpse of the bill this smile froze solid, and turned yellow, and looked like those wavy, wormy spreads of lava which you find hardened on little levels on the side of Vesuvius. I never before saw a smile caught like that, and perpetuated. The man stood there holding the bill, and looking like that, and the proprietor hustled up to see what was the matter, and said, briskly:

"Well, what's up? what's the trouble? what's wanting?"

I said: "There isn't any trouble. I'm waiting for my change."

"Come, come; get him his change, Tod; get him his change."

Tod retorted: "Get him his change! It's easy to say, sir; but look at the bill yourself."

The proprietor took a look, gave a low, eloquent whistle, then made a dive for the pile of rejected clothing, and began to snatch it this way and that, talking all the time excitedly, and as if to himself:

"Sell an eccentric millionaire such an unspeakable suit as that! Tod's a fool—a born fool. Always doing something like this. Drives every millionaire away from this place, because he can't tell a millionaire from a tramp, and never could. Ah, here's the thing I am after. Please get those things off, sir, and throw them in the fire. Do me the favor to put on this shirt and this suit; it's just the thing, the very thing—plain, rich, modest, and just ducally nobby; made to order for a foreign prince—you may know him, sir, his Serene Highness the Hospodar of Halifax; had to leave it with us and take a mourning-suit because his mother was going to die—which she didn't. But that's all right; we can't always have things the way we—that is, the way they—there! trousers all right, they fit you to a charm, sir; now the waistcoat; aha, right again! now the coat—lord! look at that, now! Perfect—the whole thing! I never saw such a triumph in all my experience."

I expressed my satisfaction.

"Quite right, sir, quite right; it'll do for a makeshift, I'm bound to say. But wait till you see what we'll get up for you on your own measure. Come, Tod, book and pen; get at it. Length of leg, 32"—and so on. Before I could get in a word he had measured me, and was giving orders for dress-suits, morning suits, shirts, and all sorts of things. When I got a chance I said:

"But, my dear sir, I *can't* give these orders, unless you can wait indefinitely, or change the bill."

"Indefinitely! It's a weak word, sir, a weak word. Eternally—*that's* the word, sir. Tod, rush these things through, and send them to the gentleman's address without any waste of time. Let the minor customers wait. Get the gentleman's address and——"

"I'm changing my quarters. I will drop in and leave the new address."

"Quite right, sir, quite right. One moment—let me show you out, sir. There—good day, sir, good day."

Well, don't you see what was bound to happen? I drifted naturally into buying whatever I wanted, and asking for change. Within a week I was sumptuously equipped with all needful comforts and luxuries, and was housed in an expensive private hotel in Hanover Square. I took my dinners there, but for breakfast I stuck by Harris' humble feeding house, where I had got my first meal on my million-pound bill. I was the making of Harris. The fact had gone all abroad that the foreign crank who carried million-pound bills in his vest pocket was the patron saint of the place. That was enough. From being a poor, struggling, little hand-to-mouth enterprise, it had become celebrated, and overcrowded with customers. Harris was so grateful that he forced loans upon me, and would not be denied; and so, pauper as I was, I had money to spend, and was living like the rich and the great. I judged that there was going to be a crash by and by, but I was in now and must swim across or drown. You see there was just that element of impending disaster to give a serious side, a sober side, yes, a tragic side, to a state of things which would otherwise have been purely ridiculous. In the night, in the dark, the tragedy part was always to the front, and always warning, always threatening; and so I moaned and tossed, and sleep was hard to find. But in the cheerful daylight the tragedy element faded out and disappeared, and I walked on air, and was happy to giddiness, to intoxication, you may say.

And it was natural; for I had become one of the notorieties of the metropolis of the world, and it turned my head, not just a little, but a good deal. You could not take up a newspaper, English, Scotch, or Irish, without finding in it one or more references to the "vest-pocket million-pounder" and his latest doings and sayings. At first, in these mentions, I was at the bottom of the personal-gossip column; next, I was listed above the knights, next above the baronets, next above the barons, and so on, and so on, climbing steadily, as my notoriety augmented, until I reached the highest altitude possible, and there I remained, taking precedence of all dukes not royal, and of all ecclesiastics except the primate of all England. But mind, this was not fame; as yet I had achieved only notoriety. Then came the climaxing stroke—the accolade, so to speak—which in a single instant transmuted the perishable dross of notoriety into the enduring gold of fame: *Punch* caricatured me! Yes, I was a made man now; my place was established. I might be joked about still, but reverently, not hilariously, not rudely; I could be smiled at, but not laughed at. The time for that had gone by. *Punch* pictured me all a-flutter with rags, dickering with a

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And I told her I loved her; and she liked it.

beef-eater for the Tower of London. Well, you can imagine how it was with a young fellow who had never been taken notice of before, and now all of a sudden couldn't say a thing that wasn't taken up and repeated everywhere; couldn't stir abroad without constantly overhearing the remark flying from lip to lip, "There he goes; that's him!" couldn't take his breakfast without a crowd to look on; couldn't appear in an opera-box without concentrating there the fire of a thousand lorgnettes. Why, I just swam in glory all day long—that is the amount of it.

You know, I even kept my old suit of rags, and every now and then appeared in them, so as to have the old pleasure of buying trifles, and being insulted, and then shooting the scoffer dead with the million-pound bill. But I couldn't keep that up. The illustrated papers made the outfit so familiar that when I went out in it I was at once recognized and followed by a crowd, and if I attempted a purchase the man would offer me his whole shop on credit before I could pull my note on him.

About the tenth day of my fame I went to fulfil my duty to my flag by paying my respects to the American minister. He received me with the enthusiasm proper in my case, upbraided me for being so tardy in my duty, and said that there was only one way to get his forgiveness, and that was to take the seat at his dinner-party that night made vacant by the illness of one of his guests. I said I would, and we got to talking. It turned out that he and my father had been schoolmates in boyhood, Yale students together later, and always warm friends up to my father's death. So then he required me to put in at his house all the odd time I might have to spare, and I was very willing, of course.

In fact, I was more than willing; I was glad. When the crash should come, he might somehow be able to save me from total destruction; I didn't know how, but he might think of a way, maybe. I couldn't venture to unbosom myself to him at this late date, a thing which I would have been quick to do in the beginning of this awful career of mine in London. No, I couldn't venture it now; I was in too deep; that is, too deep for me to be risking revelations to so new a friend, though not clear beyond my depth, as *I* looked at it. Because, you see, with all my borrowing, I was carefully keeping within my means—I mean within my salary. Of course, I couldn't *know* what my salary was going to be, but I had a good enough basis for an estimate in the fact, that if I won the bet I was to have *choice* of any situation in that rich old gentleman's gift provided I was competent—and I should certainly prove competent; I hadn't any doubt about that. And as to the bet, I wasn't worrying about that; I had always been lucky. Now my estimate of the salary was six hundred to a thousand a year; say, six hundred

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for the first year, and so on up year by year, till I struck the upper figure by proved merit. At present I was only in debt for my first year's salary. Everybody had been trying to lend me money, but I had fought off the most of them on one pretext or another; so this indebtedness represented only £300 borrowed money, the other £300 represented my keep and my purchases. I believed my second year's salary would carry me through the rest of the month if I went on being cautious and economical, and I intended to look sharply out for that. My month ended, my employer back from his journey, I should be all right once more, for I should at once divide the two years' salary among my creditors, and get right down to my work.

IT WAS A LOVELY dinner-party of fourteen. The Duke and Duchess of Shoreditch, and their daughter the Lady Anne-Grace-Eleanor-Celeste-and-so-forth-and-so-forth-de-Bohun, the Earl and Countess of Newgate, Viscount Cheapside, Lord and Lady Blatherskite, some untitled people of both sexes, the minister and his wife and daughter, and his daughter's visiting friend, an English girl of twenty-two, named Portia Langham, whom I fell in love with in two minutes, and she with me—I could see it without glasses. There was still another guest, an American—but I am a little ahead of my story. While the people were still in the drawing room, whetting up for dinner, and coldly inspecting the late comers, the servant announced:

"Mr. Lloyd Hastings."

The moment of the usual civilities were over, Hastings caught sight of me, and came straight with cordially outstretched hand; then stopped short when about to shake, and said, with an embarrassed look:

"I beg your pardon, sir, I thought I knew you."

"Why, you do know me, old fellow."

"No. Are *you* the—the——"

"Vest-pocket monster? I am, indeed. Don't be afraid to call me by my nickname; I'm used to it."

"Well, well, well, this is a surprise. Once or twice I've seen your own name coupled with the nickname, but it never occurred to me that *you* could be the Henry Adams referred to. Why, it isn't six months since you were clerking away for Blake Hopkins in Frisco on a salary, and sitting up nights on an extra allowance, helping me arrange and verify the Gould and Curry Extension papers and statistics. The idea of your being in London, and a vast millionaire, and a colossal celebrity! Why, it's the Arabian Nights come again. Man, I can't take it in at all; can't realize it; give me time to settle the whirl in my head."

"The fact is, Lloyd, you are no worse off than I am. I can't realize it myself."

"Dear me, it *is* stunning, now isn't it? Why, it's just three months today since we went to the Miners' restaurant——"

"No; the What Cheer."

"Right, it *was* the What Cheer; went there at two in the morning, and had a chop and coffee after a hard six hours' grind over those Extension papers, and I tried to persuade you to come to London with me, and offered to get leave of absence for you and pay all your expenses, and give you something over if I succeeded in making the sale; and you would not listen to me, said I wouldn't succeed, and you couldn't afford to lose the run of business and be no end of time getting the hang of things again when you got back home. And yet here you are. How odd it all is! How did you happen to come, and whatever *did* give you this incredible start?"

"Oh, just an accident. It's a long story—a romance, a body may say. I'll tell you all about it, but not now."

"When?"

"The end of this month."

"That's more than a fortnight yet. It's too much of a strain on a person's curiosity. Make it a week."

"I can't. You'll know why, by and by. But how's the trade getting along?"

His cheerfulness vanished like a breath, and he said with a sigh:

"You were a true prophet, Hal, a true prophet. I wish I hadn't come. I don't want to talk about it."

"But you must. You must come and stop with me tonight, when we leave here, and tell me all about it."

"Oh, may I? Are you in earnest?" and the water showed in his eyes.

"Yes; I want to hear the whole story, every word."

"I'm so grateful! Just to find a human interest once more, in some voice and in some eye, in me and affairs of mine, after what I've been through here—lord! I could go down on my knees for it!"

He gripped my hand hard, and braced up, and was all right and lively after that for the dinner—which didn't come off. No; the usual thing happened, the thing that is always happening under that vicious and aggravating English system—the matter of precedence couldn't be settled, and so there was no dinner. Englishmen always eat dinner before they go out to dinner, because *they* know the risks they are running; but nobody ever warns the stranger, and so he walks placidly into the trap. Of course, nobody was hurt this time, because we had all been to dinner, none of us being novices excepting Hastings, and he having been informed by the minister at the time that he invited him that in deference to the English custom he had not provided any dinner. Everybody took a lady and processioned down to the dining-room, because it is usual to go through the motions; but there the dispute began. The Duke of Shoreditch wanted to take precedence, and sit at the head of the table, holding that he outranked a minister who represented merely a nation and not a monarch; but I stood for my rights, and refused to yield. In the gossip column I ranked all dukes not royal, and said so, and claimed precedence of this one. It couldn't be settled, of course, struggle as we might and did, he finally (and injudiciously) trying to play birth and antiquity, and I "seeing" his Conqueror and "raising" him with Adam, whose direct posterity I was, as shown by my name, while *he* was of a collateral branch, as shown by *his*, and by his recent Norman origin; so we all processioned back to the drawing-room again and had a perpendicular lunch—plate of sardines and a strawberry, and you group yourself and stand up and eat it. Here the religion of precedence is not so strenuous; the two persons of highest rank chuck up a shilling, the one that wins has first go at his strawberry, and the loser gets the

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shilling. The next two chuck up, then the next two, and so on. After refreshment, tables were brought and we all played cribbage, sixpence a game. The English never play any game for amusement. If they can't make something or lose something—they don't care which—they won't play.

We had a lovely time; certainly two of us had, Miss Langham and I. I was so bewitched with her that I couldn't count my hands if they went above a double sequence; and when I struck home I never discovered it, and started up the outside row again, and would have lost the game every time, only the girl did the same, she being in just my condition, you see; and consequently neither of us ever got out, or cared to wonder why we didn't; we only just knew we were happy, and didn't wish to know anything else, and didn't want to be interrupted. And I *told* her—I did, indeed—told her I loved her; and she—well, she blushed till her hair turned red, but she liked it; she *said* she did. Oh, there was never such an evening! Every time I pegged I put on a postscript; every time she pegged she acknowledged receipt of it, counting the hands the same. Why, I couldn't even say "Two for his heels" without adding, "*My* how sweet you do look!" and she would say, "Fifteen two, fifteen four, fifteen six, and a pair are eight, and eight are sixteen—*do* you think so?"—peeping out aslant from under her lashes, you know, so sweet and cunning. Oh, it was just *too*-too!

Well, I was perfectly honest and square with her; told her I hadn't a cent in the world but just the million-pound note she'd heard so much talk about, and *it* didn't belong to me, and that started her curiosity; and then I talked low, and told her the whole history right from the start, and it nearly killed her laughing. What in the nation she could find to laugh about *I* couldn't see, but there it was; every half-minute some new detail would fetch her, and I would have to stop as much as a minute and a half to give her a chance to settle down again. Why, she laughed herself lame—she did, indeed; I never saw anything like it. I mean I never saw a painful story—a story of a person's troubles and worries and fears—produce just *that* kind of effect before. So I loved her all the more, seeing she could be so cheerful when there wasn't anything to be cheerful about; for I might soon need that kind of wife, you know, the way things looked. Of course, I told her we should have to wait a couple of years, till I could catch up on my salary; but she didn't mind that, only she hoped I would be as careful as possible in the matter of expenses, and not let them run the least risk of trenching on our third year's pay. Then she began to get a little worried, and wondered if we were making any mistake, and starting the salary on a higher figure for the first year than I would get. This was good sense, and it made me feel a little less confident than I had been feeling before; but it gave me a good business idea, and I brought it frankly out.

"Portia, dear, would you mind going with me that day, when I confront those old gentlemen?"

She shrank a little, but said:

"N-o; if my being with you would help hearten you. But—would it be quite proper, do you think?"

"No, I don't know that it would—in fact, I'm afraid it wouldn't; but, you see, there's so *much* dependent upon it that——"

"Then I'll go anyway, proper or improper," she said, with a beautiful and generous enthusiasm. "Oh, I shall be so happy to think I'm helping!"

"Helping, dear? Why, you'll be doing it all. You're so beautiful and so lovely and so winning, that with you there I can pile our salary up till I break those good old fellows, and they'll never have the heart to struggle."

Sho! you should have seen the rich blood mount, and her happy eyes shine!

"You wicked flatterer! There isn't a word of truth in what you say, but still I'll go with you. Maybe it will teach you not to expect other people to look with your eyes."

Were my doubts dissipated? Was my confidence restored? You may judge by this fact: privately I raised my salary to twelve hundred the first year on the spot. But I didn't tell her; I saved it for a surprise.

All the way home I was in the clouds, Hastings talking, I not hearing a word. When he and I entered my parlor, he brought me to myself with his fervent appreciations of my manifold comforts and luxuries.

"Let me just stand here a little and look my fill. Dear me! it's a palace—it's just a palace! And in it everything a body *could* desire, including cosey coal fire and supper standing ready. Henry, it doesn't merely make me realize how rich you are; it makes me realize, to the bone, to the marrow, how poor I am—how poor I am, and how miserable, how defeated, routed, annihilated!"

PLAGUE TAKE IT! this language gave me the cold shudders. It scared me broad awake, and made me comprehend that I was standing on a half-inch crust, with a crater underneath. *I* didn't know I had been dreaming—that is, I hadn't been allowing myself to know it for a while back; but *now*—oh, dear! Deep in debt, not a cent in the world, a lovely girl's happiness or woe in my hands, and nothing in front of me but a salary which might never—oh, *would* never—materialize! Oh, oh, oh! I am ruined past hope! nothing can save me!

"Henry, the mere unconsidered drippings of your daily income would——"

"Oh, my daily income! Here, down with this hot Scotch, and cheer up your soul. Here's with you! Or, no—you're hungry; sit down and——"

"Not a bite for me; I'm past it. I can't eat, these days; but I'll drink with you till I drop. Come!"

"Barrel for barrel, I'm with you! Ready? Here we go! Now, Lloyd, unreel your story while I brew."

"Unreel it? What, again?"

"Again? What do you mean by that?"

"Why, I mean do you want to hear it *over* again?"

"Do I want to hear it *over* again? This *is* a puzzler. Wait; don't take any more of that liquid. You don't need it."

"Look here, Henry, you alarm me. Didn't I tell you the whole story on the way here?"

"You?"

"Yes, I."

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"I'll be hanged if I heard a word of it."

"Henry, this is a serious thing. It troubles me. What did you take up yonder at the minister's?"

Then it all flashed on me, and I owned up like a man.

"I took the dearest girl in this world—prisoner!"

So then he came with a rush, and we shook, and shook, and shook till our hands ached; and he didn't blame me for not having heard a word of a story which had lasted while we walked three miles. He just sat down then, like the patient, good fellow he was, and told it all over again. Synopsized, it amounted to this: He had come to England with what he thought was a grand opportunity; he had an "option" to sell the Gould and Curry Extension for the "locators" of it, and keep all he could get over a million dollars. He had worked hard, had pulled every wire he knew of, had left no honest expedient untried, had spent nearly all the money he had in the world, and not been able to get a solitary capitalist to listen to him, and his option would run out at the end of the month. In a word, he was ruined. Then he jumped up and cried out:

"Henry, you can save me! You can save me, and you're the only man in the universe that can. Will you do it? *Won't* you do it?"

"Tell me how. Speak out, my boy."

"Give me a million and my passage home for my 'option?' Don't, *don't* refuse!"

I was in a kind of agony. I was right on the point of coming out with the words, "Lloyd, I'm a pauper myself—absolutely penniless, and in *debt!*" But a white-hot idea came flaming through my head, and I gripped my jaws together, and calmed myself down till I was as cold as a capitalist. Then I said, in a commercial and self-possessed way:

"I will save you, Lloyd——"

"Then I'm already saved! God be merciful to you forever! If ever I——"

"Let me finish, Lloyd. I will save you, but not in that way; for that would not be fair to you, after your hard work, and the risks you've run. I don't need to buy mines; I can keep my capital moving, in a commercial center like London, without that; it's what I'm at, all the time; but here is what I'll do. I know all about that mine, of course; I know its immense value, and can swear to it if anybody wishes it. You shall sell out inside of the fortnight for three millions cash, using my name freely, and we'll divide, share and share alike."

Do you know he would have danced the furniture to kindling-wood in his insane joy, and broken everything on the place, if I hadn't tripped him up and tied him.

Then he lay there, perfectly happy, saying:

"I may use your name! Your name—think of it! Man, they'll flock in droves, these rich Londoners; they'll *fight* for that stock! I'm a made man, I'm a made man forever, and I'll never forget you as long as I live!"

In less than twenty-four hours London was abuzz! I hadn't anything to do, day after day, but sit at home, and say to all comers:

"Yes; I told him to refer to me. I know the man, and I know the mine. His character is above reproach, and the mine is worth far more than he asks for it."

Meantime I spent all my evenings at the minister's with Portia. I didn't say a word to her about the mine; I saved it for a surprise. We talked salary; never anything but salary and love; sometimes love, sometimes salary, sometimes love and salary together. And my! the interest the minister's wife and daughter took in our little affair, and the endless ingenuities they invented to save us from interruption, and to keep the minister in the dark and unsuspicious—well, it was just lovely of them!

WHEN THE MONTH was up at last, I had a million dollars to my credit in the London and County Bank, and Hastings was fixed in the same way. Dressed at my level best, I drove by the house in Portland Place, judged by the look of things that my birds were home again, went on towards the minister's and got my precious, and we started back, talking salary with all our might. She was so excited and anxious that it made her just intolerably beautiful. I said:

"Dearie, the way you're looking, it's a crime to strike for a salary a penny under three thousand a year."

"Henry, Henry, you'll ruin us!"

"Don't you be afraid. Just keep up those looks, and trust to me. It'll all come out right."

So, as it turned out, I had to keep bolstering up *her* courage all the way. She kept pleading with me, and saying:

"Oh, please remember that if we ask for too much we may get no salary at all; and then what will become of us, with no way in the world to earn our living?"

We were ushered in by that same servant, and there they were, the two old gentlemen. Of course, they were surprised to see that wonderful creature with me, but I said:

"It's all right, gentlemen; she is my future stay and helpmate."

And I introduced them to her, and called them by name. It didn't surprise them; they knew I would know enough to consult the directory. They seated us, and were very polite to me, and very solicitous to relieve her from embarrassment, and put her as much at her ease as they could. Then I said:

"Gentlemen, I am ready to report."

"We are glad to hear it," said *my* man, "for now we can decide the bet which my brother Abel and I made. If you have won for me, you shall have any situation in my gift. Have you the million-pound note?"

"Here it is, sir," and I handed it to him.

"I've won!" he shouted, and slapped Abel on the back. "*Now* what do you say, brother?"

"I say he *did* survive, and I've lost twenty thousand pounds. I never would have believed it."

"I've a further report to make," I said, "and a pretty long one. I want you to let me come soon, and detail my whole month's history; and I promise you it's worth hearing. Meantime, take a look at that."

"What, man! Certificate of deposit for £200,000. Is it yours?"

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"Mine. I earned it by thirty days' judicious use of that little loan you let me have. And the only use I made of it was to buy trifles and offer the bill in change.

"Come, this is astonishing! It's incredible, man!"

"Never mind, I'll prove it. Don't take my word unsupported."

But now Portia's turn was come to be surprised. Her eyes were spread wide, and she said:

"Henry, is that really your money? Have you been fibbing to me?"

"I have, indeed. But you'll forgive me, *I* know."

She put up an arch pout, and said:

"Don't you be so sure. You are a naughty thing to deceive me so!"

"Oh, you'll get over it, sweetheart, you'll get over it; it was only fun, you know. Come, let's be going."

"But wait, wait! The situation, you know. I want to give you the situation," said my man.

"Well," I said, "I'm just as grateful as I can be, but really I don't want one."

"But you can have the very choicest one in my gift."

"Thanks again, with all my heart; but I don't even want *that* one."

"Henry, I'm ashamed of you. You don't half thank the good gentleman. May I do it for you?"

"Indeed, you shall, dear, if you can improve it. Let us see you try."

She walked to my man, got up in his lap, put her arm round his neck, and kissed him right on the mouth. Then the two old gentlemen shouted with laughter, but I was dumfounded, just petrified, as you may say. Portia said:

"Papa, he has said you haven't a situation in your gift that he'd take; and I feel just as hurt as——"

"My darling, is that your papa?"

"Yes; he's my step-papa, and the dearest one that ever was. You understand now, don't you, why I was able to laugh when you told me at the minister's, not knowing my relationships, what trouble and worry papa's and Uncle Abel's scheme was giving you?"

Of course, I spoke right up now, without any fooling, and went straight to the point.

"Oh, my dearest dear sir, I want to take back what I said. You have got a situation open that I want."

"Name it."

"Son-in-law."

"Well, well, well! But you know, if you haven't ever served in that capacity, you, of course, can't furnish recommendations of a sort to satisfy the conditions of the contract, and so——"

"Try me—oh, do, I beg of you! Only just try me thirty or forty years, and if——"

"Oh, well, all right; it's but a little thing to ask, take her along."

Happy, we two? There are not words enough in the unabridged to describe it. And when London got the whole history, a day or two later, of my month's adventures with that bank-note, and how they ended, did London talk, and have a good time? Yes.

My Portia's papa took that friendly and hospitable bill back to the Bank of England and cashed it; then the Bank canceled it and made him a present of it, and he gave it to us at our wedding, and it has always hung in its frame in the sacredest place in our home ever since. For it gave me my Portia. But for it I could not have remained in London, should not have appeared at the minister's, never should have met her. And so I always say, "Yes, it's a million-pounder, as you see; but it never made but one purchase in its life, and *then* got the article for only about a tenth part of its value."

Night

By JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE

Woodcut by Lucina Smith Wakefield

MYSTERIOUS NIGHT! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame.
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened to man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O, Sun! or who could find,
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

This famous single poem of a "one-poem poet" has been called by Coleridge "the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in our language." White, a theologician, was born in Spain in 1775, moved to England as a young man, and died there in 1841.

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Notes from a Northern Cottage

By HUGH WALPOLE

STILL THE CONFUSION among my books! Still going along in a dressing-gown at night hoping that a certain book will find itself there at the top of one of the piles—looking up at one as though it wanted to be taken.

Waking at three in the morning I lay listening to all the streams running down the hillside (at night they are like thunder sometimes) and getting out of bed, looking over the trees to the lake which was just beginning like a gray silk shawl (it had that roughness of texture) to stir out of the darkness, I wanted suddenly to read *The Master of Ballantrae* again. All day I had been dealing with very modern things—Kafka's *Castle*, one of the grandest of all modern novels and Unamona's *Quixote* and Thomas Mann on Goëthe and Tolstoi. So I wanted *The Master of Ballantrae*. I never thought that I'd have the luck to find my Stevensons on top in the lumber-room where the books were. Or they were nearly on top. . . . And *Ballantrae* was with me in a twinkling of an eye. How restful and unsophisticated after my day's labors! It was as though he crooned into my ears! I have always thought the last quarter of *Ballantrae* one of the worst things that Stevenson ever wrote, the part about the Indian and America, but the first half—how good it is! Where lies the authenticity of that *romantic* note? I'm engaged just now myself in a long romantic history of an English family—quite deliberately romantic—and it seems to me that the authenticity of a dream is so often more exact than the authenticity of a fact. The duel in the snow in *Ballantrae* is a good example of this. Because it is more than the fact (we can be sure that no duel in the world was ever quite like that one), it stands for much more than the duel. It becomes a symbol and an allegory, only it is tiresome and priggish to talk about symbols and allegories.

Fairy-story is a better word and the best stories in the world have been always *both* fairy-story and lawyer's statement of the case. Writers as different as Meredith, Stevenson, and Lamb combine these two opposites.

Meredith I'll frankly confess combines them for me with too conscious an awareness. He is always present as commentator, whereas the fairy-story teller is only there as narrator.

Lamb is the *perfect* fairy-story narrator, but his reticences forbid him to be the cold unimpassioned lawyer. His own private story had in it such deep sorrows that he could never unveil them.

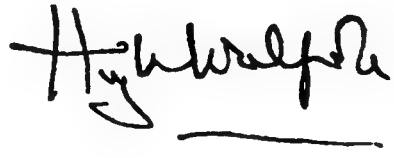
But Stevenson is, of them all, by far the most natural story-teller. That was almost the whole of his gift, for he was, I think, no great creator of character, his ideas were not novel and his English was affected. But I remember my astonishment, years ago, when my friend Swinnerton, in his book on Stevenson, attacking him from the first page to the last in quite unmerciful fashion, allowed him almost no merit as story-teller. It is true that his tales all crack in the middle, but how marvelous in the meanwhile!

Living story-tellers, whether in England or America, are so few that their price is above rubies. In England we have A. E. W. Mason, Marjorie Bowen (a greatly underrated artist), Sabatini, John Buchan—I am, of course, speaking of writers who are also in one sense or another artists. And in America, who are the story-tellers? I don't know. Not Dreiser nor Sinclair Lewis nor Hergesheimer nor Wilder. I do not mean that these men have no narrative gift—not at all—but they are busied, and quite rightly, with other things than story-telling.

All the same I hope the story-tellers will come back again. Do you remember how Uncle Silas looked in at the window? How the Woman in White walked the High Road? How the Musketeer heard King Charles whisper "Remember"? How the escaping Frenchman met Walter Scott on the Great North Road? How Elizabeth met Amy Robsart in Kenilworth Garden?

. . . Oh, yes, I know that Mrs. Dalloway also took a walk one summer day in Hyde Park and that there is a murder in *Point Counter Point* and Mr. Bloom went to a funeral.

But it takes all sorts to make a world. At least it does in *my* library.



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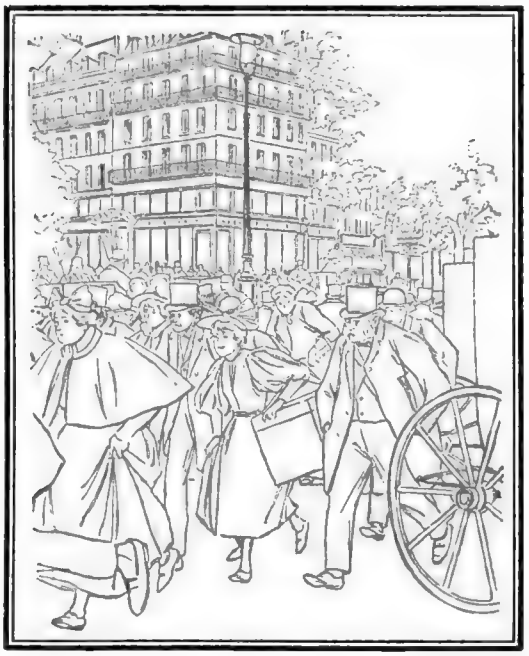

Pierre Vidal

An ironic story of pickpockets and the Paris streets by a great modern French story writer.

By FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

Translated by Alys Eyre Macklin

ONE AFTERNOON when the boulevards were crowded, the Portly Gentleman suddenly felt something strange moving in the pocket of his overcoat and made a quick grab at it. He seized a small, icy-cold hand, and gripped it with all his strength, which was considerable. At the same moment he heard a moan of pain, and caught sight of the thief; it was a little boy in rags, so thin that the bones seemed to be coming through his skin, and green with a fear that prevented him from moving or speaking. The first impulse that moved the Portly Gentleman was indignant anger.

"You little thief! You young blackguard! At your age! Putting your hand into other people's pockets! Just wait till I get a policeman!"

The youngster did wait, livid, distraught with fear. Shaken like a plum-tree by the Portly Gentleman, he seemed likely to fall to pieces, but he remained silent and resigned. A crowd gathered, and gave vent to the various platitudes by which people like to explain what everybody understands.

The Portly Gentleman, dragging or rather carrying the child with him, took several furious steps. But he was naturally a good-hearted man, and he had a vague idea of the meaning of philanthropy. He suddenly became conscious of the extraordinary contrast they presented; he, enormous in his rich fur coat; the thief, so tiny in his tatters. He felt confusedly the strange inferiority of being the complainant in such circumstances. Besides, the crowd annoyed him.

"Wait a bit, I'll take you there in a cab, to the police station," he said.

He called a taxi, and pushing the still unresisting child into it, set him down on the front seat, still keeping a grip on him.

"Now then, tell me the truth," he ordered in a terrible voice. "What's your name? How old are you? What do your parents do? How long have you been a pickpocket?"

But the thief broke into such convulsive sobs that the Portly Gentleman was afraid that he would be suffocated, and alarmed, he tried to soothe him:

"Don't cry; answer!"

A shrill voice filtered through the sobs.

"I'm nine." (He looked six.) "Me father died two years ago. Me mother's ill and can't work. We've got nothin' to eat, no fire, and the kids are crying. . . ."

"The kids?" asked the Portly Gentleman in surprise.

"Yes, me little sisters; there's three of 'em; there's two of 'em dead. I'm called Victor."

The Portly Gentleman loosed his hold on the cold little hands; he looked into the wan little face where the tears were washing furrows in the dirt. He snuffled.

"Where does she live, your mother?" he asked.

The child gave an address in a distant quarter in the neighborhood of Gentilly. The gentleman put his head out of the window and gave an order to the driver. The driver, on his box, gave a start of dismay.

"You'll at least give me the return fare, sir," he complained, disgusted.

"Naturally," said the Portly Gentleman.

They ran past the police station without stopping. The child was a little calmer, and his companion continued his questions:

"Tell me, how long have you been thieving, and who taught you?"

"This is the first time; I never did it before. Ugène showed me how."

"Who is Ugène?"

"I dunno. He spoke to me in the street. He's about as old as me. But he knows his way about; he's clever. He showed me for a joke . . . on a drunk

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man . . . but I didn't take anything from the drunk man. . . . And today I tried. We'd nothing but three potatoes all day yesterday. And the kids was all crying. . . . And they're turning us out of our room. And this morning I was going to sell some vi'lets that a woman that lives beside us gave me, and a p'liceman took me to the station because I hadn't a license, and they took the vi'lets away. . . . And I've got to give ninepence to the woman, and I'll get a hiding if I don't pay. . . . And then I begged, and no one gave me nothing. . . . You won't have me put in quod, sir, will you? I won't do it again, I promise I'll never try it again! I don't know what me mother would say if she knew. You won't put me in quod? . . ."

"I'm going with you to your home to see if you've been telling me the truth," said the Portly Gentleman pompously. "I will then decide what to do."

Silence fell between them. . . . Though he was still gulping down his sobs, the child began to take a timid pleasure in being in an automobile. The Portly Gentleman tried to meditate on the inequalities of the human lot. The taxi was now running through a district unknown to this fortunate gentleman who lived in a fashionable part of Paris, and considered that civilization ended at the Observatoire. They passed through curious streets, some of them dangerous, and finally they stopped before a tumble-down building.

"You'd better be as quick as you can, sir. This is the sort of place where people get murdered," said the chauffeur between his teeth, as he looked at the ragged aborigines who crowded to the doors to see the taxi.

But they were only the inquisitive poor, and the Portly Gentleman had resolved to carry it through. Guided by his thief, he stumbled up three flights of broken and evil-smelling stairs, and went into a room the like of which he had not yet seen, for it consisted of the ceiling, the walls, and a tiled floor on which were two mattresses, two broken chairs, a broken table, and a broken and an empty stove. A wretched woman sat at a gaping window sewing at some rags, among which the Portly Gentleman saw a waxen-faced infant that looked as if it were dead. A little girl of eight was sorting some dirty feathers in a corner, and another, still smaller, lay shivering on one of the mattresses. It was terribly cold and growing dark.

The Portly Gentleman gazed with horror. It was the first time he had seen a poverty-stricken home, and it greatly impressed him. A sort of sudden shame took possession of him, and he felt more ridiculous than he had a little while ago on the boulevard. He had prepared some magnanimous and highly moral remarks, but he could not remember a word of them. But he was obliged to say something, for the woman was looking at him in stupefied amazement. Making a violent effort, he managed to blurt out:

"It's all right . . . there's nothing wrong . . . the child will explain . . . a mistake . . . allow me. . . ."

A coin glittered on the table. The Portly Gentleman was already floundering down the staircase. Thoroughly upset, he gave a sigh of relief when he found himself once more in the taxi that took him back to his own world.

Meanwhile, in the garret, the bewildered mother was trying to get some explanation out of Victor, who was disinclined to give any. When at length she got at the truth, she burst into despairing tears.

"It was all we had; my God, it was all that we had left, being honest," she sobbed. "Your poor father would sooner have died of hunger than have touched a ha'penny that wasn't his. . . . My God, my God, what a thing! . . . Victor, my little Victor, a thief! . . . You, a thief! What's happened to you? Have you gone mad? My God, it's not possible!"

But Victor, who had cried so bitterly in the taxi, had suddenly became impassive.

"It was Ugène that showed me," he explained coldly, "and if the gentleman didn't say anything . . . he's given us twenty francs, and he gave me a ride in a taxi."

"But if he'd called a policeman, you wicked boy, you'd ha' been in prison."

"Oh, no. Ugène knows how to work it. The gentlemen never put you in quod. It's Ugène's father who told him. When you see a big one who looks rich, you just put your hand in his pocket and he catches you, and you tell him you've had nothing to eat for three days . . . then they come to your house, and give you money. You needn't be afraid of them; you never get worse than a smack on the head; when you're little, they don't send you to quod. Ugène's been doing it for four months, and he sometimes gets forty francs in a week. His father stops in bed all day, like as if he was ill and out of work. And when Ugène comes back with the gentleman, his father pretends he wants to get up and give Ugène a hiding, and he tells the gentleman he's honest, and—and like that. And the gentleman stops him hiding Ugène, and gives him something . . . sometimes five francs, sometimes more, never less. . . . And we haven't got anything, and the gentleman can see it's all right here. . . . I got to do something, 'cause I'm too little to work."

"But not that! Never! I won't have you doing that. Swear that you'll never do it again, never. . . ."

Victor made no reply. With the twenty francs there was a fire in the stove, soup, corned beef, and they were able to pay something on account to the landlord. But by the end of the week the last half-penny had gone. One day there were not even the three potatoes, between them, and Victor went out to gather vegetable peelings from the dust-bins to make soup. Next day he looked his mother resolutely in the face and said: "I'm going out."

She cried out: "Victor!" and tried to hold him back, but he escaped and vanished. She went back to the room.

"Oh! Look, mother," cried the eldest of the little girls an hour later, "The woman next door's given me these bits o' coal . . . shall I make a fire? We won't be so cold."

The poor woman seemed to hesitate.

"No," she said at last, her face flushing. "It's better not to have a fire. . . . Suppose your brother meets someone again like he did the other day. . . ."

And with resignation, the pallid infant on her knees, she sat down and began to stitch at some rags, preparing the scene.

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The Philosopher on Washing

"Washing is an extraordinary custom," said he. "We are washed both on coming into the world and on going out of it, and we take no pleasure from the first washing nor any profit from the last."

"True for you, sir," said Meehawl MacMurrachu.

"Many people consider that scourings supplementary to these are only due to habit. Now, habit is continuity of action, it is a most detestable thing and is very difficult to get away from. A proverb will run where a writ will not, and the follies of our forefathers are of greater importance to us than is the well-being of our posterity."

"I wouldn't say a word against that, sir," said Meehawl MacMurrachu.

"Cats are a philosophic and thoughtful race, but they do not admit the efficacy of either water or soap, and yet it is usually conceded that they are cleanly folk. There are exceptions to every rule, and I once knew a cat who lusted after water and bathed daily, he was an unnatural brute and died ultimately of the head staggers. Children are nearly as wise as cats. It is true that they will utilize water in a variety of ways, for instance, the destruction of a tablecloth or a pinafore, and I have observed them greasing a ladder with soap, showing in the process a great knowledge of the properties of this material."

"Why shouldn't they, to be sure?" said Meehawl MacMurrachu. "Have you got a match, sir?"

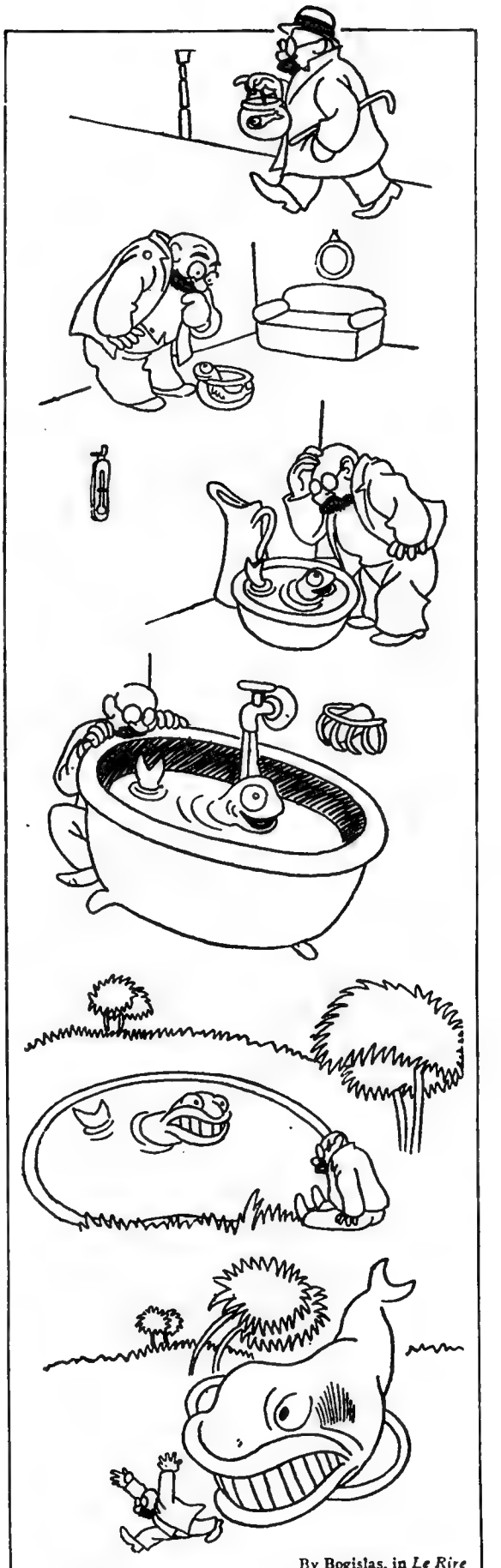
"I have not," said the Philosopher. "Sparrows, again, are a highly acute and reasonable folk. They use water to quench thirst, but when they are dirty they take a dust bath and are at once cleansed. Of course, birds are often seen in the water, but they go there to catch fish and not to wash. I have often fancied that fish are a dirty, sly, and unintelligent people—this is due to their staying so much in the water, and it has been observed that on being removed from this element they at once expire through sheer ecstasy at escaping from their prolonged washing."

"I have seen them doing it myself," said Meehawl. "Did you ever hear, sir, about the fish that Paudeen MacLoughlin caught in the policeman's hat?"

"I did not," said the Philosopher. "The first person who washed was possibly a person seeking a cheap notoriety. Any fool can wash himself, but every wise man knows that it is an unnecessary labor, for nature will quickly reduce him to a natural and healthy dirtiness again. . . ."

"In its proper place I admit the necessity for water. As a thing to sail a ship on it can scarcely be surpassed (not, you will understand, that I entirely approve of ships, they tend to create and perpetuate international curiosity and the smaller vermin of different latitudes). As an element wherewith to put out a fire, or brew tea, or make a slide in winter it is useful, but in a tin basin it has a repulsive and meager aspect."

—James Stephens.



By Bogislas, in *Le Rire*

The Goldfish, or an error in classification

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That Famous Love Affair

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

TOWARD SUNSET on an afternoon in August, Cleopatra, the seventh and last of that name, sat in a marble portico of her palace on the Lochias peninsula, looking out at the Great Harbor. Twenty war galleys were moored to the naval quays below the terraces blossoming with oleanders; there were more behind the Island of Antirrhodus, and a hum of life arose from all those tall vessels with their many banks of oars, their prows studded with spikes, and their decks encumbered with towers and catapults.

A saline freshness began to pervade these still, transparent waters that had shimmered all day in the heat.

Across the haven, on Pharos Island, the Temple of Isis gleamed amid its groves. To the right, at the harbor entrance, the marble lighthouse, the seventh wonder of the world, rose high into the sunshine, its lower story square, its next octagonal, its third cylindrical, its last composed of columns. Beyond, the Mediterranean Sea spread out as if illimitably, its deep blue flood covered with sparkling points. But this illimitableness was a deception. There, to the north, lay the constant enemy, Rome.

The Queen's gaze returned to her ships.

Motionless for an hour in the portico, she had watched the First Royal Squadron come back from its maneuvers. Her green, far-seeing eyes had noted even the knotting of the hawsers. Everything had been smartly done, and now the swarms of galley slaves were streaming away along the water front, under the escort of troops, toward their barracks by the Harbor of Happy Return. The dark masses of figures, surrounded by twinkling helmets, undulated like serpents at the bases of the sumptuous buildings that fronted the Great Harbor. One heard a faint roaring of voices raised in a route song.

Those servile hordes, however, propelled only a portion of the Egyptian fleet. The Second Squadron was cruising off Pelusium; the Third was being re-equipped at the Cibotos docks. One hundred and eighty men-of-war were prepared for combat. The Queen pondered on the day when all those sea fortresses must fight at her order for the empire of the earth.

Would her Egyptians stand fast against the stubborn Romans?

"But I," she reflected, "shall have Romans, too."

Nevertheless, that thought did not brighten her eyes today.

The sea breeze caressed her face, as if tempting her to smile. The odors of the flowering terraces mingled with the perfumes dispelled by her Greek garments. In her ebony chair inlaid with mother-of-pearl, alone in the portico of green and pinkish marble, Cleopatra looked a fragile little figure, gentle and harmless, a prey to nothing more than some passing feminine sadness.

Had she, as men said, been beautiful in her youth; or had her enchantment even then consisted in exquisiteness of manner, a temperament that seemed at one moment subtle and the next capricious, a pride that made her cold immediately following her jolly laughter? She was still dainty, elegant, flawless from constant care of her appearance—she still appeared nearly girlish because of two great treasures that she had not lost, her sense of humor and her audacity. And perhaps no queen had ever shown herself to be a woman in so many charming ways.

SILENCE FELL on the ships and the harbor. From the mainland, behind the great palace, rose the noises of Alexandria, that frivolous and fickle city packed with all races and religions, all splendors and vices, more regal and more corrupt than Rome itself.

A dark-eyed woman in amethyst-colored Greek robes appeared in the portico.

"Cæsarion and Antyllus haven't come home," she remarked. "I hear that they've sneaked off again to the fairground at Eleusis."

The Queen, her slender lips tightening, replied: "Send both of those boys to me as soon as they return. Little Iras, do you know where my husband may be?"

"Throwing dice with his Romans in the old blue peristyle. He has complained of a headache."

"Why should he complain? He was drinking till

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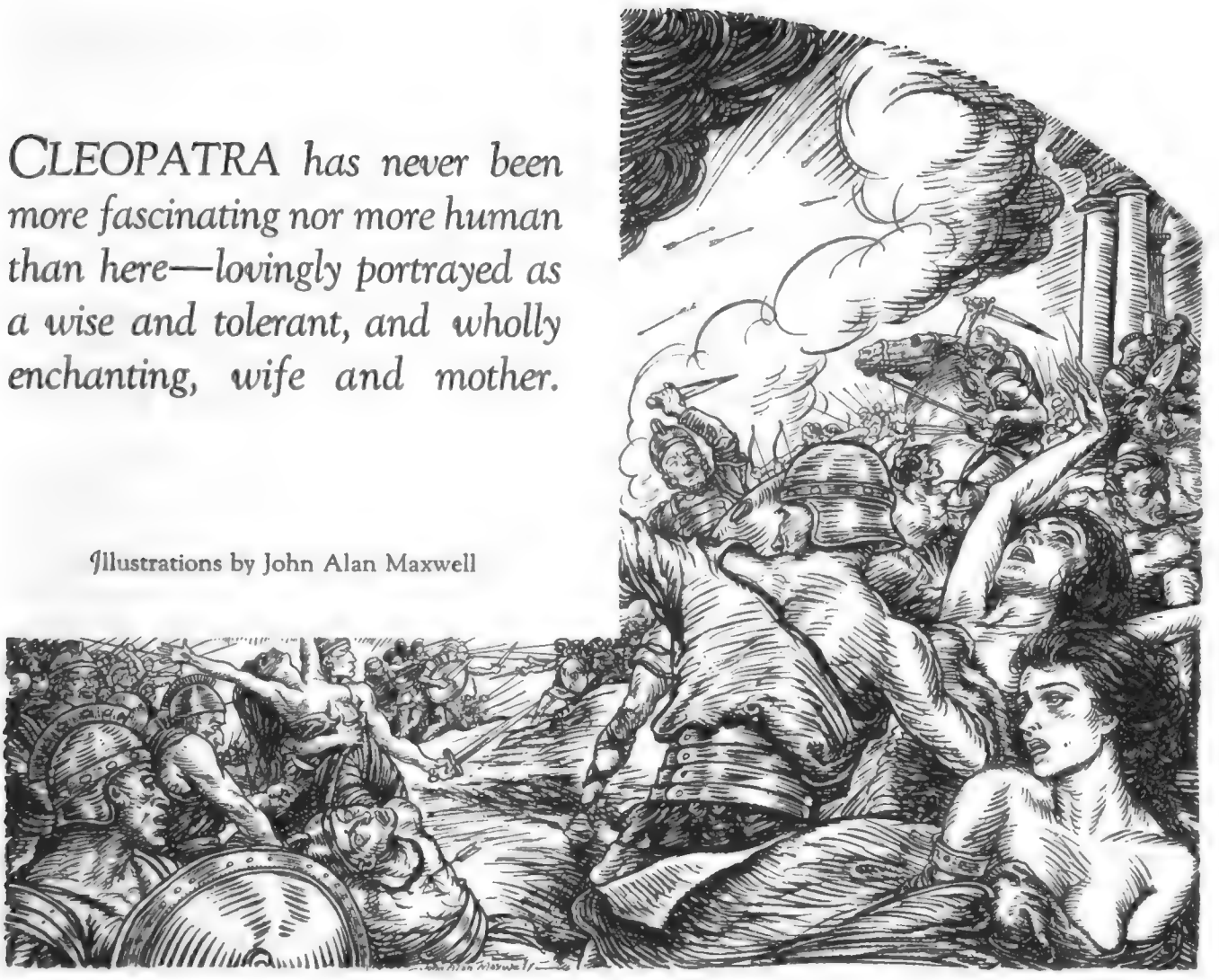
CLEOPATRA has never been more fascinating nor more human than here—lovingly portrayed as a wise and tolerant, and wholly enchanting, wife and mother.

Illustrations by John Alan Maxwell



daylight, wasn't he? I heard them singing atrociously on the terraces after the first hour this morning. I want to see him. He may find me presently in the children's apartment."

"Is there anything else?" the lady-in-waiting asked.

"Yes, my dear, the kitchens. They have been using Carian honey in the cooking. Have the bees of Hybla stopped working? No; but somebody is turning a dishonest penny in this house. And what's the matter with the pastry lately? And yesterday Antony got a half-spoiled oyster! I am not in the field with my army; I am at home. If these things continue, I'll see the cooks themselves, and they will not enjoy the conversation. Warn them."

"The chief cook is ill," Iras ventured.

"He has evidently been sampling the food intended for me."

Iras, quizzically smiling, departed on her sandaled feet without a sound.

The Queen continued to gaze out to sea. A pearly light, faintly tinctured with pink and green, filled the shaded portico, softening the hue of Cleopatra's auburn hair, which was arranged on her little head, according to the current Greek fashion, in nine parts running back to the disk-like knot at the rear. Her delicate and aquiline features remained serene, as she thought:

"Dice at the present moment. Tonight more heavy drinking. Tomorrow another headache. Tell me, Marcus Antonius, are you still enough of a man to lead the host that I am conjuring up?"

The lighthouse across the Great Harbor was flushing in the first rays of the sunset when Cleopatra rose and went into the palace.

The immense house of the Ptolemies had been much embellished since the Egyptian marriage of Cleopatra and Mark Antony. Everywhere one saw

"I was there," the blind man quavered. "I hear the trumpets, the whir of javelins, and the legion shouting 'Alala!' like one man."

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walls covered with the rarest marbles, fretted ceilings encrusted with gold, doors lined with tortoise-shell and studded with emeralds, pavements of onyx and alabaster. On tables of chiseled ivory stood priceless bric-à-brac from the remotest lands, the invaluable black-and-red vases of an earlier Greece and those unheard-of curiosities in art which pleased the Queen so much. But the beautiful slaves, of all colors and accomplishments, who moved through the rooms over the shining floors, were as costly as the porphyry pillars inlaid with garlands of rubies, or the old statues from Athens and Olympia.

Compared with this house of hers, the best of the dwellings that Cleopatra had seen in Rome were fit only for emancipated slaves.

As she passed through each suite—the portals guarded by mercenaries of the Macedonian Household Troops, the anterooms full of gossiping pages and women—her clear eyes missed nothing. Here she noted the upholsterers from Sidon, hanging fresh curtains of Tyrian dye stitched with vivid flowers and birds. There she saw, in gardens, the Sicilians, clipping the bushes. In a pillared court, dark-browed Sporadean girls, in the transparent, sea-green robes of Cos, were feeding peacocks at the appointed hour.

She was pleased to see everything running like clockwork, as things always ran in her house.

Here was the endless repetition of splendid vistas, the alternating odors of perfumes, incense, and blooms transplanted from exotic lands. But what she noticed especially was that the soot of last night's lamps had been washed away, that the pavements showed no foot tracks and that the pedestals of the statues were free from dust.

Cleopatra turned in at a door tended by two negroes with effeminate faces. She heard, rising above a clamor of remonstrances, the bawling of a child: "Aie! Aie! Aie!"

She halted on the threshold of the nursery.

"I want to go home!" wailed a big-eyed, puny girl of six, running to Cleopatra in an agony of resentment. Her black braids, interwoven with tiny silver images, were all disordered; her narrow chest was heaving under the pleated black robe. She was Iotapa, the daughter of the King of Media. It was she who, for reasons of state, had been married a year ago to Cleopatra's seven-year-old son, Alexander Helios.

The curly-headed Alexander was there, planted defiantly on his small bare feet, scowling, with his tunic torn at the neck. His twin sister, Cleopatra Selene, immaculate in a lemon-colored chiton, sat on a stool regarding the fracas with intense excitement. The three-year-old Ptolemy was howling in sympathy with the little Median princess.

Without effort the Queen lifted Iotapa into her arms.

"There, there; it's all right now. If Alexander has been wicked, he shall be punished."

The two Macedonian nurses, robust in the costume of their native mountains, the Median nurse with her headdress and many bangles, the Athenian tutors and the Chamberlain of the Royal Children subsided with smiles of relief. The walls of the room were painted with animals. The rug-strewn floor was littered with dolls, hobby-horses and miniature armor.

"He ate my piece of candy!" wailed the little Princess Iotapa, her face pressed against the Queen's bosom.

"She is my wife," Alexander Helios retorted, with a dramatic gesture, "and what is hers is mine."

"Being your wife," said Cleopatra calmly, "she is also your equal. Besides, one piece of candy is your full allowance. You have not only affronted the daughter of a king; you have also disobeyed the orders of a queen. Tomorrow you shall have no candy at all; but today—and tomorrow, too—Iotapa shall eat her share before your eyes."

"I will not watch her!" declared Alexander, after a moment of stupefaction and horror. He turned on them his little back that imitated so well, in diminished form, his father's burly back.

"You shall watch her, my son, or I'll know the reason why. About face! How will you ever be a soldier, if you do it so slovenly?"

Cleopatra sat down sidewise on a hobby-horse with the foreign child in her arms. There was an awful silence as the Median nurse, her dark visage alight with triumph, brought to Iotapa on a platter the piece of rose-colored candy. Gulping down her tears, the wife of Alexander Helios tried a nibble, then crowed in exultation:

"I am eating it, Alexander! Look and see me eating it!"

The other, without flinching under the torture, answered contemptuously:

"Bah! I have had two pieces, which nobody can take away from me."

Lowering her head, the Queen kissed Iotapa's cheek to hide her smile.

"Henceforth," she said, when the candy had disappeared, "remember that hospitality is a holy virtue, failure in which is an offense to the gods. Years ago Pompeius Magnus came as a stranger asking hospitality of certain men, who used him most unkindly. The gods were incensed at such rudeness. Where are those men now? All, all have met a bad end. Take warning, especially as the Princess Iotapa has gods of her own nation to care for her and avenge her even here in Egypt. Lick your fingers, child, before you smear my dress! Now then, let me hear from you three, each in turn, about the fine things that you've done and learned today. You first, Alexander. No sulking, my boy! You're not yet too old to be spanked."

While she was still engaged in her catechism, Mark Antony entered.

"Good evening, my treasure."

"Good evening, Bacchus," she answered with an inscrutable smile.

That was the name which had been given him without irony by the ironical Alexandrians, who had seemed to perceive in this Roman lord of theirs an incarnation of the gay Dionysus. Yet nowadays Antony flushed when Cleopatra addressed him so, feeling that from her lips a sting issued with the word.

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He kissed the children, who all adored him, then looked round the nursery for the chair that would bear his weight.

"You were not in very good voice at daybreak this morning," the Queen remarked.

"Did we wake you up? Forgive me. It was a folly, that business."

"Never mind; I was awake already, and busy at our plans."

This added reproach made him hang his handsome head, covered thickly with dark curls, amid which some gray hairs were appearing.

HAVING NOW for the most part abandoned Roman dress, he had on a purple tunic of Chinese silk adorned with golden moons. His large forearms, from which the hair had been removed by a depilatory, emerged from short sleeves hemmed with fringes of gold. On his left wrist he wore a gold-and-sapphire bracelet; on his feet were boots of purple kid ornamented with gold tags.

In the last five years his appearance had changed greatly for the worse.

This big body of an athlete was becoming flabby. The heavy neck and jaws—once ridiculed by Cicero, perhaps from jealousy—were covered over with fat. But it was Antony's face that showed the accelerated progress of his faults. The hard countenance of the victorious general had grown indulgent. The eyes that had flashed so dangerously, on battlefield and rostrum, were haunted by the memory of certain defeats. The mouth, especially, had come to reveal the corrosion of his manhood—his unconquerable love of indolence and wine, his pride reduced to bombast, his force of will crumbled into self-distrust. But he was, at least, still fearless of personal danger, still chivalrous and easily touched in the heart, still the idol of his army, even that of the disastrous Parthian campaign.

He was jigging the baby Ptolemy up and down on his knee.

"How is your headache?" Cleopatra asked him, with a twinge of pity.

"Wretched! I've been in torture ever since I woke up. Imagine: we began with light Egyptian, then switched to Greek, and by midnight we were drinking it unmixed. As if that wasn't enough, some fool called for rose cordial, to be chased down with drafts of this year's Vesuvium! I understand that later on the dancers from Gades came in—a show for the dead; they had to applaud themselves. By the way, somebody knocked over the Vase of Pericles and smashed it to smithereens."

LONG AGO, I fell in love with the exquisite terra-cotta bust, in the British Museum, of a small, delicate, proud and sensitive-looking woman who is said to have had red hair. The custodians used to watch me carefully, convinced by the gleam in my eye that I was going to pop her under my raincoat. Instead, I have contented myself with hunting her re-incarnation, and, while waiting for that to turn up, have come as close as I could to the original with this story.

Cleopatra used to be portrayed as a billowy and dusky charmer rigged out like an Oriental dancer, replete with dangerous and improper reflexes, and speaking in what has been called "the grand bow-wow style." She was in reality of Macedonian descent, lived in Alexandria in a fairly Greek atmosphere, and probably never wore Egyptian dress except in the national religious festivals.

A bit before the modernization of the ancients became the fashion, I made this attempt to show her as a perfectly human great lady doing her best in a troublesome domestic and national state of affairs. I was considerably helped by Mr. Arthur Weigall's admirable biography of her.

Stephen French Whitman.

Cleopatra was silent from indignation.

"There also occurred a brawl," he continued, languidly massaging his scalp with his fingers, while little Ptolemy pulled at his golden fringes. "We made Plancus to represent the sea god: he painted his body blue and danced on the tables naked. That is to say, he had on a wreath of seaweed and a fish tail. Marcus Silanus, declaring that such conduct was outrageous in a Roman, threw a glass dish at him and cut him rather badly. The next minute both of them were yelling for their swords. But in the midst of it Plancus went to sleep. Taking a table for a funeral bed, we marched him all over the northern wing, with the proper lamentations. Really, Cleo, that part of it would have tickled you. We gave him a funeral wreath of garlic and radishes, and, instead of the penny for Charon——"

"Be still!" Cleopatra commanded under her breath. "What sots do you want your children to think their father's friends are?"

Antony sighed and wagged his head.

"Whatever my children may think of them, they are a very sick man's friends, a very foolish man's friends, but a penitent man's. This time I am

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through with the cups. No, never again, I assure you."

He turned to his son Alexander Helios, who was pinching his arms. "What do you want, O King of Media?"

"I want to be Hannibal on his elephant," said Alexander.

"This evening? Ye gods! Well, then, come on, and be sharp about it, because it's nearly bedtime. Are the others in it too?"

"Yes! yes! yes!" screamed Cleopatra Selene, Iotapa and the baby Ptolemy. All came crowding round Antony, who, on his hands and knees, let them climb upon his back, Alexander in front, his sister behind him, Iotapa next, and Ptolemy half sliding off at the rear. It was growing dusky. The smiling nurses began to light the tapers in the stands.

"All right?" asked Antony. And in a hollow voice, "This is the elephant of Hannibal the Carthaginian and on the elephant is Hannibal, riding Hannibal's Carthaginian elephant. Is that clear? Then off we go."

He began to crawl forward, swaying from side to side and trumpeting as much like an elephant as possible.

Squeals resounded as one child or another, on the point of slipping off, hugged the child in front more tightly. Their small flushed faces in a line, their shining eyes and open mouths, kept turning toward the Queen for approbation. She clapped them, seated on the rump of the hobby-horse, like a spectator at the games.

"He climbs the lofty and most perilous mountains!" Antony bellowed, as he heaved himself up on a cedar-wood couch full of cushions. "And descends into the dreadful depths of the sea!" he moaned, regaining the rugs. "Whew!" he gasped under his breath, "my brain is bursting."

"That's enough for tonight, children," the Queen quickly interposed.

But Antony was going to end the game properly.

"How graceful is his Carthaginian waddle!" he cried. All the children immediately tried to waggle themselves on his back in imitation of him. "How beautiful the flapping of his Carthaginian ears!" Alexander reached forward to make his father's ears flap. "But alas!" Antony roared, "he has caught sight of a Roman. Alas! he is running away." At this point Ptolemy fell off behind. "Woe to Hannibal! Woe to all the little Hannibals and Hannibalesses! The Carthaginian elephant is carthaginiously turning his tail to the terrible Roman from Rome!"

Uttering screams of alarm and ecstasy the children tumbled off to right and left as the elephant galloped into the vestibule.

There, with a groan, he bumped his head into the knees of Iras, the lady-in-waiting.

"Cæsarion and Antyllus have returned," that injured woman announced to Cleopatra, when Antony had helped her to her feet.

"I will see them at once. Let the children be put to bed. Did he hurt you, Iras?"

"Aside from my kneecaps, which I think he knocked

off, I am as well as ever."

"Tomorrow," Alexander Helios remarked, before retiring with his grinning retinue, "I want to be the terrible Roman from Rome, and kill the elephant."

"You needn't bother—you have all but killed him today," Antony muttered weakly, holding his head in his hands.

The two boys were awaiting the Queen in the Egyptian hall—the only apartment of its kind in all the great Greek palace. They came forward reluctantly as Cleopatra and Antony entered, to divulge, in the light of the bronze candelabra set between the pillars, their tired faces, sunburnt foreheads and guilty smiles.

The Queen impassively compared them with each other.

The fourteen-year-old Cæsarion already resembled his father, Julius Cæsar.

The son of Antony by Fulvia had a bolder look, was even more handsome, perhaps, and, though a year the other's junior, already looked stronger.

But Cleopatra, seeing in each boy the shadow of his father, knew that her Cæsarion could hope, as his companion never could, for a truly glorious future.

Antyllus and Cæsarion each held a big bunch of ranunculi and asphodels, which they had gathered on their homeward way—no doubt stealing them from the villas of Nicopolis. Now they offered the flowers as a peace gift to the Queen, who had in her gardens the blossoms of a world.

She was touched by this naïveté, though her face remained severe.

When she had accepted the two bouquets, in the hall insufficiently lighted by clusters of candles, with the painted human gods and beast gods of Egypt everywhere looming forth from the obscurity, she spoke in low accents, so that her words might not reach the slaves who prowled behind the pillars:

"You ran away from your lessons in oratory and fencing. You did no Homer, and learned not even one maxim. Instead, you went to Eleusis. Am I right?"

"Yes, Mother," Cæsarion confessed. "We were so weary of lessons!"

"But you did it by stealth, which shows that you knew it was wrong. Now tell me why I've asked you not to go there."

The boys stole an imploring look at Antony. From behind Cleopatra's back he gave them a solemn wink.

After waiting in vain, she continued:

"I have reminded you that the booths and inns of Eleusis attract nothing but the scum of Alexandria. Is there any private gentleman in the city who would not be ashamed to go there? You have perhaps been sitting with the vilest acrobats, flute players and tavern waitresses—you, Antyllus, the son of the most powerful man alive—you Cæsarion, you are to be crowned on the Capitol at Rome. What foul stories have you heard there? What plague have you brought back with you, perhaps on these flowers in my arms? My son has not yet dared to kiss me. Why?"

Their faces blushed dark in the uncertain light. But Cæsarion exclaimed:

"We drank, each of us, two cups of beer, and

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listened to sailormen's tales. There were no acrobats where we were, and the waitress who served us had dirty fingernails. We had something better to do than look at her! A sea captain told us how he was with you, sir, at Brundisium, and fought Libo with you, and set out with you to bring aid to my father in Macedonia. And he told us about the enemy's pursuit, and how you and he were in a frightful storm of water, and how the gods changed the wind at the last possible moment, so that you were saved, while the enemy's ships were wrecked."

"My boy is already growing subtle," the mother said to herself. "He has known how to set the potential ally into motion. Now we shall have it all! Hark."

Antony, in fact, had snapped at the bait.

"Do I remember it!" he cried heartily. "We were ready to go on the rocks—eight hundred horse and twenty thousand foot—when the gale shifted by a miracle. Who's your sea captain, lad? Do I know the rascal?"

"He knows you well enough, Father," Antyllus proudly replied. "He says there has been none like you since our ancestor Hercules."

Antony, rolling forward, threw an arm around the neck of each boy. Thus, towering between them, he faced Cleopatra, warmed by that victorious memory, moved by such praise as he no longer received every evening in the palace. She stood looking at him inscrutably, patiently, biting her lip, with an air of smiling, not on her face but maybe in her mind.

"Come, Cleo, after all, what harm have they done? They sat down with men who taught them bravery and steadfastness——"

"Must they go to Eleusis to learn it?" the brave and steadfast Queen rejoined wearily. She shrugged her shoulders, and now a faint irony curved her delicate lips. "Brave as you are yourself, it's not you who should have been present at this interview. Well, while you are asking Antyllus how he came by that smear of rouge under his ear, I will have a word with my Cæsarion."

Gathering the half-wilted flowers into one arm, she drew her son behind the lotus-tipped pillars.

For a while they walked silently from one patch of light to another, past the dim wall paintings in which Isis and the infant Horus were always reappearing, like a motive for her thoughts.

At last she murmured:

"Never lie to me, dear. Bring your boredoms and your temptations to me for still a little while. I have never yet betrayed your trust, have I?"

"No, Mother," he faltered.

"Nothing must harm you; nothing must degrade you; your life and honor are far too precious for that. What do I live and work for, except your future? When you are a man, and I have made you king—yes, even over the Romans—I shall trouble you no longer with my discipline. Till then try to be a good boy, and make me happy."

They faced each other in the rays from a circle of candles on a stand.

How like he was to the one who had departed into the shades—the very image of her first love as he must have been in his youth! The same brow and nose, the same eagle's gaze; but she had never seen tears in the father's eyes. He had already become too weary for tears when she, as a lonely child-woman who sees a smile at last, had flung herself into his arms.

The mother and the son retraced their steps behind the painted pillars. Cæsarion finally blurted out:

"It is true that there weren't any acrobats; but we did meet two girls in a magician's tent and kissed them while the fellow was doing his tricks. Then we bought them honey cakes and promised to see them tomorrow."

"But tomorrow you will read in Homer about Circe the Enchantress."

"I know; who turned men into swine. Yet Antyllus and I didn't do anything swinish. We wouldn't have thought of kissing them except that the tent was dark, and their eyes were large and shiny in the darkness. Out in the sunlight they looked quite different. The one named Phannion was thirteen years old. The other, who called herself Myromeris, was twelve." He hesitated, then ventured, "Mother, if I wash my lips well, will you let me kiss you good night?"

"No, dear, you may kiss me now," she said. "The truth has washed those other kisses away."

The two whom Rome called "the shameful pair"—those whom Egypt knew as "Royal Wife and Husband"—sat down in her study, where the walls were of softly painted stucco, the floor of glass mosaic, the furniture ivory, the rugs and hangings Persian.

Lamps of gold, representing sirens and harpies, shed their light upon a long table covered with countless papers; rolls of them standing up in precious boxes, piles of them spread out under jeweled paper weights, others in pigeonhole cases, tagged with different colored labels.

Mardion, the eunuch, had been at work in the corner. Now he stood waiting to be questioned or to give advice, his plump hands folded on his girdle, his round face like a mask of wax covered all over with infinitesimal wrinkles.

Cleopatra explained to Antony:

"These letters came in today. Things are moving more quickly. At this rate you ought to have the whole fleet and army collected at Ephesus by the middle of winter."

She motioned to Mardion, who handed her a memorandum.

"Here is the list to date. We shall surely have Tarcondimotus of Upper Cilicia, Bocchus of Mauretania, Archelus of Cappadocia, Mithradates of Commagene, as well as the King of Galatia and the two Kings of Thrace. Eighteen, perhaps nineteen Roman legions, the Greek, Jewish, Armenian and Syrian levies, the German and Arabian cavalry, not to mention the tribes that I shall call in from the desert. Tell him, Mardion, in round numbers, what it will cost as it stands."

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By midnight we were drinking it unmixed."

The eunuch promptly replied:

"Twenty thousand talents, at the outside, should cover all expenses for half a year. Remember that Syria, Portus and Armenia will send in their own supplies and a good deal more."

"It will still empty the treasury," the Queen reflected.

"There will be other treasuries," Mardion murmured, with a catlike smile. "Is there not, sir, for example, one at Rome?"

Neither was listening to him. Antony had closed his aching eyes. Cleopatra was meditating on this amazing gamble.

It was win all or lose all now—the rule of the world or irretrievable failure. She who burned the lamps every night, when all others were sleeping or drinking, had calculated everything precisely, except the spirit of the man that sat fidgeting beside her. Could he hold together such a host with those trembling hands of his? Mars had indeed been transformed into Bacchus. Could he be changed back into Mars during the next half year?

At a smothered moan from Antony, she demanded: "What in the world are you gurgling about?"

"My mouth," he declared, "is no better off than the mouth of a salted herring."

"Bring him some water, Mardion."

The hero of a score of battlefields looked alarmed. "No, no. Nothing at all, if it isn't to be a hair of the dog that bit me."

Involuntarily the Queen made a movement of disdain.

"You see," the sufferer explained, with a piteous look on his massive and mottled face, "when I cannot sleep it off, I have to walk it off. It's always been so, from the days when I first began it. How can I think of legions, kings and corn when my stomach feels as if it were at sea? I can't even read what is written here, for the wiggles before my eyes. Have pity, Cleo! Tomorrow when I am better. Tonight let us take a nice long walk together. I'm sure you'll sleep sounder for it."

"Where may I ask?"

"Why not in the city, as we used to do? Have you forgotten how we enjoyed knocking on the doors and running away, asking ridiculous questions of the passers-by or else pretending that I was abducting you? What fun you were in those times! As for me, I still have a bit of the boy in my heart."

"I admit it," she said.

"No, dearest, sheathe your claws; come out with me. How long since you've been in Rhacotis?"

"Ah, years," she admitted, and suddenly glanced down at the backs of her hands. She stood up, saying to Mardion:

"Tell the captain of the watch to have a file of Germans at the southern stairs in half an hour, but in civil dress——"

"Pish!" Antony protested. "A guard for a walk in Rhacotis, and with me there to protect you? Where is that old gay recklessness of yours?"

"Very well," she consented, "I won't offend your pride in your arms, big baby. Run along and put on some suitable clothes. And don't come back smelling of cardamon seeds, or I shall stay behind."

He lifted her high in his gladiator's grip, then, letting her down, kissed her on both cheeks. He laughed:

"Who knows but we may see something new and be jolly together once more?"

THE SKY was like a tent of deep purple spangled all over. There was no mist. A breeze was cooling the city.

Behind them to the east the two adventurers had left the region of great public buildings and temples. At the square before the causeway leading to Pharos Island they had turned south toward the district called Rhacotis. Before them, nearly a mile away, high in the glittering sky, they saw the fire baskets flaring in the porches of the Serapeum, the temple that dominated the quarter of the Egyptians. But those lofty beacons disappeared as they entered the narrow streets, where the blood of all races was intermingled or else about to be blended.

In a maze of alleys, splashed with the gleam of lanterns, they heard a babbling in Egyptian, Cretan, Libyan, Italian, Ethiopian, Syrian, Phœnician, Arabian, Gaulish, Cilician and Persian. The Queen, who knew nearly all these languages, began to be amused.

"Not so fast," she objected. "My feet are no longer used to such hard going."

"They have trod harder roads than this, however," he returned gently.

And both thought of the long struggle that had begun in her girlhood—camps and battles in the sand, sieges withstood and undertaken, rough voyages toward precarious new wars, and that last journey of hers, when she had come to his aid on the coast of Phœnicia, to find him wandering on the lonely shore, haggard, shaken from his defeat by the Parthians, who had sowed in his soul the first seeds of self-dissatisfaction.

"There's one more path," he reminded her, "that you were wont to linger on."

"Yes, the stairs to the Capitol," she assented, with an access of strength. But he made her walk slowly, his arm about her shoulder.

He had put on a coarse cloak borrowed from a slave, and a felt hat with the brim pulled down over his eyes. Cleopatra, her body wrapped closely in yellow stuff, her head and face veiled with blue, resembled one of those graceful shrouded figures made famous long ago by the artists of Tanagra. Men told one another,

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looking askance at her slender silhouette and graceful bearing:

"It is a beautiful Grecian whose Roman lover is bringing her to watch the dancers."

Then, openly, even pointing their fingers at her, they admired her lovely carriage, her tiny feet, shod in yellow boots with soles of milky vellum, her whole aspect of antique elegance and grace, which qualities escaped like an irrepressible fragrance from the folds of her disguise. A ragamuffin laid a spray of iris on the cobblestones for her to step on, then followed her begging.

"You see," Antony pointed out, "in order to pass unnoticed you must cease to be yourself."

"They watch you as much as me. They think you're a myrmillo who has killed a thousand netmen."

Unconsciously he straightened himself, drawing in his abdomen and throwing out his chest.

There were glowing cookshops still open to the street. Bushes and placards hung at the doors of winerooms. From the outbuilt upper stories, from balconies of latticework and open loggias, came a twanging of harps, the quavering songs of women, oaths, a rhythmic clapping of hands and laughter. In the air hung the odors of frying fish, decaying vegetables, rank perfumes and sewage.

The Queen's eyes began to dance.

"Let's take the hint," she said, "and see the dancers—or rather, those who watch them. I can hear the drums."

At once half a dozen loafers were ready to show them the way. A violent squabble broke out among the guides. As if about to do murder, each bellowed in the others' faces the name of this dance house or that, of certain dancing girls, their fame and their special attractions. Eyes glared; mouths were distorted; the howls of argument drowned out all other noises. Cleopatra, catching Antony by the hand, took to her heels.

Alone in an alleyway hardly wider than a fissure between two houses, with a mass of dyer's rags hanging overhead, she sank into his embrace, panting and laughing.

"What simpletons!" she gasped. "They don't know yet that they've lost us."

Her eyes shone at him gayly in the faint light of the stars that reached them through the masses of dangling rags. His mirth died away; holding her fast with one hand he unveiled her face, which appeared once more, in this ignoble gloom, like the happy face of a girl. And suddenly his lips covered her sweet cheeks with kisses, and her eyelids, which had languorously closed themselves, and her lips, half parted in wonder at this moment of illusion.

"Little Cleo—great Cleo," he stammered, "dear wife, faithful companion, unalterable sweetheart! If I have sometimes doubted your future loyalty, it was because I saw myself becoming unworthy of it. But you must not cast me off. I will redeem myself. Tell me that you'll stick to me till the end."

Held up in his straining grasp, she dreamed for a moment, then quoted, in her unique and all-enchanting voice, the words of Andromache to Hector, from the Iliad:

"'It were better for me to go down to the grave if I lose thee; for never will any comfort be mine when once thou hast met thy fate, but only sorrow. Thou art to me father and mother, yes, and brother, too, even as thou art my goodly husband.'"

His strength began to hurt her; but she did not complain.

"These are the sudden events," he said, "that come to us as the unexpected gifts from the divinities round us. Lie still in my arms for one more moment, dearest. Why should there be such magic in this dirty alleyway, with melon rinds underfoot, and a festoon of shirt-tails flapping overhead? But when I hold you here I seem to hold all the joys and sorrows done with and to come."

He released her at last. Silently, her body still pressed against his, she wrapped her face in the head veil, so that he saw, once more, only her humid eyes.

In a din of drums and flageolets, stooping their heads to avoid the smoke-blacked lintel, they descended into the dance house.

Round the vaulted room, flambeaux stuck out from sockets on the walls. In this shifting illumination one saw the dancers hemmed in by tables covered with wine cups and plates. They were brown women of the desert, crowned with miters of tinsel and feathers.

One by one, the girls darted from the room and clattered down the ladder.

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Their painted eyes were closed as if they were asleep, while their torsos, bare to the waist, smeared with red blue and yellow pigments, undulated to the clashings of the little cymbals attached to their fingers like castanets. There were four of them dancing. Each faced a different wall; each seemed a reflection of the others, perceived in invisible mirrors. At intervals a roar of admiration came from the spectators, whose lips remained parted and whose foreheads were covered with drops.

"This way, master! This way, mistress!" the Egyptian keeper of the dance house whispered, understanding that these were persons of certain note.

He led them to a niche in the wall out of the gleam of the torches, furnished with a table and two benches. While wiping off the board, the man chattered obsequiously:

"What shall it be, beloved of the gods? I have wine of the country, wine of mulberries and pomegranates, Greek wine flavored with resin, salt water and gypsum. If you wish to perfume yourselves afresh, I have also a bit of bakkaris and nard."

At this statement Cleopatra laughed behind her veil, whereupon Antony had the courage to say:

"Never mind the perfumes; bring us some of the good Greek."

She gave him a sidelong glance, but made no comment.

The dancers sat down on their mats, impassive, like idols that nothing but the conjuration of wild music could bring to life. The spectators surged on their benches. On all sides were tousled heads, woolly heads, bald heads, frizzled heads—Phrygian caps, sailors' hats and here and there a helmet. But when they had seethed and rattled their cups for a time a new shout was taken up, to swell into a chorus:

"Taui! Let us have Taui!"

The drums resumed their thumping. A new girl stood up alone, advanced and let a slow, homicidal smile dawn on her swarthy countenance, framed with chains of turquoise and silver. She began to quiver all over as though an icy breeze were blowing in at the door. But Antony, having drained his second cup at a breath, watched a blind old man make his way amid the tables, led by a sickly looking half-caste boy of ten, who was naked except for a string tied round his waist.

"Look, Cleo," he prompted her.

THE SPECTATORS were cursing the blind man as he blocked their view. His face remained placid and humble at their insults. Shuffling forward, stumbling over legs, he continued to raise his sightless eyes toward the ceiling and shake some coppers in an earthen dish. His tattered tunic was ready to fall apart.

"Yes," the Queen assented, "it is a Roman."

"A Roman soldier, if I know the breed," Antony growled.

The boy, catching sight of them, led the blind man to their table.

Isolated from the uproar by his infirmity, the beggar stood before them, staring over their heads, a film of tears always brimming those empty sockets. He was filthy, giving out as strong an odor as a flock of goats; his grizzled beard hung down over his chest; but on his extended arm were sword wounds half lost in the shriveled muscles. A profound placidity and harmlessness filled the beaked visage that had been young and fierce. The old voice went on, in a barbarous Greek jargon:

"You see, sirs, that I am blind. I haven't eaten today. I've taken only two coppers. If you refuse me, it's the gods who've refused me."

He started, for Antony had taken him by the wrist.

"Sit here beside me, old fellow."

"What do you ask?" the beggar mumbled in consternation, his countenance altered by fear of the unknown. "Are you a Roman, then?" Dragged down upon the bench, he shrank away when he felt a hand on his shoulder. "What game are you playing on me?" he lamented. "Have I offended you? Then pardon me and let me go."

"No," said Antony, patting the old man's cheek, "this time you have come into good hands instead of bad. Listen to me."

He whispered in the other's ear. The beggar indignantly tried to free himself. Antony persisted. Then the blind man, becoming as still as death, sat with his jaw hanging. Finally he began to tremble harder than the dancer.

Cleopatra, her elbows on the table, her chin in her hand, watched them inscrutably, as one might watch a play.

THE DANCING GIRLS were all resting and repainting their eyes. A group of Ionian sailors was bawling out a song. The dark smoke of the torches hung like a pall in midair.

"I was there," the blind man quavered, his withered fingers curling round a wine cup. "I saw you there, too! In beautiful armor, not deigning to put off your scarlet cloak, you were the first over the ramparts. When you disappeared we all thought you had met your end. Again, after the sack of Lissus, I watched you come among us while we were eating. You laughed and bore the salty jokes of the soldiers, giving hot ones in return. We loved you because you were not too haughty to sit down at our tables, as you are not too haughty, even now, to make me sit down at yours. And before the last battle at Pharsalia I was with you on the left wing. You walked along our lines at the head of your officers, so splendid that the men round me swore they would go on fighting for you with their bellies ripped wide open."

Antony hugged the beggar.

"Old wolf! Were you Cæsar's man before that?"

"Yes, in Gaul, with the Tenth. Eh! the good days. Sometimes, in my cellar, I recall them one by one. A glamour of brass rises before my eyes; I see the Eagles surrounded by drawn swords. I hear the trumpets, the whir of the javelins, and the legion shouting 'Alala!' like one man. We went into their cities singing, covered with foreign jewelry, snatching with our arms still red to the elbow at some squealing girl who soon became so fond of us that she wept when we departed. I gained a lot of booty for myself, but lost it all, somehow. I was strong; then I became old and

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finally blind. Such is the life of man. But henceforth I shall remember that I sat with you, your arm embracing me."

"Is this loyalty?" Antony asked the Queen, after rubbing his eyes.

She laid a finger against her lips.

"Who is with you?" the blind man inquired, timid again.

"A lady of this country."

"Ah, yes; you are not yet old. And may your youth be eternal." The beggar ruminated, then asked in hushed tones: "Tell me, sir, do you think that you could give me a good death? I know you're going to war with that rat Octavianus. If only I could be there, sword in hand, in the first line of the legions! Not to fight, of course, but to strike just one blow into the air as we come together, and then receive the end fitting for a soldier. The rest could close up over me in a jiffy—— But I speak like a fool. Why should you go to that trouble? It was because it's hard, after what I have seen, to end alone in a gutter."

Antony, pulling a ring from his thumb, called the sickly boy to him.

"Lead your old friend to the Royal Palace, kiddie. Show the ring to the men at the gates. Say that this Roman soldier is to be taken in and cared for. Forward, veteran! And you will have no need of asking for coppers on the way."

The drums began a frenzied tumult. The four dancers, who all resembled the same idol, leaped to their feet. One bore a curved Egyptian sword, another a cage containing a black dove, the third a whip, the last a vase full of fire. As they began, Cleopatra and Antony issued into the street.

They walked in silence. The lamps became less frequent, the shadows deeper. The doors on either side were shut and barred.

"Let us go home," said the Queen. "It is late. We shall see nothing more."

Rousing himself, he mused:

"Back there is something more valuable to us than the cavalry of Bocchus of Mauretania, or all the spearmen of the two Kings of Thrace. The old legionnaires, remembering me with warm affection, have made me a myth for the young ones and the recruits, almost as if I were already a hero of tradition. This is worth while, Cleo. Octavianus is the object of no such feeling."

"Live, then," Cleopatra rejoined, "so that nothing can dim the luster of that fame."

He said no more, and they turned toward the lights.

Antony and Cleopatra

By JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA

Translated by T. B. Haber

Together on the terrace they looked down
On Egypt sleeping 'neath the brazen sky,
Where Nile toward Bubastes, on to Saïs,
Streamed through his carven delta rich and brown.
The captive Roman, with a nurse's art
That soothes a sleeping infant, thrilled to feel
Sentient beneath his armor's polished steel
Her supple body tremble to his heart.

Pushing aside her dusky perfumed hair,
(Oh face amid those tresses wildly fair!)
She bent to him her burning eyes and lips.
And, drowned in that embrace, the Roman saw
Within her star-clear eyes a scene of awe:
A purple sea strewn with his broken ships.

They became aware that a thin girl in gauze was walking beside them, a double flute in her hand. She was coughing and pleading faintly in Greek:

"Let me go with you, illustrious ones. Let me play my flutes for you. I have no money with which to buy even a dish of chickpeas; yet nobody plays more sweetly than Acalanthis. It is because my face has been disfigured that they won't have me; but you needn't look at my face. You will look at each other, and hear only the music."

They stopped under a lamp set before a shrine of Anubis. The flute player's paper-white countenance was revealed. The cheeks and brows were scarred all over with slashes, jagged, an angry red, methodically criss-crossed and hardly healed.

"Who is to blame for it?" Antony inquired, after a pause.

"Lykas the Cretan did it," mourned the girl. "Oh, now that you have seen me you will not have me! Nobody will have me! And I am still young."

Hiding her face in her hands, she began to wail hardly louder than a kitten, between fits of coughing, standing before the two strangers struck silent by her hideousness, in the flicker of light from the shrine of the dog-headed god.

"And where is Lykas the Cretan now?" Antony persisted, joggling her elbow.

"Yonder, sir, I suppose, in Fish-Sauce Street, unless he has gone to sea."

"Were you his slave?"

"No, my lord; I was born free."

"If you know the way lead me to him."

"Marcus!" the Queen protested, laying her hand on his.

But now he was firm, and his firmness disquieted her. She knew his Roman callousness to suffering—perhaps a greater callousness than that of her own Macedonian—and how war in many lands, with all sorts of ferocious allies, had made him especially indifferent to mutilation. But she was also aware of his peculiar sympathy for little creatures like this one: musicians and tumblers, pantomimists and singers, who in other days had surrounded him on his journeys, telling him their obscure sorrows and longings, and feeling his big fingers consolingly pinch their chins.

Would there be a scuffle? She had never seen Antony in a fight. Maybe it was because she had not, that the Queen—once on a time so reckless, so curious, so sure of her destiny—let her hand fall to her side.

The flute player, with an obeisance, took Antony

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by the cloak to lead him forward. Cleopatra followed them.

By the light of a tallow-dipped bullrush, they climbed a ladder staircase to the second platform. They heard a woman laugh behind a door.

Of a sudden the Queen felt that they were in a trap, midway in this black shaft like a shute in a mine, cut off from the city, before the door that concealed at least more than one person. Unhesitatingly, with her perfumed fingers, she turned the scarred face of their guide toward the little flame. The eyes were terrified but honest. Nevertheless, Cleopatra urged:

"This is a bad place, Marcus. You are mad to go on."

"Pah!" he said greatly. "A Cretan!"

He drove his heel against the latch. The door flew open; he strode into the room. He saw before him, round a table on which some earthenware lamps were burning, six men and three girls. He said to himself at once, "These fellows look no better than so many pirates." He realized the fix into which he had got his Queen.

But she, motionless on the platform, was watching, not them, but him.

They may well have been astounded by the apparition of him—a huge, broad figure, a Roman face with set jaws, blazing eyes half-hidden under a hat brim. They rose slowly to their feet like one piece of mechanism that he had set into motion. The girls, scenting death, scurried into the corners.

The faces of the men were dark and savage. Some were bearded under their chins. One wore a red cap with lappets. Two, bare to the waist, showed on their bodies the seams and burns of sea fights. They eyed the intruder like beasts of prey confronted in their lairs, intent, implacable, ominously still. On the table, amid the lamps, were a checkerboard, wine cups and a basket of figs.

"Go, Cleo," Antony whispered out of the side of his mouth.

The flute player was already gone. The veiled figure of the Queen remained in the gloom of the platform.

"Which of you is Lykas?"

A man shorter but broader than Antony with a gaunt, deadly visage, a broken nose and sunken eyes, answered harshly:

"I am Lykas. What do you want with me?"

"To take the skin off your back," Antony said. "Has one of you dogs got a whip?"

The Cretan sprang through the air—a knife had appeared in his fist. The two bodies met with a thud, welded themselves together, then twisted into unbelievable contortions. The quick stamp of feet was like a succession of blows. Through rents in their garments the straining muscles bulged out. But the eye could not follow those movements. There was a grunt and a crack. The Cretan slipped to the floor with a broken neck.

Antony, stooping to pick up the knife, was forced to dodge away. The others were hurling themselves upon him silently. He leaped over the table, caught up a stool, gave a deep shout of joy. His eyes were dancing; his face was transfigured. Cleopatra watched him now as one watches a stranger, while past her, unheeded, one by one, the girls darted from the room and clattered down the ladder.

"Evo!" Anthony cried, laughing happily.

He was here—he was there. As the others fell, he kicked at their heads while aiming a fresh blow. The stool had become a single leg, with which he sent the knives flying. But round him the faces of his enemies, convulsed and streaked with blood, kept rising and closing in. Then, all at once, three men managed to catch him round the body; he slipped, and one who had crawled behind him smashed at his skull with a jug.

Antony went down like a falling tower.

FOUR STAGGERED to their feet. When they had regained their breath, and found a knife or two, they came to cut his throat. Their way to him was blocked by a woman who had stripped a blue veil from her face, which was as white as the winter moon. And they remained awestricken before that beautiful and terrible countenance.

"You have already done enough to merit death," she warned them icily. "Do no more, lest you merit worse."

As she spoke, the room was full of hooded men with drawn swords, blond faces congested by anger, beards like spun gold or copper.

They were the Germans that Antony had scorned.

When they had lifted him up on the table, and she had assured herself that he was merely stunned, silence fell in the sooty room. The Queen considered for a moment.

The great Marcus Antonius, the descendant of Hercules, the hero who was going to possess the earth, had been laid low by hoodlums. The silence of these Northern mercenaries could be counted on; but those ruffians, released, would go boasting over the seas, "It was I who broke the head of the man who wants to break the head of Octavianus." It would be told in the Senate House at Rome. The soldiers of Octavianus would make a song about it. Above all, her own army, her fleet, the allied kings who were putting their trust in this man, the Romans still to be won to him from his rival!

She turned to the German captain.

"Can you swear your men to keep this to themselves?"

"I and my men will die before we speak," the mercenary replied, blushing a bright red. "If desired, I will swear them now, by the gods of our own country."

"At your leisure, captain. As for these prisoners, I will be merciful. Those who live are to have this choice: they may die tonight by the sword, or they may go to the galleys with their tongues cut out. Let all the doors of this house be closed, and the street cleared, when we leave. But first take these scoundrels away. I have smelled enough blood and sweat for a little while."

When he saw the southern façade of the palace rising before him in the light of its lanterns, Antony freed himself from the two German soldiers who had been supporting him. He pulled off and threw away the bandage from his head, put on the broad-brimmed

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hat, squared his shoulders under the cloak that the captain had given him.

"Remember," the Queen remarked in an undertone, "if you tell your Romans about this I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

"I shall tell them that I caught a loose roof tile on my pate," he muttered.

"Does it still hurt, you frantic infant?"

"I am not whimpering, am I? But it annoys me that, with the best intentions in the world, I've merely exchanged one headache for another."

"Yes, merely a headache, as it happens. But tell me, Marcus, what you think would have befallen me if the Germans hadn't arrived, with you on your back inviting flies into your mouth?"

"Indeed, I'm a most lamentable escort," the culprit acknowledged. "But how in Hades was I to know that there were so many of them? I had kicked in the door, you see: I was in that embarrassment. True, at another moment I might simply have passed the time of night with them, telling them I had made a mistake in the house, and asking them to direct me to some imaginary person with a funny name. But you were there watching me, Cleo. What would you really have thought of Antony if he had turned tail before six mangy sailors? As it was, I'd have done for them all and showed you the stuff I'm made of if I hadn't slipped."

"May Aphrodite pity me!" she sighed. "All these years of trying; yet I'll never make you over."

"As if I didn't know already," he assented humbly, "that you are the star of the world, and I the muddy pond in which you try in vain to reflect yourself."

Down the palace steps came running a flood of torch bearers, to light them up. The guard of the night was turning out on the terrace with a rattle. In the vestibule, Mardion, the eunuch—who had made the Germans follow them after all—showed a sly look of satisfaction on his bloated face. Quickly leaving a group of ladies-in-waiting, some Romans, already half-tipsy, wearing wreaths of roses, came forward to greet the truants. Smiling and bowing low, they exclaimed:

"Hail to the New Isis and the New Dionysus, returning in triumph after rejoicing their people!"

"Yes," the Queen said dryly, "we have indeed rejoiced them. Excuse me, gentlemen, if I leave you alone to your own pleasures. I have had a surfeit of mine and am off to bed."

She touched Antony's hand, turned on her heel and moved away, a diminutive figure in the midst of the lofty hall, which was like the hall of a giant mausoleum, with its gold-encrusted ceiling far overhead, its columns springing up as if into a remote and glimmering heaven, its wall niches, as large as town gates, adorned with colossal statues of the unhappy Ptolemies.

The eunuch followed her noiselessly from apartment to apartment, where the guards came to attention and slaves kept kneeling down.

"Go away, Mardion," she uttered at last. "I shall not work tonight."

She went on alone, more solitary, as it seemed to her, than in many a long day. Lonelier than when, as a girl and a fugitive in Syria, with everyone against her except the unknown Cæsar, she had drawn out of her own character the strength to win from her enemies this power, this wealth, this splendor, this hatred of Rome and this undying fame. Her little feet were sore; weariness dragged at her limbs; depression stole into her mind. Yet she walked on with that inimitable grace of hers, buoyant, fresh to the eye, like a maiden returning from a promenade in a garden.

She entered the children's apartment.

They were slumbering in their small beds beside the nurses' couches. She leaned over first one, then another, changing the position of a chubby arm, making a curly head more at ease on its pillow. Then, after standing there for a while, she forced her weary feet to bear her onward.

"Cleopatra is no longer young, no longer young," she breathed to the moving likenesses of herself, reflected on each side in polished marble.

She knew that the brown and yellow slaves of the dressing-room were waiting for her yonder, with their cosmetic boxes and unguent vials, prepared to aid her once more, before her sleep, in the struggle against Time. But they would not be able to draw out, with their flexible fingers, the age that was in her brain, or the disillusionment and uneasiness that were beginning to enervate her spirit like an insidious poison.

She passed a guarded vestibule and entered the antechamber of Cæsarion's room. An armed slave, who had been dozing on a threshold against a flowery curtain, jumped up, although she had made no sound.

"Is he asleep?"

"Sound asleep, Magnificence."

So she contented herself with pressing her cheek for a moment against the flowery curtain, as if it had been the cheek of her son Cæsarion, her hope and prayer, her reason, nowadays, for everything.

◆

In an Old Library

From the Chinese of
YUAN MEI

TEN THOUSAND tomes with pendant discs of jade,
Bowls of old Shang with bronze of Chow displayed,
And suddenly the small
Tinkle of girdle gems floats through the hall,
As though the wind custodian sings:
"I guard the fragrance of a thousand springs.
Draw near! draw near!
Ten thousand yesterdays are gathered here."

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So They Say

Herbert Hoover: "The conquest of poverty is the great human aspiration of our economic life."

Heywood Broun: *in The Nation* — "A Communist is, among other things, a man incapable of expressing himself in anything less than ten thousand words."

George W. Wickersham: *chairman of the Hoover Law Enforcement Commission* — "I am one of those who believe that our entire method of dealing with offenders is fundamentally wrong, and that the present day practice of endeavoring to prevent crime by augmented penalties is based upon fallacy which has time and again been demonstrated."

Dr. Hornell Hart: *of Bryn Mawr* — "Morality for its own sake has no claim upon us. We are through with the worship of any arbitrary ideal. Orderliness, obedience, conformity, chastity, monogamy, such ideals are valid only if they promote deeper and more vital values, only if they serve to bring personalities into blossom, only if they call out to the full the possibilities of the self, only if they make for rich, intense, growing, creative experience. Morality must be a means, not an end."

Dr. Alfred Adler: *psychiatrist* — "We must interpret a bad temper as the sign of an inferiority complex."

Sir Ronald Lindsay: *British Ambassador to the United States, speaking by radio to New Zealand* — "I am speaking in the very middle of the night, and I believe you are listening in the afternoon, but nobody has told me whether you are listening in the afternoon of yesterday or of tomorrow."

Hubert P. ("Rudy") Vallee: *radio crooner* — "The secret of my success is that I really am looking for my Dream Girl."

Karel Capek: *author of "R.U.R.," creator of the word "robot"* — "I collect folk songs on the gramophone. I have quite a collection. I send for the catalogues and then I send for the records. Very interesting."

Sir Harry Lauder: *in his 48th season as a singing comedian* — "Some of the places are dry, and some are wet, but the difference is that in the dry territory they get it in barrels and in the wet territory they get it in pints."

Mahatma Gandhi: *Nationalist leader of India, on the English as rulers* — "The English have pandered to and accentuated our vices."

Llewelyn Williams: *leader of a Field Museum Expedition to Peru, concerning Peruvian Indian Surgery* — "In the case of a wound, a certain ant which has very powerful jaws is sought, and the ant is made to bite the severed edges of the skin and thus bring them into juxtaposition. After the ant surgeon has drawn the skin closed with its jaws, its body is snipped off, and the lifeless head remains with its death grip on the skin until the wound is healed."

Col. Isham Randolph: *President, Chicago Association of Commerce* — "Each of the gang killings has been a benefit to us in ridding us of one more undesirable citizen."

James J. ("Gene") Tunney: *retired heavyweight champion of the world, to reporters* — "I don't know whether or not I should talk to such ungentlemanly fellows as you. . . . Really nice people instinctively steer clear of you."

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DR. FRANCIS G. BENEDICT:
of the Carnegie Institute

"One oyster cracker or one-half of a salted peanut provides the calories needed for an hour of mental effort."

HENRY L. STIMSON:
Secretary of State

"Some negotiations have to be discussed man to man, in private, and to attempt to discuss them in public would be like trying to stalk a wary bull moose in the woods of Maine with the Marine Band following behind playing 'Yankee Doodle.'"

CARL SANDBURG:
Poet

"Poetry is the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits."

LEON TROTSKY:
of Russia

"Hoover recently explained his passion for fishing by pointing out the democratic nature of the pastime. If this be so—although I doubt it—it is at all events one of the few survivals of democracy still existing in the United States."

M. PAUL CLAUDEL:
ambassador and poet of France

"Most statesmen have long noses. But I suppose that is very lucky, because most of them cannot see further than the length of them, so that a statesman with a short nose is handicapped by nature."

SAM LEVY:
of New Haven, Conn., was born in Italy of Italian parents. He told the census enumerator how he came to have the name of Levy—

"When I come to this country I want a good American name, so I had my friend look up in a directory, and there was a lot of Levys, so I take the name."

DR. OTTO MELLE:
head of the anti-alcohol forces in Germany

"Germany will never tolerate Prohibition. The example of the United States has been a detriment to temperance throughout the world."

THE "CHICAGO DAILY NEWS":
is at least frank about it

"Let other navies tag their ships with such awe-inspiring cognomens as *Dauntless, Scorpion,* and *Terror.* The U. S. Navy simply christens its newest cruiser *Chicago* and lets it go at that."

ARTHUR BRISBANE:
Editor

"There is plenty of money in the country, the difficulty is to get it."

BARON DE MEYER:
International style expert, and widely-known fashion writer

"An old suit, a battered hat, a perfect tie, and a good collar—that's what makes a well-dressed man."

BRENDA UELAND:
writer

"Slang can make a complete bore out of a very bright person."

MRS. DWIGHT MORROW:
wife of the Ambassador to Mexico

"I tried to go down the bay on the *Macom* to meet him but they told me I'd have to climb a rope-ladder to get aboard the *Leviathan.* I told them that I would not climb a rope-ladder with a motion picture camera behind me—that if there was anything that would get votes for my husband, it was not that."

ARTHUR T. WALDEN:
of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition

"This was my first trip like that, and it's going to be my last. For twenty-two months there was nothing to do but play bridge and sleep."

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT:
Governor of New York, does not believe that anyone should adopt politics as a "career"

"A strictly political career should presuppose some kind of profession or business in private life to fall back upon. Those who run for public office should not be deterred by the possibility of losing an election or by the possibility that, if elected and later retired to private life, they will have nothing to fall back upon."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS:
movie star

"I find in talkies I can't be active on my feet and talk at the same time."

FRANK SIMONDS:
in the Review of Reviews

"If by 1936 the 'unthinkable' war should arrive, everyone of the great naval powers would bless the London Conference for getting navies into shape."

WILL ROGERS:
actor, author and friend of the great, in the American Magazine

"American-made (so-called) liquor has grown and grown until now we proudly boast of it as our fifth largest industry. Automatic pistols are first, burglar tools second, stolen automobiles third, hot dogs fourth, American-made (so-called) liquor fifth, coffins for gunmen sixth, cigarettes seventh, English lectures eighth, and nose powder ninth."

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By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Lobo

The true story of the last great battles of the wolf king of the Currumpaw

CURRUMPAW IS A VAST cattle range in northern New Mexico. It is a land of rich pastures and teeming flocks and herds, a land of rolling mesas and precious running waters that at length unite in the Currumpaw River, from which the whole region is named. And the king whose despotic power was felt over its entire extent was an old gray wolf.

Old Lobo, or the king, as the Mexicans called him, was the gigantic leader of a remarkable pack of gray wolves, that had ravaged the Currumpaw Valley for a number of years. All the shepherds and ranchmen knew him well, and whenever he appeared with his trusty band terror reigned supreme among the cattle, and wrath and despair among their owners. Old Lobo was a giant among wolves, and was cunning and strong in proportion to his size. His voice at night was well-known and easily distinguished from that of any of his fellows. An ordinary wolf might howl half the night about the herdsman's bivouac without attracting more than a passing notice, but when the deep roar of the old king came booming down the cañon, the watcher bestirred himself and prepared to learn in the morning that fresh and serious inroads had been made among the herds.

Old Lobo's band was but a small one. This I never quite understood, for usually when a wolf rises to the position and power that he had he attracts a numerous following. It may be that he had as many as he desired, or perhaps his ferocious temper prevented the increase of his pack. Certain is it that Lobo had only five followers during the latter part of his reign. Each of these, however, was a wolf of renown, most of them were above the ordinary size, one in particular, the second in command, was a veritable giant, but even he was far below the leader in size and prowess. Several of the band, besides the two leaders, were especially noted. One of those was a beautiful white wolf that the Mexicans called Blanca; this was supposed to be a female, possibly Lobo's mate. Another was a yellow wolf of remarkable swiftness, which, according to current stories had, on several occasions, captured an antelope for the pack.

It will be seen, then, that these wolves were thoroughly well-known to the cowboys and shepherds. They were frequently seen and oftener heard, and their lives were intimately associated with those of the cattlemen, who would so gladly have destroyed them. There was not a stockman on the Currumpaw who would not readily have given the value of many steers for the scalp of any one of Lobo's band, but they

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Drawings
by Ernest
Thompson Seton

seemed to possess charmed lives and defied all manner of devices to kill them. They scorned all hunters, derided all poisons, and continued, for at least five years, to exact their tribute from the Currumpaw ranchers to the extent, many said, of a cow each day. According to this estimate, therefore, the band had killed more than two thousand of the finest stock, for, as was only too well-known, they selected the best in every instance.

The old idea that a wolf was constantly in a starving state, and therefore ready to eat anything, was as far as possible from the truth in this case, for these freebooters were always sleek and well-conditioned, and were in fact most fastidious about what they ate. Any animal that had died from natural causes, or that was diseased or tainted, they would not touch, and they even rejected anything that had been killed by the stockmen. Their choice and daily food was the tenderer part of a freshly killed yearling heifer. An old bull or cow they disdained, and though they occasionally took a young calf or colt, it was quite clear that veal or horseflesh was not their favorite diet. It was also known that they were not fond of mutton, although they often amused themselves by killing sheep. One night in November, 1893, Blanca and the yellow wolf killed two hundred and fifty sheep, apparently for the fun of it, and did not eat an ounce of their flesh.

These are examples of many stories which I might repeat to show the ravages of this destructive band. Many new devices for their extinction were tried each year, but still they lived and throve in spite of all the efforts of their foes. A great price was set on Lobo's head, and in consequence poison in a score of subtle forms was put out for him, but he never failed to detect and avoid it. One thing only he feared—that was

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firearms, and knowing full well that all men in this region carried them he never was known to attack or face a human being. Indeed, the set policy of his band was to take refuge in flight whenever, in the daytime, a man was descried, no matter at what distance. Lobo's habit of permitting the pack to eat only that which they themselves had killed was in numerous cases their salvation, and the keenness of his scent to detect the taint of human hands or the poison itself completed their immunity.

On one occasion one of the cowboys heard the too familiar rallying-cry of Old Lobo, and stealthily approaching he found the Currumpaw pack in a hollow, where they had "rounded up" a small herd of cattle. Lobo sat apart on a knoll, while Blanca with the rest was endeavoring to "cut out" a young cow, which they had selected; but the cattle were standing in a compact mass with their heads outward, and presented to the foe a line of horns, unbroken save when some cow, frightened by a fresh onset of the wolves, tried to retreat into the middle of the herd. It was only by taking advantage of these breaks that the wolves had succeeded at all in wounding the selected cow, but she was far from being disabled, and it seemed that Lobo at length lost patience with his followers, for he left his position on the hill and, uttering a deep roar, dashed toward the herd. The terrified rank broke at his charge, and he sprang in among them. Then the cattle scattered like the pieces of a bursting bomb. Away went the chosen victim, but ere she had gone twenty-five yards Lobo was upon her. Seizing her by the neck he suddenly held back with all his force and so threw her heavily to the ground. The shock must have been tremendous, for the heifer was thrown heels over head. Lobo also turned a somersault, but immediately recovered himself, and his followers, falling on the poor cow, killed her in a few seconds. Lobo took no part in the killing—after having thrown the victim, he seemed to say, "Now, why could not some of you have done that at once without wasting so much time?"

The man now rode up shouting, the wolves as usual retired, and he, having a bottle of strychnine, quickly poisoned the carcass in three places, then went away, knowing they would return to feed, as they had killed the animal themselves. But next morning, on going to look for his expected victims, he found that, although the wolves had eaten the heifer, they had cut out and thrown aside all those parts that had been poisoned.

The dread of this great wolf spread yearly among the ranchmen, and each year a larger price was set on his head, until at last it reached $1000, an unparalleled wolf-bounty surely; many a good man has been hunted down for less. Tempted by the promised reward, a Texan Ranger named Tannerey came one day galloping up the cañon of the Currumpaw. He had a superb outfit for wolf-hunting—the best of guns and horses, and a pack of enormous wolf-hounds. Far out on the plains of the Panhandle he and his dogs had killed many a wolf, and now he never doubted that, within a few days, Old Lobo's scalp would dangle at his saddle-bow.

Away they went bravely on their hunt in the gray dawn of a summer morning, and soon the great dogs gave joyous tongue to say that they were already on the track of their quarry. Within two miles the grizzly band of Currumpaw leaped into view, and the chase grew fast and furious. The part of the wolfhounds was merely to hold the wolves at bay till the hunter could ride up and shoot them, and this usually was easy on the open plains of Texas; but here a new feature of the country came into play and showed how well Lobo had chosen his range; for the rocky cañons of the Currumpaw and its tributaries intersect the prairies in every direction. The old wolf at once made for the nearest of these and by crossing it got rid of the horsemen. His band then scattered and thereby scattered the dogs, and when they reunited at a distant point, of course all of the dogs did not turn up, and the wolves, no longer outnumbered, turned on their pursuers and killed or desperately wounded them all. That night when Tannerey mustered his dogs, only six of them returned, and of these, two were terribly lacerated. This hunter made two other attempts to capture the royal scalp, but neither of them was more successful than the first, and on the last occasion his best horse met its death by a fall; so he gave up the chase in disgust and went back to Texas, leaving Lobo more than ever the despot of the region.

Next year two other hunters appeared, determined to win the promised bounty. Each believed he could destroy this noted wolf, the first by means of a newly devised poison, which was to be laid out in an entirely new manner; the other a French-Canadian, by poison assisted with certain spells and charms, for he firmly believed that Lobo was a veritable *loup-garou*, and could not be killed by ordinary means. But cunningly

Ernest Thompson Seton writes:

THIS STORY *is true. Although I have left the strict line of historical truth in many places, the animals were all real characters. They lived the lives I have depicted, and showed the stamp of heroism and personality more strongly by far than it has been in the power of my pen to tell.*

I believe that natural history has lost much by the vague general treatment that is so common. What satisfaction would be derived from a ten-page sketch of the habits and customs of Man? How much more profitable it would be to devote that space to the life of some one great man. This is the principle I have endeavored to apply to my animals. The real personality of the individual, and his view of life are my theme, rather than the ways of the race in general, as viewed by a casual and hostile human eye.

Lobo lived his wild romantic life from 1889 to 1894 in the Currumpaw region, as the ranchmen know too well, and died, precisely as related, on January 31, 1894.

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compounded poisons, charms, and incantations were all of no avail against this grisly devastator. He made his weekly rounds and daily banquets as aforetime, and before many weeks had passed Calone and Laloche gave up in despair and went elsewhere to hunt.

In the spring of 1893, after his unsuccessful attempt to capture Lobo, Joe Calone had a humiliating experience which seems to show that the big wolf simply scorned his enemies, and had absolute confidence in himself. Calone's farm was on a small tributary of the Currumpaw, in a picturesque cañon, and among the rocks of this very cañon, within a thousand yards of the house, Old Lobo and his mate selected their den and raised their family that season. There they lived all summer and killed Joe's cattle, sheep, and dogs, but laughed at all his poisons and traps and rested securely among the recesses of the cavernous cliffs, while Joe vainly racked his brain for some method of smoking them out, or of reaching them with dynamite. But they escaped entirely unscathed, and continued their ravages as before. "There's where he lived all last summer," said Joe, pointing to the face of the cliff, "and I couldn't do a thing with him. I was like a fool to him."

Lobo's mate, Blanca, was the handsomest wolf I had ever seen with a perfect, white coat.

II

THIS HISTORY, gathered so far from the cowboys, I found hard to believe until, in the fall of 1893, I made the acquaintance of the wily marauder, and at length came to know him more thoroughly than anyone else. Some years before, in the Bingo days, I had been a wolf-hunter, but my occupations since then had been of another sort, chaining me to stool and desk. I was much in need of a change, and when a friend, who was also a ranch-owner on the Currumpaw, asked me to come to New Mexico and try if I could do anything with this predatory pack, I accepted the invitation and, eager to make the acquaintance of its king, was as soon as possible among the mesas of that region. I spent some time riding about to learn the country, and at intervals my guide would point to the skeleton of a cow to which the hide still adhered and remark, "That's some of his work."

It became quite clear to me that, in this rough country, it was useless to think of pursuing Lobo with hounds and horses, so that poison or traps were the only available expedients. At present we had no traps large enough, so I set to work with poison.

I need not enter into the details of a hundred devices that I employed to circumvent this *loup-garou;* there was no combination of strychnine, arsenic, cyanide, or prussic acid that I did not essay; there was no manner of flesh that I did not try as bait; but morning after morning, as I rode forth to learn the result, I found that all my efforts had been useless. The old king was too cunning for me. A single instance will show his wonderful sagacity. Acting on the hint of an old trapper, I melted some cheese together with the kidney fat of a freshly killed heifer, stewing it in a china dish, and cutting it with a bone knife to avoid the taint of metal. When the mixture was cool, I cut it into lumps, and making a hole in one side of each lump, I inserted a large dose of strychnine and cyanide, contained in a capsule that was impermeable by any odor; finally I sealed the holes up with pieces of the cheese itself. During the whole process, I wore a pair of gloves steeped in the hot blood of the heifer, and even avoided breathing on the baits. When all was ready, I put them in a rawhide bag rubbed all over with blood, and rode forth dragging the liver and kidneys of the beef at the end of a rope. With this I made a ten-mile circuit, dropping a bait at each quarter of a mile and taking the utmost care always not to touch any with my hands.

Lobo, generally, came into this part of the range in the early part of each week, and passed the latter part, it was supposed, around the base of Sierra Grande. This was Monday, and that same evening, as we were about to retire, I heard the deep bass howl of his majesty. On hearing it one of the boys briefly remarked, "There he is, we'll see."

The next morning I went forth, eager to know the result. I soon came on the fresh trail of the robbers, with Lobo in the lead—his track was always easily distinguishable. An ordinary wolf's forefoot is 4½ inches long, that of a large wolf 4¾ inches, but Lobo's, as measured a number of times, was 5½ inches from claw to heel; I afterward found that his other proportions were commensurate, for he stood three feet high at the shoulder, and weighed 150 pounds. His trail, therefore, though obscured by those of his followers, was never difficult to trace. The pack had soon found the track of my drag, and as usual followed it. I could see that Lobo had come to the first bait, sniffed about it, and finally had picked it up.

Then I could not conceal my delight. "I've got him at last," I exclaimed; "I shall find him stark within a mile," and I galloped on with eager eyes fixed on

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He cautiously scratched around until he had disclosed the trap.

the great broad track in the dust. It led me to the second bait and that also was gone. How I exulted—I surely have him now and perhaps several of his band. But there was the broad paw-mark still on the drag; and though I stood in the stirrup and scanned the plain I saw nothing that looked like a dead wolf. Again I followed—to find that the third bait was gone—and the king-wolf's track led on to the fourth, there to learn that he had not really taken a bait at all, but had merely carried them in his mouth. Then having piled the three on the fourth, he scattered filth over them to express his utter contempt for my devices. After this he left my drag and went about his business with the pack he guarded so effectively.

This is only one of many similar experiences which convinced me that poison would never avail to destroy this robber, and though I continued to use it while awaiting the arrival of the traps it was only because it was meanwhile a sure means of killing many prairie wolves and other destructive vermin.

ABOUT THIS TIME there came under my observation an incident that will show Lobo's diabolic cunning. These wolves had at least one pursuit which was merely an amusement, it was stampeding and killing sheep, though they rarely ate them. The sheep are usually kept in flocks of from one thousand to three thousand under one or more shepherds. At night they are gathered in the most sheltered place available, and a herdsman sleeps on each side of the flock to give additional protection. Sheep are such senseless creatures that they are liable to be stampeded by the veriest trifle, but they have deeply ingrained in their nature one, and perhaps only one, strong weakness, namely, to follow their leader. And this the shepherds turn to good account by putting half a dozen goats in the flock of sheep. The latter recognizes the superior intelligence of their bearded cousins, and when a night alarm occurs they crowd around them, and usually are thus saved from a stampede and are easily protected. But it was not always so. One night late in last November, two Perico shepherds were aroused by an onset of wolves. Their flocks huddled around the goats, which being neither fools nor cowards, stood their ground and were bravely defiant; but alas for them, no common wolf was heading this attack. Old Lobo, the werewolf, knew as well as the shepherds that the goats were the moral force of the flock, so hastily running over the backs of the densely packed sheep, he fell on these leaders, slew them all in a few minutes, and soon had the luckless sheep stampeding in a thousand different directions. For weeks afterward I was almost daily accosted by some anxious shepherd, who asked, "Have you seen any stray OTO sheep lately?" and usually I was obliged to say I had; one day it was, "Yes, I came on some five or six carcasses by Diamond Springs"; or another, it was to the effect that I had seen a small "bunch" running on the Malpai Mesa; or again, "No, but Juan Meira saw about twenty, freshly killed, on the Cedra Monte two days ago."

At length the wolf traps arrived, and with two men I worked a whole week to get them properly set out. We spared no labor or pains, I adopted every device I could think of that might help to insure success. The second day after the traps arrived I rode around to inspect, and soon came upon Lobo's trail running from trap to trap. In the dust I could read the whole story of his doings that night. He had trotted along in the darkness, and although the traps were so carefully concealed he had instantly detected the first one. Stopping the onward march of the pack he had cautiously scratched around it until he had disclosed the trap, the chain, and the log, then left them wholly exposed to view with the trap still unsprung, and passing on he treated over a dozen traps in the same fashion. Very soon I noticed that he stopped and turned aside as soon as he detected suspicious signs on the trail, and a new plan to outwit him at once suggested itself. I set the traps in the form of an H; that is, with a row of traps on each side of the trail, and one on the trail for the cross-bar of the H. Before long, I had an opportunity to count another failure. Lobo came trotting along the trail, and was fairly between the parallel lines before he detected the single trap in the trail, but he stopped in time, and why or how he knew enough I cannot tell, the angel of the wild things must have been with him, but without turning an inch to the right or left he slowly and cautiously backed on his own tracks, putting each paw exactly in its old track until he was off the dangerous ground. Then returning at one side he scratched clods and stones with his hind feet till he had sprung every trap. This he did on many other occasions, and although I varied my methods and

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redoubled my precautions, he was never deceived, his sagacity seemed never at fault, and he might have been pursuing his career of rapine today but for an unfortunate alliance that proved his ruin and added his name to the long list of heroes who, unassailable when alone, have fallen through the indiscretion of a trusted ally.

III

Once or twice I had found indications that everything was not quite right in the Currumpaw pack. There were signs of irregularity, I thought; for instance there was clearly the trail of a smaller wolf running ahead of the leader, at times, and this I could not understand until a cowboy made a remark which explained the matter.

"I saw them today," he said, "and the wild one that breaks away is Blanca." Then the truth dawned upon me, and I added, "Now I know that Blanca is a she-wolf, because were a he-wolf to act thus Lobo would kill him at once."

This suggested a new plan. I killed a heifer, and set one or two rather obvious traps about the carcass. Then cutting off the head, which is considered useless offal, and quite beneath the notice of a wolf, I set it a little apart and around it placed six powerful steel traps properly deodorized and concealed with the utmost care. During my operations I kept my hands, boots, and implements smeared with fresh blood, and afterward sprinkled the ground with the same, as though it had flowed from the head; and when the traps were buried in the dust I brushed the place over with the skin of a coyote, and with a foot of the same animal made a number of tracks over the traps. The head was so placed that there was a narrow passage between it and some tussocks, and in this passage I buried two of my best traps, fastening them to the head itself.

Wolves have a habit of approaching every carcass they get the wind of in order to examine it, even when they have no intention of eating of it, and I hoped that this habit would bring the Currumpaw pack within reach of my latest strategem. I did not doubt that Lobo would detect my handiwork about the meat, and prevent the pack approaching it, but I did build some hopes on the head, for it looked as though it had been thrown aside as useless.

Next morning, I sallied forth to inspect the traps, and there, oh joy! were the tracks of the pack, and the place where the beef-head and its traps had been was empty. A hasty study of the trail showed that Lobo had kept the pack from approaching the meat, but one, a small wolf, had evidently gone on to examine the head as it lay apart and had walked right into one of the traps.

We set out on the trail, and within a mile discovered that the hapless wolf was Blanca. Away she went, however, at a gallop, and although encumbered by the beef-head, which weighed over fifty pounds, she speedily distanced my companion who was on foot. But we overtook her when she reached the rocks, for the horns of the cow's head became caught and held her fast. She was the handsomest wolf I had ever seen. Her coat was in perfect condition and nearly white.

She turned to fight, and raising her voice in the rallying cry of her race, sent a long howl rolling over the cañon. From far away upon the mesa came a deep response, the cry of Old Lobo. That was her last call, for now we had closed in on her, and all her energy and breath were devoted to combat.

Then followed the inevitable tragedy, the idea of which I shrank from afterward more than at the time. We each threw a lasso over the neck of the doomed wolf, and strained our horses in opposite directions until the blood burst from her mouth, her eyes glazed, her limbs stiffened and then fell limp. Homeward then we rode, carrying the dead wolf and exulting over this, the first death-blow we had been able to inflict on the Currumpaw pack.

At intervals during the tragedy, and afterward as we rode homeward, we heard the roar of Lobo as he wandered about on the distant mesas, where he seemed to be searching for Blanca. He had never really deserted her, but knowing that he could not save her, his deep-rooted dread of firearms had been too much for him when he saw us approaching. All that day we heard him wailing as he roamed in his quest, and I remarked at length to one of the boys, "Now, indeed, I truly know that Blanca was his mate."

As evening fell he seemed to be coming toward the home cañon, for his voice sounded continually nearer. There was an unmistakable note of sorrow in it now. It was no longer the loud, defiant howl, but a long, plaintive wail; "Blanca! Blanca!" he seemed to call. And as night came down, I noticed that he was not far from the place where we had overtaken her. At length he seemed to find the trail, and when he came

Ernest Thompson Seton, *who has done more perhaps than any man living to foster love for the American out-of-doors, was born seventy years ago at South Shields, Durham, England. He first came to America to do zoological work in Manitoba, Canada, and soon became government naturalist of the province.*

Like many another author, he is an artist as well. For several years he studied in Paris, and two or three of his wolf paintings were hung in the Salon. Then he began to write stories about the animals and the wilds he knew so well. Wild Animals I Have Known, *illustrated by himself, first appeared in 1898, under his English name, later changed, of Seton-Thompson. It has since been an intimate part of every American boy's life.*

These are true stories, but they are told with the dramatic skill of all ageless fiction, and the story of the gray wolf Lobo, King of the Currumpaw, *is the best of these.*

In 1902 he founded the Woodcraft League, in many ways father of all present Boy Scout organizations.

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to the spot where we had killed her, his heart-broken wailing was piteous to hear. It was sadder than I could possibly have believed. Even the stolid cowboys noticed it, and said they had "never heard a wolf carry on like that before." He seemed to know exactly what had taken place, for her blood had stained the place of her death.

Then he took up the trail of the horses and followed it to the ranch-house. Whether in hopes of finding her there, or in quest of revenge, I know not, but the latter was what he found, for he surprised our unfortunate watchdog outside and tore him to little bits within fifty yards of the door. He evidently came alone this time, for I found but one trail next morning, and he had galloped about in a reckless manner that was very unusual with him. I had half expected this and had set a number of additional traps about the pasture. Afterward I found that he had indeed fallen into one of these, but such was his strength he had torn himself loose and cast it aside.

I believed that he would continue in the neighborhood until he found her body at least, so I concentrated all my energies on this one enterprise of catching him before he left the region, and while yet in this reckless mood. Then I realized what a mistake I had made in killing Blanca, for by using her as a decoy I might have secured him the next night.

I gathered in all the traps I could command, one hundred and thirty strong steel wolf-traps, and set them in fours in every trail that led into the cañon; each trap was separately fastened to a log, and each log was separately buried. In burying them I carefully removed the sod and every particle of earth that was lifted we put in blankets, so that after the sod was replaced and all was finished, the eye could detect no trace of human handiwork. When the traps were concealed I trailed the body of poor Blanca over each place, and made of it a drag that circled all about the ranch, and finally I took off one of her paws and made with it a line of tracks over each trap. Every precaution and device known to me I used, and retired at a late hour to await the result.

ONCE DURING the night I thought I heard Old Lobo, but was not sure. Next day I rode around, but darkness came on before I completed the circuit of the north cañon, and I had nothing to report. At supper one of the cowboys said, "There was a great row among the cattle in the north cañon this morning, maybe there is something in the traps there." It was afternoon of the next day before I got to the place referred to, and as I drew near, a great grisly form arose from the ground, vainly endeavoring to escape, and there revealed before me stood Lobo, King of the Currumpaw, firmly held in the traps. Poor old hero, he had never ceased to search for his darling, and when he found the trail her body had made he followed it recklessly, and so fell into the snare prepared for him. There he lay in the iron grasp of all four traps, perfectly helpless, and all around him were numerous tracks showing how the cattle had gathered about him to insult the fallen despot, without daring to approach within his reach. For two days and two nights he had lain there, and now was worn out with struggling. Yet, when I went near him, he rose up with bristling mane and raised his voice, and for the last time made the cañon reverberate with his deep bass roar, a call for help, the muster call of his band. But there was none to answer him, and, left alone in his extremity, he whirled about with all his strength and made a desperate effort to get at me. All in vain. Each trap was a dead drag of over three hundred pounds, and in their relentless fourfold grasp, with great steel jaws on every foot, and the heavy logs and chains all entangled together, he was absolutely powerless. How his huge ivory tusks did grind on those cruel chains, and when I ventured to touch him with my rifle-barrel he left grooves on it which are there to this day. His eyes glared green with hate and fury, and his jaws snapped with a hollow "chop," as he vainly endeavored to reach me and my trembling horse. But he was worn out with hunger and struggling and loss of blood, and he soon sank exhausted to the ground.

Something like compunction came over me, as I prepared to deal out to him that which so many had suffered at his hands.

"Grand old outlaw, hero of a thousand lawless raids, in a few minutes you will be but a great load of carrion. It cannot be otherwise." Then I swung my lasso and sent it whistling over his head. But not so fast; he was yet far from being subdued, and, before the supple coils had fallen on his neck he seized the noose and, with one fierce chop, cut through its hard thick strands, and dropped it in two pieces at his feet.

Of course I had my rifle as a last resource, but I did not wish to spoil his royal hide, so I galloped back to the camp and returned with a cowboy and a fresh lasso. We threw to our victim a stick of wood which he seized in his teeth, and before he could relinquish it our lassos whistled through the air and tightened on his neck.

Yet before the light had died from his fierce eyes, I cried, "Stay, we will not kill him; let us take him alive to the camp." He was so completely powerless now that it was easy to put a stout stick through his mouth, behind his tusks, and then lash his jaws with a heavy cord which was also fastened to the stick. The stick kept the cord in, and the cord kept the stick in, so he was harmless. As soon as he felt his jaws were tied he made no further resistance and uttered no sound, but looked calmly at us and seemed to say, "Well, you have got me at last, do as you please with me." And from that time he took no more notice of us.

We tied his feet securely, but he never groaned, nor growled, nor turned his head. Then with our united strength we were just able to put him on my horse. His breath came evenly as though sleeping, and his eyes were bright and clear again, but did not rest on us. Afar on the great rolling mesas they were fixed, his passing kingdom, where his famous band was now scattered. And he gazed till the pony descended the pathway into the cañon, and the rocks cut off the view.

By traveling slowly we reached the ranch in safety, and after securing him with a collar and a strong chain, we staked him out in the pasture and removed

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the cords. Then for the first time I could examine him closely, and proved how unreliable is vulgar report when a living hero or tyrant is concerned. He had *not* a collar of gold about his neck, nor was there on his shoulders an inverted cross to denote that he had leagued himself with Satan. But I did find on one haunch a great broad scar that tradition says was the fang-mark of Juno, the leader of Tannerey's wolf-hounds—a mark which she gave him the moment before he stretched her lifeless on the sand of the cañon.

I set meat and water beside him, but he paid no heed. He lay calmly on his breast, and gazed with those steadfast yellow eyes away past me down through the gateway of the cañon, over the open plains—his plains—nor moved a muscle when I touched him. When the sun went down he was still gazing fixedly across the prairie. I expected he would call up his band when night came, and prepared for them, but he had called once in his extremity and none had come; he would never call again.

A lion shorn of his strength, an eagle robbed of his freedom, or a dove bereft of his mate, all die, it is said, of a broken heart; and who will aver that this grim bandit could bear the three-fold brunt, heart-whole? This only I know, that when the morning dawned, he was lying there still in his position of calm repose, his body unwounded, but his spirit was gone—the old King-wolf was dead.

I took the chain from his neck, a cowboy helped me to carry him to the shed where lay the remains of Blanca, and as we laid him beside her the cattle-man exclaimed: "There, you *would* come to her, now you are together again."

◆

William Blake's 19th Century Proverbs

In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.

Drive your cart and your plough over the bones of the dead.

Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.

The busy bee has no time for sorrow.

The hours of Folly are measured by the clock, but of Wisdom no clock can measure.

The most sublime act is to set another before you.

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.

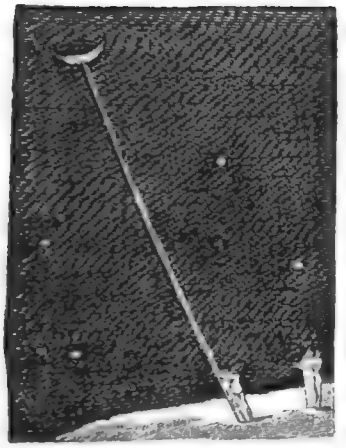
What is now proved was once only imagined.

One thought fills immensity.

Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid you.

The eagle never lost so much time as when he submitted to learn of the crow.

You never know what is enough, unless you know what is more than enough.



William Blake

If others had not been foolish we should be so.

One law for the lion and ox is oppression.

To create a little flower is the labor of ages.

Damn braces. Bless relaxes.

When thou seest an eagle thou seest a portion of genius: lift up thy head!

The crow wished everything was black, the owl that everything was white.

Improvement makes straight roads but the crooked roads without improvement are roads of genius.

He who has suffered you to impose on him knows you.

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The Reginald Dalrymples solve the marriage question

Mock

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Dalrymple were walking along the highroad that leads from Iden to Wittersham across the Isle of Oxney. They were very particular about being given their full name of "Reginald" Dalrymple to distinguish them from Mr. and Mrs. Charley Dalrymple, who were in Northampton workhouse; from the Peter Dalrymple, who tramped in Wales; from the Stanley Dalrymples, who were in prison; and from Serena Dalrymple, who had put herself outside the pale of decent society on the roads by marrying a "nigger."

Mr. Reginald Dalrymple was about sixty-five years old and his back was bent. Otherwise he looked hale enough, and his face, at least as much as could be seen of it through a thatch of brown whiskers, was red as an autumn pear. He wore a frock coat, gray-flannel trousers, a pair of brown beach shoes with rather inadequate uppers, and a bowler hat.

Mrs. Reginald Dalrymple was about three years younger than her husband and inclined to stoutness, though she looked an able-bodied woman. She wore a very handsome cape trimmed with jet, a woolen muffler that might have been gray, but to which she referred as "me white scarf," and a man's cap set at a rakish angle. She wheeled a perambulator, which did not, however, contain a baby, but the Reginald Dalrymples' luggage—indeed, it may be said, their complete household equipment, which at a first glance would appear to consist entirely of old rags. However, a more sympathetic inspection would reveal a really excellent kettle (the leak was only just below the spout), a suspicious-looking rug, an assortment of cups, a tin plate, a screw driver, an ancient copy of *Tit-Bits*, a photograph of a robust young woman with a hat full of feathers, and another photograph of a sailor.

"I'm beginning to feel me feet," said Mrs. Reginald Dalrymple to her husband.

"And I'm thinking it's coming on to rain," said he, with a look up at the lowering sky.

It was autumn, and the red leaves were shaking against soft clouds of October gray which the wind brought down from Benenden in the west.

"Where's our next chance of a doss?" asked Mrs. Dalrymple.

"There's the Throws up at Potman's Heath," replied her husband, "but I reckon they'll be —— damp tonight."

"Reg! Don't use such words," said Mrs. Dalrymple, with dignity. "You forget my mother was a Stanley."

"I'm never likely to forget it, the way you goes on about it. Anyone ud think she'd been Queen Victoria on her throne, to hear you talk! But what I say is, it's coming on to rain and there ain't no union within fifteen miles. Besides, you're feeling your feet," he added kindly.

"I've walked twelve miles since dinner, Reg," said

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By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

b e g g a r

Drawings by
August Henkel

Mrs. Dalrymple, drooping, with a little plaintive sigh.

"Hook on, then," said he, extending a ragged elbow.

She hooked, and for some moments they walked in silence. Then he said:

"It'll be awkward for you pushing the pram with one hand," and took it from her—though Mr. Reginald Dalrymple had often boasted that he had never come down to wheeling a perambulator, and never would.

"I've been thinking," said she, a few minutes later, by which time the rain was spattering freely in the dust—"I've been thinking we must have come near that mockbeggar place by the Stocks. The house was standing there five year ago when we was on the roads with Sue and her lot, and if it hasn't tumbled down since, there's one good room in it, anyway, with the ceiling tight, and there's water in the well at the bottom of the yard."

Mr. Dalrymple reflected. "You're right, Hannah! —I believe you're right this once. We should be coming to that mockbeggar in half an hour. It'll be raining the —— skies down by that time, so we might go in and light a fire and not trouble about getting farther tonight. It's a good way from the nearest place and we're not like to be meddled with."

Mrs. Dalrymple was feeling her feet more and more, in spite of the supporting elbow and the removal of the pram. She was also beginning to get wet, though this did not worry her, being of custom. She was far more preoccupied with the thought that she could not walk a twelve-mile stretch without getting tired—and she'd been able to walk twice that as a girl, when she and Reginald had tramped all round the country by Chichester. She had had the children then, as well—one slung at her breast and the other hanging on her skirt when his dad did not carry him. She was glad when she saw three sharp gables suddenly draw themselves against the sky, which sagged low over the fields, squirting rain.

"That's it," she said; "that's the mockbeggar. I knew it was somewhere in these parts, though we haven't been here since Sue was on the roads with her man. D'you remember that time we dossed under the stack at Wassall?"

Mr. Dalrymple grunted. He was looking for a gap in the hedge, for it struck him that it would be best to go straight across the fields to shelter instead of walking round by the road. He soon found what he thought was a proper opening, and proceeded to enlarge it to meet the ample requirements of his wife by pushing the perambulator through. He then gallantly offered a hand to Mrs. Dalrymple and, after much gasping and effort and crackling of twigs, she was at his side in the paddock which belonged to the mockbeggar.

A "mockbeggar house" in Kent is any large-sized

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house which stands empty close to a high-road, and seems to mock the beggar who plods along, thinking he will find charity at those doors which, on his close arrival, are found to be either swinging on their hinges or barred on emptiness. The mockbeggar at Wittersham was an especially large house, which, owing to want of repairs, a poor landlord, and a defective water supply, had stood empty for some time. It was probably about fifty years old and was built in comfortable Victorian style, but neglect and the misty weather of the Isle of Oxney—that cone round which steam all the mists of the Rother levels and Shirley brooks—had eaten holes in its solid fabric of roof and wall and made its shelter doubtful even to the Reginald Dalrymples, to whom uncracked walls and fair slated roofs were only the occasional experience of the workhouse.

"A downstairs room ud be best," said Mrs. Reginald.

They went into one next the passage on the ground floor. It was full of dead leaves and bits of glass from a broken window, but there was a grate in it where a fire might possibly burn, and the rain was confined to a small pool under the window sill.

"You unpack here, Hannah, and I'll go and get some water for the kettle."

Mrs. Dalrymple extracted the kettle from the pram, carefully wrapped in a piece of newspaper, and while her husband went off, she proceeded to arrange her various belongings. The sinister-looking rug she put in the corner with a nice comfortable bit of sacking; that was the bedroom. The cups, the plate, and a broken knife she put on the remains of a shelf; that was the kitchen; while the two photographs she set proudly among the dust and cobwebs on the mantel-piece; that was the parlor. She was then, according to custom, going on to make herself comfortable by taking off her shoes, when she was startled by a noise overhead.

An empty house is full of noises, and Mrs. Dalrymple had a wide experience of empty houses. Mere scuttlings of rats or hootings of owls or rustlings of crickets or howlings of wind in chimneys could not alarm her, but this sound she knew at once was none of these. It was a footstep, a human footstep, which moved in the room overhead, and she held her breath to listen. The next minute she heard more and worse—the murmur coming to her through the boards was a human voice. She stuck her head out of the window (no need to open it first) and made a sign to Reginald, who was coming up the yard with the kettle. The sign urged both silence and attention, also haste. His response was immediate; they had often been together in these emergencies, demanding a quick stealth. He did not speak a word till he was back beside her in the room.

"It's people!" said Mrs. Dalrymple, in a hoarse whisper; "there's people here!"

"How d'you know? Where are they?"

"They're up above. I heard 'em talking. Listen!"

They both listened. The sounds in the upper room continued—voices and footsteps.

"There's two," said Mr. Dalrymple. "I can tell by the feet. Who can it be? It's road people like ourselves, most like; no one else ud ever come here."

"I wonder if it's anyone we know. It might be the Lovells—you know Lance and Aurelia Lovell are walking in Kent."

"I hope it ain't folk in the house after repairs," said Mr. Dalrymple, struck by a sudden thought. "You never know your luck, and some one may have bought the place."

"I hope it's not that stuckup Eleanor Ripley and her husband," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "We had enough of their airs when we met them at Maidstone. She's got saucers to all her cups."

"Well, I'd sooner it was her than gaujos," returned Mr. Dalrymple; "it ud never do for us to get found here, and it ud mean a-spoiling of the place for visitors."

"You go and have a look," suggested his wife. "Take off your shoes."

Mr. Dalrymple shuffled them off without undoing the laces, and left the room with extreme caution. His progress upstairs and along the passage was as silent as only his kind know how to make it.

Mrs. Dalrymple strained her ears, which were as quick as they were when she was seventeen. The voices continued, but she detected more than conversation—she thought she heard a sound of sobbing. Time went on. Reginald was evidently maneuvering with his usual discretion, for the flow of talk above remained uninterrupted. Indeed, so velvet-footed was he that he was back at her side before she expected him, and, old stager though she was, nearly made her jump.

"It's gaujos," he said in a low voice. "There's two of 'em, mighty queer . . ."

"How queer?"

"Oh, the girl's got short hair like a boy, and the boy he's soft-looking. They're only a boy and girl. Maybe we could scare 'em out."

"I don't want to scare them," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "The night ain't fit for a dog and I'd be sorry to turn 'em out in it. But if they ain't road people, what are they doing here?"

Sheila Fry.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH *is one of the handful of living English writers whose sound, sure fame ranks them with the grand names of the past. Best known for her interpretations of the Sussex countryside and its folk, she has deserted them in this story to tell, with quietly bubbling humor, about a lovable pair of tramps that might come from anywhere so long as it was the British Isles—and a modern young couple who are universal.*

In private life, Miss Kaye-Smith is Mrs. Theodore Penrose Fry. Since the publication of her first book in 1908 she has written a dozen or so novels, of which the best is perhaps Joanna Godden, *and a number of short stories that have the same charm and fineness of her longer work.*

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"They're quarreling," said Mr. Dalrymple—"quarreling and crying."

"I thought I heard crying."

"It's the girl's crying into a handkerchief. She's got a white handkerchief with a blue border."

"Are they gentry?"

"Fine gentry, I should say, by their clothes, but I don't think they're after repairs or taking the house or anything."

"What are they doing, then?"

"Sheltering from the rain, like us, and I don't think they've got much money, for they're talking a lot of words about the price of a ticket to London."

"Is that what the trouble's about?"

"No, I don't know as it is. I can't make out a lot of their foolish words, but it seems as either he wants to marry her and she won't, or else as they are married and she wants to get shut of him and he won't have it."

"I should think not!" said Mrs. Dalrymple. "I'm for sticking to your lawful certificated husband, and that's why I'd never go to the workhouse except just now and again for a rest. You know that Eleanor she says a woman should be able to get rid of her husband if she wants to, and take a new one, which you can't do in a workhouse, but I was always brought up to strict notions as to marriage. My mother was a married woman, and so is my daughter after me."

"Well, maybe they ain't married. I don't rightly know. They had too many words for me to be able to make out the lot of them. But hold your tongue, Hannah; they're coming down."

Steps sounded on the rickety stairs of the mockbeggar—unskilful, gaujo steps that made every stair creak.

Mrs. Dalrymple made a hasty movement as if to gather up her possessions and thrust them back under the rags in the perambulator, stirred, perhaps, by some dim instinct of far-off ancestors who must not let the stranger look upon their household gods.

Her husband laid hold of her arm. "Don't be scared; they're nothing—hardly cut their teeth yet!"

At the same moment a young man appeared in the doorway. He was tall and loosely knit, with a heavy coltishness about him, as of one not yet full grown. Behind him a girl's face stood out of the shadows, framed in a queer little stiff mane of cropped hair. Her eyes were bright and resolute, but at the same time frightened.

"Hullo!" said the youth, truculently, to Mr. Dalrymple. "What are you doing here?"

Mr. Dalrymple looked the aggressor up and down. "This place belongs to us as much as you."

"*More* than you," said Mrs. Dalrymple, "seeing as we're road people and you're house people who have no business here!"

"Well, I might ask what your business is."

"Our business is to have supper and a doss on a wet night, and if you keeps clear and don't come round talking foolishness we won't meddle with you, and there's room enough for the lot of us."

"It's all right, Bob," said the girl. "Let's go back." Her face was flushed, and her eyes were a little swollen under the straight line of her fringe.

Mrs. Dalrymple suddenly became professional.

"I'm not the one to interfere with a real lady and gentleman," she whined, putting on the manner which she kept for well-dressed strangers. "I'm sure you're a real fine lady and gentleman, and if the lady will only cross my hand with silver I'll tell her some gorgeous things about herself, and maybe about the gentleman, too. I can see a lot of money coming to you, lady—even more than the price of a ticket to London!"

The girl darted a surprised look at her companion.

"COME, LADY," wheedled Mrs. Dalrymple, "I'll tell you a high-class tale about husbands."

The girl turned away with a heightening of her flush. "I can't bear this nonsense," she said in a low voice to the young man. "These people needn't interfere with us nor we with them. Let's go upstairs."

The youth looked sulky. "It's all very well," he said, "but they've got the only decent room; the rain's coming through all the ceilings above."

"You should have put your traps in here," said Mr. Dalrymple, "then we should have kept out of it; but as we're here we mean to stick. My old woman's wet through, and she's going to have a dry doss, I'm blowed if she ain't."

"Oh, well, come on," said the young man. "It may clear up before night, and then we'll start again."

He turned away, following the girl upstairs, and the Reginald Dalrymples were left in peace.

"There's queer things you meets on the roads," said Mrs. Dalrymple, "and it isn't so much the people you meet as the places where you meets 'em. Now what are those two doing here? I'm beat."

"You're curious," retorted Mr. Dalrymple, "fair eat up with curiosity, because you're a woman. Now I don't think twice about 'em as long as they leaves me alone, and nor won't you, Hannah, if you've got sense. Here, let's have a fire and get ourselves dry."

He turned to the all-providing pram and from its depths drew forth its last treasures—some blocks of wood and a bundle of sticks. The Dalrymples always carried a supply of dry firewood about with them, for they were getting old and considered themselves entitled to a certain amount of luxury in their old age.

A fire was soon lit and the kettle put on to boil; once it was blazing, the addition of a few damp sticks gathered outside no longer mattered. The room grew warm and Mrs. Dalrymple's clothes began to steam. Her husband took off his coat and put it over her shoulders.

"There you are, Hannah," he said. "I don't want it. This weather makes me sweat, but you've got to take care of your bones."

They made tea, which they drank in great comfort, with half a stale loaf and a lump of lard. Outside, the rain was hissing down, while the wind howled in the chimney.

"It'll be wet upstairs," said Mrs. Dalrymple, pleasantly.

The fire was beginning to die down, and Mr. Dalrymple did not fancy going outside in the rain and the cold to make a search for more sticks.

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"I'll go and have a look at the banisters," he said, "and maybe there's a bit of a cupboard door."

The banisters looked satisfactory as fuel, and he was in the act of wrenching a couple of them out when he saw the young man on the staircase above him.

"Hi!" said the latter dejectedly, "we're half flooded out upstairs. I was going to suggest that we come in with you till it stops raining. We'll clear out as soon as the weather lets us."

"We're poor people," said Mr. Dalrymple—"Mrs. Reginald Dalrymple and I are poor people, and we can't afford to take lodgers at our fire without a bit of silver."

"We aren't asking you to take us as lodgers, damn it! I'm just asking you to let the young lady come and sit in a dry place. It's what you wouldn't refuse a dog."

"I would certainly refuse a dog," returned Mr. Dalrymple with dignity. "My wife and I never allows no dogs to sit with us, it being well known as dogs have fleas, and my wife being a lady as'll have nothing to do with fleas!"

The young man surveyed Mr. Dalrymple as if he himself belonged to that species.

"Well, if you want money," he said, "I suppose you must have it. Will a shilling do you?"

"A shilling will do me very well," said Mr. Dalrymple loftily, "and it includes the fire. We have a very excellent fire!"

"So I gather," said the young man as he coughed in the smoke that was eddying upstairs.

But even the Dalrymple quarters, full of smoke and the smell of ancient rags, were better than the leaking, dripping rooms where he and Meave Anstey had been struggling in vain to keep warm and dry. Meave was shivering now, and her face was no longer flushed, but blue, as she sat down gingerly beside Mrs. Dalrymple's fire.

"Cross my hand with silver, lady," said that good woman, returning unabashed to the attack, "and I'll tell you the prettiest fortune that ever was spoke."

"I don't want your lies," said the girl angrily with a sudden gulp.

"Lies, lady! I never tells lies! May I be struck dead if I does."

"My wife is well known as a truth-telling woman," said Mr. Dalrymple, "and I'll thank you not to miscall her!"

For some reason Meave felt rebuked, though she believed neither of them.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Well, you may tell my fortune if you like, but I've only got sixpence."

"Thank you, lady. Thank you kindly, lady. Sixpence will buy me a packet of tea at the next village, lady. And I'll drink your very good health in it, for I never drinks nothing stronger than tea, which is well known."

Meave held out a soft, artistic-looking hand, which was by this time more than a little grimy.

"I likes dirt on the hand," remarked Mrs. Dalrymple; "it helps me to see the lines better. Now what I see is this: I see a railway line, with a train on it going to London, and you and a gentleman are in that train, and when you get to London I sees a church, and a priest, and a great crowd of people, and rice, and slippers. I see all that, and you in the middle of it, beautiful as an angel, and beside you a tall, handsome young gentleman with light hair and brown eyes."

The girl angrily pulled her hand away. "Don't talk such nonsense, please! I can't stand it."

"You don't want to get married?"

"No, I don't. As if I'd—rice! . . . Slippers! . . . White veil . . .!" The scorn grew in her voice.

"There's a wedding cake," encouraged Mrs. Dalrymple, "with sugar all over it!"

"I don't want to hear any more. Look here, you're a fortune teller, aren't you? I suppose I'm the first girl you've ever met who hasn't wanted to hear about marriage?"

"You would be the first if I believed you," said Mrs. Dalrymple, who had dropped her company manner in the familiarity of the scene.

"Well, you can believe it. I don't want to get married—I don't believe in marriage," and she threw a defiant glance not at Mrs. Dalrymple but at the young man.

"But a girl can't never live by herself. It ain't natural."

"And it ain't safe," said Mr. Dalrymple. "I've known more than one time when my wife here might have got copped if it hadn't been for having me handy to show her the right trick."

"I don't mean to be alone," said the girl. "I don't believe in that, either. What I hate is the hypocrisy and the slavery of marriage." Her voice rose and warmed; she became a little lecturer. "It's the idea of losing my freedom which I can't bear. If women hadn't been slaves for centuries none of them could bear it. When I choose my mate we shall both of us be free—free to love and free to part. There shall be no keeping of the outer husk when the kernel has rotted!"

Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple stared silently with their mouths open, and the young man looked uneasy.

"You see me and my friend here, now," continued Meave, "and even you, a woman outside the ordinary conventions of society, immediately form the idea that we're going to be married. I tell you you're utterly wrong. If we were going to be married we shouldn't be running away; we should be sitting at home, unpacking wedding presents. We are going to join our lives together, but in freedom, not in bondage. We shall be free to part whenever we choose, free to work, free to go our own ways. . . ." She had almost forgotten that she had not got her debating society before her.

"Well," said Mrs. Dalrymple, "I don't want to part and I don't want to work and I don't want to go any different ways from Mr. Dalrymple, so I can't see the sense of what you're saying. Mr. Dalrymple and me has been married close on forty years, and we've got a daughter Sue who's been married twenty years to a fine feller in the osier trade. She has a caravan with brass rods on the door and lace curtains in the windows, and five of the dearest little children you could think of; leastways, the eldest's nearly grown up now. And we've got a son Jerome who's a sailor and has had two wives one after the other.

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"I'll tell you a high-class tale about husbands."

The wife he's got now lives in a house and has a china tea service. We're proud of our children, but they've gone away from us now and I don't know what we'd do if we hadn't got each other."

"She's uncommon set on her children," said Mr. Dalrymple. "That's their likenesses up there on the shelf, what we carries about with us everywhere. My daughter Sue ud have us stay with her, and once we went and stopped with my son and daughter at Portsmouth and slept in a bed. But we'd just as soon be along of each other here."

"Reckon you wants your husband more when you're old than when you're young," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "I'm getting too old to do most of the things I used, and I don't know what I'd do if it wasn't for Mr. Dalrymple, who does them for me. Our idea is to keep on the roads till we're old enough to go into the married quarters at the workhouse. It ud break our hearts if we was to be separated after all this time. . . . I don't hold with being parted from your certificated husband."

"You gets used to each other like," said Mr. Dalrymple. "If I was to go on the roads with anyone else I'd be so bothered and vexed I shouldn't know what to do."

"If I was ever to see you on the roads with anyone else . . ." said Mrs. Dalrymple, menacingly.

"Not likely, old lady," said he, pushing her cap over one eye in playful affection.

"Now, now," said she, "none of your larks." But she looked pleased and a little proud of him.

The rain had become a storm, with a rush of wind in the chimneys of the mockbeggar. Dead leaves flew rustling round the yard, and the pool under the window was a little lake. But beside the fire it was warm and dry, though the smoke, as it eddied and waved under the low ceiling, made Meave choke a little, and strange tears come into her eyes—of course that was the smoke. She felt proud and happy. She had broken free at last . . . and she was saving Bob, who otherwise would have become a slave, having all the instincts of one. . . .

"Ooo—ooo . . . yah!" A loud yawn from Mr. Dalrymple made her start. "I'm —— sleepy," he added, conversationally.

"Now don't you start using words again," said his wife. "I'm not accustomed to them, being a Stanley, and I reckon the young lady ain't, either, for all her uncertificated ideas. If you wants to go to sleep—go."

"I'm going," said Mr. Dalrymple.

"Then take back your coat. I've dried under it nicely."

"I don't want any coat. I'm warm as a bug."

"You want it, and you'll take it. Here now."

An amiable tussle followed, which ended in Mr. Dalrymple putting on his coat, while his wife had the piece of sacking in addition to her share of the rug. They took no more notice of Meave Anstey and Bob Pettigrew, but were soon asleep, with the queer, stiff, silent sleep of animals who rest among foes.

"Rum old pair," said Bob, under his breath. "I'm sorry you've been let in for this, Meave, but it's better

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than being swamped upstairs."

"Oh, they're all right! I rather like them, though of course they're frauds. They're decent to each other, which is odd. I rather thought that type of man always bullied his wife."

"Men aren't quite such rotters as you think—even tramps."

He spoke irritably, for the sordid side of the adventure was unpleasantly obvious on this night of wind and rain without, and stuffiness and teasing smoke within. To his surprise, she did not take up his challenge. She sat watching the old couple as they lay huddled in the corner, a confused blot of rags and shadows.

"It's love that holds them together," she said, in her debating-society voice, hushed down to a whisper, "not the mere fact of marriage."

"I dunno," said he, truculently. "I don't believe they'd be together now if they weren't married—anyhow, not together like this."

"Why not? Why shouldn't lovers be faithful?"

"It's different, as I've told you a hundred times. Especially when you're old. I'd think nothing of it if they were young or middle-aged. But they're old, and there must have been lots of times when they were tired of loving and tired of life, and would never have gone on if they hadn't belonged to each other."

"That's just it—they were tied."

"And the tie kept them together over the bad places. It's like being roped on a climb; when one or another of them went down, there was always the rope, and as soon as they were on their legs again they didn't notice it. I believe people who aren't married—no matter how they love each other—somehow they're hardly ever in together at the finish. . . . You generally find that if the going's rough they drift apart. Why you, yourself, say you'd hate to belong to a man all your life; you want the one great Moment, and then not to spoil it by going on together. I think there's a good deal to be said for that, though, as I've told you dozens of times, I want to marry you."

HE LOOKED very young as he sat there beside her in the dying firelight. He was only a boy or he wouldn't have come with her—he wouldn't have let her force her adventure on him like that. He was very young—but he would grow old, like Mr. Dalrymple. That soft brown lick of hair on his forehead would be gray—his face a little worn, perhaps. Should she see it then, or would they have gone their separate ways? She wondered what he would look like when he was old—what he would be like—kind, protective, unselfish, like Mr. Dalrymple—a strong arm to lean on when she needed it most? . . . Growing old together . . . together not only at the start, but at the journey's end . . . but tied . . . as Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple were tied . . . by the memories of struggles and toils together, by adventures and hardships shared, by long years of companionship in wayfaring, by the love of their children. . . .

She bowed her head suddenly over her lap and tears fell into her hands.

"Meave—darling—what is it? Tell me."

His arm was round her, his cheek against hers.

"Bob . . . Bob . . . will you always love me—when we're old?"

"Of course I shall always love you."

"As much as that?" and she waved her hand toward the indefinite mass of Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple.

"I should hope so," with a little contempt.

"Then . . . Bob . . . let's go back."

"Go back where?"

"Home. I want us to get married."

"My little Meave! . . . But you said——"

"It's seeing them. They're so happy—they're so true. They're dirty, terrible, shameless old things, but they're happy, they've got something that we haven't got—that we can't ever have, unless we're married."

He had wisdom to be silent, hugging her without a word.

"Let's go back home. It's not ten o'clock yet, and we can tell mother we were caught in the rain and waited to see if it would stop. She need never know."

"And we'll get married?"

"Yes, though you know she'll make us go in for everything—bridesmaids and rice and church bells and all that."

"Never mind; it'll make Mrs. Dalrymple's fortune come true."

They both laughed a little.

"When shall we start?" he asked her.

"Oh, soon—now."

"But it's coming down in buckets."

"Never mind; we're only an hour from home. We haven't got to face all that walk into Rye and then the journey to London."

She shivered a little, and he drew her close in sudden, fierce protection.

"I shouldn't have let you come. I've been a fool about all this. I didn't believe in it, and yet I gave way because I was afraid of losing you. I should have had sense enough for both of us, and made you go my way instead of yours."

"Is that what you're going to do in future?"

"Yes—when you're a silly little thing."

She laughed, and their lips came together.

It was he who remembered the need for quick action.

"Come, we must be getting off, or we sha'n't be home till it's too late to explain. Are you ready?"

"Quite. I'm glad we didn't bring any luggage, except in our ulster pockets. It would have been difficult to explain why we'd gone for a walk with two suitcases."

They giggled light-heartedly, and went out on tiptoe.

They were off. But just as they were leaving the mockbeggar she remembered something that had been left undone.

"Bob, we ought to tell them. I want them to know."

"For Heaven's sake don't go back and wake them up! What d'you want them to know?"

"That we're going to be married."

"What on earth has that got to do with them?"

"Oh, nothing, of course . . . but I thought . . . Give me a leaf out of your pocketbook, there's a darling."

He gave it, and she scribbled on it, "We are going to be married," and, creeping back into the room, put

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it on the mantelpiece beside the pictures of the blowsy girl and the sailor.

"And look here," she added, "as we're not going to London, we might just leave the price of our tickets with them. It may help them a lot."

"They'll probably spend it on drink."

"Well, let them. I don't care. I can't bear to think of people without proper boots on their feet."

The firelight was playing reproachfully on the toe of Mr. Dalrymple's shoe.

"Nor can I. Well, here's the money. It'll be a surprise for them when they wake up."

He put it beside the paper on the mantelpiece, and they went out.

It was daylight when Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple woke. The storm had ceased.

"Hullo! They've gone," said he.

"Not taken any of our things with them, have they, Reg?" asked his wife, looking anxiously round.

"Not they. They're gentry. Gentry don't take poor people's things without a lawyer."

"You never know. Besides, they was queer gentry. All that talk about marriage . . . it was shocking. If I'd heard my Sue using such words I'd have——"

"Wot's this?"

Her husband had found the treasure on the mantelpiece.

"I'm blowed if they haven't left their money behind 'em! Ten bob if it's a tanner! Well, I'm blowed!"

"That's luck for us, anyway, if it ain't exactly luck for them."

"Oh, I reckon they done it on purpose. They'd never have put their dough just there by our Jack's likeness. It's Christian charity, that's what it is."

"I don't believe it's Christian charity—that ud be tuppence. Ten bob's nothing but an accident. Howsumever, it makes no difference to me what it is so long as it's there. I could do with a plate o' ham."

"A plate o' ham and a cup o' coffee, and a bottle o' whiskey to come along with us to Tonbridge."

"That's it. But look there, Reg—there's writing on the paper."

"So there is. Pity we ain't scollards."

"Maybe it's a word for us."

"That's what it is, I reckon."

She picked up the paper and inspected it solemnly, then passed it on to her husband, who did the same.

"Pity we never got no school learning, Reg."

"I've never felt the want."

"But I'd like to be able to read the word they've left us."

"That's because you're a woman and made of curiosity. I, being a man, says let's take the money and be thankful. And now, old lady, pack up your traps, for, thanks to this bit of luck, we'll have our breakfast at the Blue Boar."

◆

Biography for Beginners

By E. CLERIHEW and G. K. CHESTERTON

Drawings by G. K. Chesterton

The Art of Biography
Is different from Geography.
Geography is about Maps,
But Biography is about Chaps.

I do not extenuate Bunyan's
Intemperate use of onions
But if I knew a wicked ogress
I would lend her *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

The people of Spain think Cervantes
Equal to half-a-dozen Dantes:
An opinion resented most bitterly
By the people of Italy.

Sir Christopher Wren
Said, "I am going to dine with some men.
"If anybody calls
"Say I'm designing St. Paul's."

The Abbé Liszt
Hit the piano with his fist.
That was the way
He used to play.

That you have all heard of Hume
I tacitly assume;
But you didn't know, perhaps,
That his parents were Lapps.

Professor Dewar
Is a better man than *you* are
None of you asses
Can condense gases.

What I like about Clive
Is that he is no longer alive.
There is a great deal to be said
For being dead.

King Edward the Confessor
Slept under the dresser;
When that began to pall
He slept in the hall.

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Drawings by
James Daugherty

Back There *in the* Grass

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

IT WAS SPRING in the South Seas when, for the first time, I went ashore at Batengo, which is the Polynesian village, and the only one on the big grass island of the same name. There is a cable station just up the beach from the village, and a good-natured young chap named Graves had charge of it. He was an upstanding, clean-cut fellow, as the fact that he had been among the islands for three years without falling into any of their ways proved. The interior of the corrugated iron house in which he lived, for instance, was bachelor from A to Z. And if that wasn't a sufficient alibi, my pointer dog, Don, who dislikes anything Polynesian or Melanesian, took to him at once. And they established a romping friendship. He gave us lunch on the porch, and because he had not seen a white man for two months, or a liver-and-white dog for two years, he told us the entire story of his young life, with reminiscences of early childhood and plans for the future thrown in.

The future was very simple. There was a girl coming out to him from the States by the next steamer but one; the captain of that steamer would join them together in holy wedlock, and after that the Lord would provide.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you think I'm asking her to share a very lonely sort of life, but if you could imagine all the — the affection and gentleness, and thoughtfulness that I've got stored up to pour out at her feet for the rest of our lives, you wouldn't be a bit afraid for her happiness. If a man spends his whole time and imagination thinking up ways to make a girl happy and occupied, he can think up a whole lot. . . . I'd like ever so much to show her to you."

He led the way to his bedroom, and stood in silent rapture before a large photograph that leaned against the wall over his dressing-table.

She didn't look to me like the sort of girl a cable agent would happen to marry. She looked like a swell — the real thing — beautiful and simple and unaffected.

"Yes," he said, "isn't she?"

I hadn't spoken a word. Now I said:

"It's easy to see why you aren't lonely with that wonderful girl to look at. Is she really coming out by the next steamer but one? It's hard to believe because she's so much too good to be true."

"Yes," he said, "isn't she?"

"The usual cable agent," I said, "keeps from going mad by having a dog or a cat or some pet or other to talk to. But I can understand a photograph like this being all-sufficient to any man—even if he had never seen the original. Allow me to shake hands with you."

Then I got him away from the girl, because my time was short and I wanted to find out about some things that were important to *me*.

"You haven't asked me my business in these parts," I said, "but I'll tell you. I'm collecting grasses for the Bronx Botanical Garden."

"Then, by Jove!" said Graves, "you have certainly come to the right place. There used to be a tree on this island, but the last man who saw it died in 1789—Grass! The place is all grass: there are fifty kinds right around my house here."

"I've noticed only eighteen," I said, "but that isn't the point. The point is: when do the Batengo Island grasses begin to go to seed?" And I smiled.

"You think you've got me stumped, don't you?" he said. "That a mere cable agent wouldn't notice such things. Well, that grass there," and he pointed—"beach nut we call it—is the first to ripen seed, and, as far as I know, it does it just six weeks from now."

"Are you just making things up to impress me?"

"No, sir, I am not. I know to the minute. You see, I'm a victim of hay-fever."

"In that case," I said, "expect me back about the time your nose begins to run."

"Really?" And his whole face lighted up. "I'm delighted. Only six weeks. Why, then, if you'll stay round for only five or six weeks *more* you'll be here for the wedding."

"I'll make it if I possibly can," I said. "I want to see if that girl's really true."

"Anything I can do to help you while you're gone? I've got loads of spare time——"

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Something awful happened to those who went back there in the grass—an unforgetable story of South Sea horror.

"My God Almighty! It's alive!"

"If you knew about grasses——"

"I don't. But I'll blow back into the interior and look around. I've been meaning to right along, just for fun. But I can never get any of *them* to go with me."

"The natives?"

"Yes. Poor lot. They're committing race suicide as fast as they can. There are more wooden gods than people in Batengo village, and the superstition's so thick you could cut it with a knife. All the manly virtues have perished. . . . Aloiu!"

The boy who did Graves' chores for him came lazily out of the house.

"Aloiu," said Graves, "just run back into the island to the top of that hill—see?—that one over there—and fetch a handful of grass for this gentleman. He'll give you five dollars for it."

Aloiu grinned sheepishly and shook his head.

"Fifty dollars?"

Aloiu shook his head with even more firmness, and I whistled. Fifty dollars would have made him the Rockefeller-Carnegie-Morgan of those parts.

"All right, coward," said Graves cheerfully. "Run away and play with the other children. . . . Now, isn't that curious? Neither love, money, nor insult will drag one of them a mile from the beach. They say that if you go 'back there in the grass' something awful will happen to you."

"As what?" I asked.

"The last man to try it," said Graves, "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, was a woman. When they found her she was all black and swollen—at least that's what they say. Something had bitten her just above the ankle."

"Nonsense," I said, "there are no snakes in the whole Batengo group."

"They didn't say it was a snake," said Graves. "They said the marks of the bite were like those that would be made by the teeth of a very little—child."

Graves rose and stretched himself.

"What's the use of arguing with people that tell yarns like that! All the same, if you're bent on making expeditions back into the grass, you'll make 'em alone, unless the cable breaks and I'm free to make 'em with you."

Five weeks later I was once more coasting along the wavering hills of Batengo Island, with a sharp eye out for a first sight of the cable station and Graves. Five weeks with no company but Kanakas and a pointer dog makes one white man pretty keen for the society of another. Furthermore, at our one meeting I had taken a great shine to Graves and to the charming young lady who was to brave a life in the South Seas for his sake. If I was eager to get ashore, Don was more so. I had a shot-gun across my knees with which to salute the cable station, and the sight of that weapon, coupled with toothsome memories of a recent

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big hunt down on Forked Peak, had set the dog quivering from stem to stern, to crouching, wagging his tail till it disappeared, and beating sudden tattoos upon the deck with his forepaws. And when at last we rounded on the cable station and I let off both barrels, he began to bark and race about the schooner like a thing possessed.

The salute brought Graves out of his house. He stood on the porch waving a handkerchief, and I called to him through a megaphone; hoped that he was well, said how glad I was to see him, and asked him to meet me in Batengo village.

Even at that distance I detected a something irresolute in his manner; and a few minutes later when he had fetched a hat out of the house, locked the door, and headed toward the village, he looked more like a soldier marching to battle than a man walking half a mile to greet a friend.

"That's funny," I said to Don. "He's coming to meet us in spite of the fact that he'd much rather not. Oh, well!"

I left the schooner while she was still under way, and reached the beach before Graves came up. There were too many strange brown men to suit Don, and he kept very close to my legs. When Graves arrived the natives fell away from him as if he had been a leper. He wore a sort of sickly smile, and when he spoke the dog stiffened his legs and growled menacingly.

"Don!" I exclaimed sternly, and the dog cowered, but the spines along his back bristled and he kept a menacing eye upon Graves. The man's face looked drawn and rather angry. The frank boyishness was clean out of it. He had been strained by something or other to the breaking-point.

"My dear fellow," I said, "what the devil is the matter?"

Graves looked to right and left, and the islanders shrank still farther away from him.

"You can see for yourself," he said curtly. "I'm taboo." And then, with a little break in his voice: "Even your dog feels it. Don, good boy! Come here, sir?"

Don growled quietly.

"You see!"

"Don," I said sharply, "this man is my friend and yours. Pat him, Graves." Graves reached forward and patted Don's head and talked to him soothingly.

But although Don did not growl or menace, he shivered under the caress and was unhappy.

"So you're taboo!" I said cheerfully. "That's the results of anything, from stringing pink and yellow shells on the same string to murdering your uncle's grandmother-in-law. Which have *you* done?"

"I've been back there in the grass," he said, "and because—because nothing happened to me, I'm taboo."

"Is that all?"

"As far as they know—yes."

"Well!" said I, "my business will take me back there for days at a time, so I'll be taboo, too. Then there'll be two of us. Did you find any curious grasses?"

"I don't know about grasses," he said, "but I found something very curious that I want to show you and ask your advice about. Are you going to share my house?"

"I think I'll keep headquarters on the schooner," I said, "but if you'll put me up now and then for a meal or for the night——"

"I'll put you up for lunch right now," he said, "if you'll come. I'm my own cook and bottle-washer since the taboo, but I must say the change isn't for the worse so far as food goes."

He was looking and speaking more cheerfully.

"May I bring Don?"

He hesitated.

"Why—yes—of course."

"If you'd rather not?"

"No, bring him. I want to make friends again if I can."

So we started for Graves' house, Don very close at my heels.

"Graves," I said, "surely a taboo by a lot of fool islanders hasn't upset you. There's something on your mind. Bad news?"

"Oh, no," he said. "She's coming. It's other things. I'll tell you by and by—everything. Don't mind me. I'm all right. Listen to the wind in the grass. That sound day and night is enough to put a man permanently off his feed."

"You say you found something very curious back there in the grass?"

"I found, among other things, a stone monolith. It's fallen down, but it's almost as big as the Flatiron Building in New York. It's ancient as days—all carved—it's a sort of woman, I think. But we'll go back one day and have a look at it. Then, of course, I saw all the different kinds of grasses in the world—they'd interest you more—but I'm such a punk botanist that I gave up trying to tell 'em apart. I like the flowers best—there's millions of 'em, deep-down among the grasses. . . . I tell you, old man, this island is the greatest curiosity-shop in the whole world."

He unlocked the door of his house and stood aside for me to go in first. "Shut up, Don!"

The dog growled savagely, but I banged him with my open hand across the snout, and he quieted down and followed into the house, all tense and watchful.

On the shelf where Graves kept his books, with its legs hanging over was what I took to be an idol of some light brownish wood—say sandalwood, with a

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He is one of the best-known and most highly thought-of short story writers that this country has produced, and the particular South Sea product of his art which we print here is unforgetable. He does most of his writing in the early morning.

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touch of pink. But it was the most lifelike and astounding piece of carving I ever saw in the islands or out of them. It was about a foot high, and represented a Polynesian woman in the prime of life, say fifteen or sixteen years old, only the features were finer and cleaner carved. It was a nude, in an attitude of easy repose—the legs hanging, the toes dangling—the hands resting, palms downward, on the blotter, the trunk relaxed. The eyes, which were a kind of steely blue, seemed to have been made, depth upon depth, of some wonderful translucent enamel, and to make his work still more realistic the artist had planted the statuette's eyebrows, eyelashes, and scalp with real hair, very soft and silky, brown on the head and black for the lashes and eyebrows. The thing was so lifelike that it frightened me. And when Don began to growl like distant thunder, I didn't blame him. But I leaned over and caught him by the collar, because it was evident that he wanted to get at that statuette and destroy it.

When I looked up the statuette's eyes had moved. They were turned downward upon the dog, with cool curiosity and indifference. A kind of shudder went through me. And then, lo and behold, the statuette's tiny brown breasts rose and fell slowly, and a long breath came out of its nostrils.

I backed violently into Graves, dragging Don with me and half-choking him. "My God Almighty!" I said. "It's alive!"

"Isn't she!" said he. "I caught her back there in the grass—the little minx. And when I heard your signal I put her up there to keep her out of mischief. It's too high for her to jump—and she's very sore about it."

"You found her in the grass," I said. "For God's sake!—are there more of them?"

"Thick as quail," said he, "but it's hard to get a sight of 'em. But *you* were overcome by curiosity, weren't you, old girl? You came out to have a look at the big white giant and he caught you with his thumb and forefinger by the scruff of the neck—so you couldn't bite him—and here you are."

The womankin's lips parted and I saw a flash of white teeth. She looked up into Graves' face and the steely eyes softened. It was evident that she was very fond of him.

"Rum sort of a pet," said Graves. "What?"

"Rum?" I said. "It's horrible—it isn't decent—it—it ought to be taboo. Don's got it sized up right. He—he wants to kill it."

"Please don't keep calling her It," said Graves. "She wouldn't like it—if she understood." Then he whispered words that were Greek to me, and the womankin laughed aloud Her laugh was sweet and tinkly, like the upper notes of a spinet.

"You can speak her language?" I queried.

"A few words—Tog ma Lao?"

"Na!"

"Aba Ton sug ato."

"Nan Tane dom ud lon anea!"

It sounded like that—only all whispered and very soft. It sounded a little like the wind in the grass.

"She says she isn't afraid of the dog," said Graves, "and that he'd better let her alone."

"I almost hope he won't," said I. "Come outside, I don't like her. I think I've got a touch of the horrors."

Graves remained behind a moment to lift the womankin down from the shelf, and when he rejoined me I had made up my mind to talk to him like a father.

"Graves," I said, "although that creature in there is only a foot high, it isn't a pig or a monkey, it's a woman and you're guilty of what's considered a pretty ugly crime at home—abduction. You've stolen this woman away from kith and kin, and the least you can do is to carry her back where you found her and turn her loose. Let me ask you one thing—what would Miss Chester think?"

"Oh, that doesn't worry me," said Graves. "But I *am* worried—worried sick. It's early—shall we talk now, or wait till after lunch?"

"Now," I said.

"Well," said he, "you left me pretty well enthused on the subject of botany—so I went back there twice to look up grasses for you. The second time I went I got to a deep sort of valley where the grass is waist-high—that, by the way, is where the big monolith is—and that place was alive with things that were frightened and ran. I could see the direction they took by the way the grass tops acted. There were lots of loose stones about and I began to throw 'em to see if I could knock one of the things over. Suddenly all at once I saw a pair of bright little eyes peering out of a bunch of grass—I let fly at them, and something gave a sort of moan and thrashed about in the grass—and then lay still. I went to look, and found that I'd stunned—*her*. She came to and tried to bite me, but I had her by the scruff of the neck and she couldn't. Further, she was sick with being hit in the chest with the stone, and first thing I knew she keeled over in the palm of my hand in a dead faint. I couldn't find any water or anything—and I didn't want her to die—so I brought her home. She was sick for a week—and I took care of her—as I would a sick pup—and she began to get well and want to play and romp and poke into everything. She'd get the lower drawer of my desk open and hide in it—or crawl into a rubber boot and play house. And she got to be right good company—same as any pet does—a cat or a dog—or a monkey—and naturally, she being so small, I couldn't think of her as anything but a sort of little beast that I'd caught and tamed. . . . You see

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how it all happened, don't you? Might have happened to anybody."

"Why, yes," I said. "If she didn't give a man the horrors right at the start—I can understand making a sort of pet of her—but, man, there's only one thing to do. Be persuaded. Take her back where you found her, and turn her loose."

"Well and good," said Graves. "I tried that, and next morning I found her at my door, sobbing—horrible, dry sobs—no tears. . . . You've said one thing that's full of sense; she isn't a pig—or a monkey—she's a woman."

"You don't mean to say," said I," that that mite of a thing is in love with you?"

"I don't know what else you'd call it."

"Graves," I said, "Miss Chester arrives by the next steamer. In the meanwhile something has got to be done."

"What?" said he hopelessly.

"I don't know," I said. "Let me think."

The dog Don laid his head heavily on my knee, as if he wished to offer a solution of the difficulty.

A WEEK BEFORE Miss Chester's steamer was due the situation had not changed. Graves' pet was as much a fixture of Graves' house as the front door. And a man was never confronted with a more serious problem. Twice he carried her back into the grass and deserted her, and each time she returned and was found sobbing—horrible, dry sobs—on the porch. And a number of times we took her, or Graves did, in the pocket of his jacket, upon systematic searches for her people. Doubtless she could have helped us to find them, but she wouldn't. She was very sullen on these expeditions and frightened. When Graves tried to put her down she would cling to him, and it took real force to pry her loose.

In the open she could run like a rat; and in open country it would have been impossible to desert her; she would have followed at Graves' heels as fast as he could move them. But forcing through the thick grass tired her after a few hundred yards, and she would gradually drop farther and farther behind—sobbing. There was a pathetic side to it.

She hated me; and made no bones about it; but there was an armed truce between us. She feared my influence over Graves, and I feared her—well, just as some people fear rats or snakes. Things utterly out of the normal always do worry me, and Bo, which was the name Graves had learned for her, was, so far as I know, unique in human experience. In appearance she was like an unusually good-looking island girl observed through the wrong end of an opera-glass, but in habit and action she was different. She would catch flies and little grasshoppers and eat them all alive and kicking, and if you teased her more than she liked her ears would flatten the way a cat's do and she would hiss like a snapping-turtle, and show her teeth.

But one got accustomed to her. Even poor Don learned that it was not his duty to punish her with one bound and a snap. But he would never let her touch him, believing that in her case discretion was the better part of valor. If she approached him he withdrew, always with dignity, but equally with determination. He knew in his heart that something about her was horribly wrong and against nature. I knew it, too, and I think Graves began to suspect it.

Well, a day came when Graves, who had been up since dawn, saw the smoke of a steamer along the horizon, and began to fire off his revolver so that I, too, might wake and participate in his joy. I made tea and went ashore.

"It's *her* steamer," he said.

"Yes," said I, "and we've got to decide something."

"About Bo?"

"Suppose I take her off your hands—for a week or so—till you and Miss Chester have settled down and put your house in order. Then Miss Chester—Mrs. Graves, that is—can decide what is to be done. I admit that I'd rather wash my hands of the business—but I'm the only white man available, and I propose to stand by my race. Don't say a word to Bo—just bring her out to the schooner and leave her."

In the upshot Graves accepted my offer, and while Bo, fairly bristling with excitement and curiosity, was exploring the farther corners of my cabin, we slipped out and locked the door on her. The minute she knew what had happened she began to tear around and raise Cain. It sounded a little like a cat having a fit.

Graves was white and unhappy. "Let's get away quick," he said; "I feel like a skunk."

But Miss Chester was everything that her photograph said about her, and more too, so that the trick he had played Bo was very soon a negligible weight on Graves' mind.

If the wedding was quick and business-like, it was also jolly and romantic. The oldest passenger gave the bride away. All the crew came aft and sang "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden That Earliest Wedding-Day"—to the tune called "Blairgowrie." They had worked it up in secret for a surprise. And the bride's dove-brown eyes got a little teary. I was best man. The captain read the service, and choked occasionally. As for Graves—I had never thought him handsome—well, with his brown face and white linen suit, he made me think, and I'm sure I don't know why, of St. Michael—that time he overcame Lucifer. The captain blew us to breakfast, with champagne and a cake, and then the happy pair went ashore in a boat full of the bride's trousseau, and the crew manned the bulwarks and gave three cheers, and then something like twenty-seven more, and last thing of all the brass cannon was fired, and the little square flags that spell G-o-o-d L-u-c-k were run up on the signal halyards.

As for me, I went back to my schooner feeling blue and lonely. I knew little about women and less about love. It didn't seem quite fair. For once I hated my profession—seed-gatherer to a body of scientific gentlemen whom I had never seen. Well, there's nothing so good for the blues as putting things in order.

I cleaned my rifle and revolver. I wrote up my notebook. I developed some plates; I studied a brand-new book on South Sea grasses that had been sent out to me, and I found some mistakes. I went ashore with Don, and had a long walk on the beach—in the opposite direction from Graves' house, of course—and I sent Don into the water after sticks, and he seemed to enjoy it, and so I stripped and went in with him.

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Then I dried in the sun, and had a match with my hands to see which could find the tiniest shell. Toward dusk we returned to the schooner and had dinner, and after that I went into my cabin to see how Bo was getting on.

She flew at me like a cat, and if I hadn't jerked my foot back she must have bitten me. As it was, her teeth tore a piece out of my trousers. I'm afraid I kicked her. Anyway, I heard her land with a crash in a far corner. I struck a match and lighted candles—they are cooler than lamps—very warily—one eye on Bo. She had retreated under a chair and looked out—very sullen and angry. I sat down and began to talk to her. "It's no use," I said, "you're trying to bite and scratch, because you're only as big as a minute. So come out here and make friends. I don't like you and you don't like me; but we're going to be thrown together for quite some time, so we'd better make the best of it. You come out here and behave pretty and I'll give you a bit of gingersnap."

The last word was intelligible to her, and she came a little way out from under the chair. I had a bit of gingersnap in my pocket, left over from treating Don, and I tossed it on the floor midway between us. She darted forward and ate it with quick bites.

Well, then, she looked up, and her eyes asked—just as plain as day: "Why are things thus? Why have I come to live with you? I don't like you. I want to go back to Graves."

I couldn't explain very well, and just shook my head and then went on trying to make friends—it was no use. She hated me, and after a time I got bored. I threw a pillow on the floor for her to sleep on, and left her. Well, the minute the door was shut and locked she began to sob. You could hear her for quite a distance, and I couldn't stand it. So I went back—and talked to her as nicely and soothingly as I could. But she wouldn't even look at me — just lay face down—heaving and sobbing.

Now I don't like little creatures that snap—so when I picked her up it was by the scruff of the neck. She had to face me then, and I saw that in spite of all the sobbing her eyes were perfectly dry. That struck me as curious. I examined them through a pocket magnifying-glass, and discovered that they had no tear-ducts. Of course she couldn't cry. Perhaps I squeezed the back of her neck harder than I meant to—anyway, her lips began to draw back and her teeth to show.

It was exactly at that second that I recalled the legend Graves had told me about the island woman being found dead, and all black and swollen, back there in the grass, with teeth marks on her that looked as if they had been made by a very little child.

I forced Bo's mouth wide open and looked in. Then I reached for a candle and held it steadily between her face and mine. She struggled furiously so that I had to put down the candle and catch her legs together in my free hand. But I had seen enough. I felt wet and cold all over. For if the swollen glands at the base of the deeply grooved canines meant anything, at all, that which I held between my hands was certainly not a woman—but a snake.

I put her in a wooden box that had contained soap and nailed slats over the top. And, personally, I was quite willing to put scrap-iron in the box with her and fling it overboard. But I did not feel quite justified without consulting Graves.

As an extra precaution in case of accidents, I overhauled my medicine-chest and made up a little package for the breast pocket—a lancet, a rubber bandage, and a pill-box full of permanganate crystals. I had still much collecting to do, "back there in the grass," and I did not propose to step on any of Bo's cousins or her sisters or her aunts—without having some of the elementary first-aids to the snake-bitten handy.

It was a lovely starry night, and I determined to sleep on deck. Before turning in I went to have a look at Bo. Having nailed her in a box securely, as I thought, I must have left my cabin door ajar. Anyhow she was gone. She must have braced her back against one side of the box, her feet against the other and burst it open. I had most certainly underestimated her strength and resources.

The crew, warned of peril, searched the whole schooner over, slowly and methodically, lighted by lanterns. We could not find her. Well, swimming comes natural to snakes.

I went ashore as quickly as I could get a boat manned and rowed. I took Don on a leash, a shotgun loaded, and both pockets of my jacket full of cartridges. We ran swiftly along the beach, Don and I, and then turned into the grass to make a short cut for Graves' house. All of a sudden Don began to tremble with eagerness and nuzzle and sniff among the roots of the grass. He was "making game."

"Good Don," I said, "good boy—hunt her up! Find her!"

The moon had risen. I saw two figures standing in the porch of Graves' house. I was about to call to them and warn Graves that Bo was loose and dangerous—when a scream—shrill and frightful—rang in my ears. I saw Graves turn to his bride and catch her in his arms.

When I came up she had collected her senses and was behaving splendidly. While Graves fetched a lantern and water she sat down on the porch, her back against the house, and undid her garter, so that I could pull the stocking off her bitten foot. Her instep, into which Bo's venomous teeth had sunk, was already swollen and discolored. I slashed the teethmarks this way and that with my lancet. And Mrs. Graves kept saying: "All right—all right—don't mind me—do what's best."

Don's leash had wedged between two of the porch planks, and all the time we were working over Mrs. Graves he whined and struggled to get loose.

"Graves," I said, when we had done what we could, "if your wife begins to seem faint, give her brandy—just a very little—at a time—and—I think we were in time—and for God's sake don't ever let her know *why* she was bitten—or by *what*——"

Then I turned and freed Don and took off his leash.

The moonlight was now very white and brilliant. In the sandy path that led from Graves' porch I saw the print of feet—shaped just like human feet—less

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than an inch long. I made Don smell them, and said:

"Hunt close, boy! Hunt close!"

Thus hunting, we moved slowly through the grass toward the interior of the island. The scent grew hotter—suddenly Don began to move more stiffly—as if he had the rheumatism—his eyes straight ahead saw something that I could not see—the tip of his tail vibrated furiously—he sank lower and lower—his legs worked more and more stiffly—his head was thrust forward to the full stretch of his neck toward a thick clump of grass. In the act of taking a wary step he came to a dead halt—his right forepaw just clear of the ground. The tip of his tail stopped vibrating. The tail itself stood straight out behind him and became rigid like a bar of iron. I never saw a stancher point.

"Steady, boy!"

I pushed forward the safety of my shotgun and stood at attention.

* * *

"How is she?"

"Seems to be pulling through. I heard you fire both barrels. What luck?"

◆

Whom Do You Quote Every Day?

Accidents will occur in the best regulated families.—CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870).

The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general.
—SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

Silence gives consent.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774).

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose?
—JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.—HOMER.

All mankind loves a lover.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882).

I find my familiarity with thee has bred contempt.—CERVANTES (1547-1616).

Nothing is to be got out of him but monosyllables; by Jingo, I believe he would make three bites of a cherry.—FRANÇOIS RABELAIS (1495-1553).

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor.
—WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832).

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.—PSALM 107.

Heaven hath no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor Hell a fury like a woman scorned.—WILLIAM CONGREVE (1670-1729).

"These Macedonians," said he, "are a rude and clownish people, that call a spade a spade."—PLUTARCH (46-120 A.D.).

In short he was a perfect cavaliero
And to his very valet seemed a hero.—LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

Hail fellow, well met.—JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745).

I am escaped by the skin of my teeth.—JOB xiv. 20.

"Ah," he said, slowly turning his eyes towards me. "Well! If you was writin' to her, p'raps you'd recollect to say that Barkis was willin'; would you?"

"That Barkis was willing," I repeated, innocently. "Is that all the message?"

"Yes," he said, considering. "Ye-es. Barkis is willin'."—CHARLES DICKENS.

My dear, my better half.—PHILIP SYDNEY (1554-1586).

Drawing by W. S. Gilbert

Why should we give a thought to your father's threats? He's an old fool with one foot already in the grave, and before long we'll take his coffin on our shoulders and carry him out.—PLUTARCH.

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Norway's great leader writes a simple, moving story of the making of a father.

Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes

The Father

By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

Translated from the Norwegian by Warren Ariail

THE MAN ABOUT whom this story is to be told was the most powerful in his clerical district; his name was Thord Overaas. He stood one day in the pastor's study, tall and serious.

"I have received a son," said he, "and I wish to have him baptized."

"What shall be his name?"

"Finn—after my father."

"And the sponsors?"

They were named, and were the best men and women of Thord's relations in the district.

"Is there anything else?" inquired the pastor, as he looked up.

The farmer waited a little.

"I would be glad to have him baptized by himself," said he.

"That is, you wish to say, on a week-day?"

"On next Saturday, at twelve o'clock mid-day."

"Is there anything else?" inquired the pastor.

"There is nothing else."

The farmer whirled round his cap, as if he intended to go. Then the pastor rose.

"There is this yet, however," said he, and walking toward Thord, he took his hand and looked into his eyes: "God grant that the child may become a blessing to you!"

One day, sixteen years later, Thord stood again in the pastor's study.

"You hold your own well, Thord," said the pastor; for he saw no sign of change in the farmer.

"It's because I have no sorrow," answered Thord.

The pastor said nothing in answer to this. But after a while he asked, "What is your wish this evening?"

"I have come this evening concerning my son who is to be confirmed tomorrow morning."

"He is an able boy."

"I did not want to pay the pastor before I heard what number my son would have when he takes his place in the church tomorrow."

"He will stand Number One."

"I have heard so; and here are ten dollars for the pastor."

"Is there anything else?" asked the pastor, as he looked at Thord.

"There is nothing else."

Thord departed.

Eight years more ran by, and then one day a noise was heard in front of the pastor's study, for many men were approaching, and Thord was leading them.

The pastor looked up and recognized him.

"You come, bringing many this evening."

"I want to request you to announce my son's wedding: he is going to marry Karen Storlien, the daughter of Gudman, who stands here."

"That is, indeed, the richest girl in the parish."

"So they say," answered the farmer, stroking his

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hair absently with one strong toil-scarred hand.

The pastor sat for a time as if in meditation. He said nothing, but entered the names in his book, and the men wrote their signatures beneath. Thord laid three dollars upon the table.

"I am due one only," said the pastor.

"I know that well enough; but he is my only child; I am eager to do it handsomely."

The pastor took the money.

"This is now the third time, Thord, that you have come here in behalf of your son."

"But now I am done with him," said Thord, and folding up his pocket-book he said farewell and walked off. The men slowly followed.

Two weeks later, the father and son were rowing on a calm day across the lake to Storlien to arrange for the wedding.

"This thwart under me is not secure," said the son, and he stood up in order to set it right. At the same time the board on which he was standing slipped from under him; he threw out both arms, gave a shout and fell into the lake.

"Take hold of the oar!" exclaimed the father, springing to his feet and holding out an oar. But when the son had made two efforts he became stiff.

"Wait a little!" shouted the father; and he rowed toward his son.

Then the son turned over on his back, gave his father a long look, and sank.

Thord could hardly believe it; he held the boat still, and stared at the spot where his son had sunk as though he should come up again. Some bubbles came up, and then some more, and then a large one which burst; and the lake lay once more as still and shining as a mirror.

For three days and three nights people saw the father rowing round and round the spot without taking either food or sleep; he was dragging the lake for his son's body. And toward the morning of the third day he found it, and went bearing it up over the hills to his house.

It was at least a year later when the pastor, late one autumn evening, heard someone in the hall outside fumbling at the door and trying carefully to find the latch. The pastor opened the door, and in walked a tall, thin, stoop-shouldered man with white hair. The pastor looked a long time at him before he recognized him. It was Thord.

"Why do you come so late?" asked the pastor, and stood still before him.

"Ah, yes! I come late," said Thord, and quietly took a seat.

The pastor sat down also, as though he were waiting. There was a long silence.

Then Thord began:

"I have something with me which I would gladly give to the poor. It must be invested as a legacy which bears the name of my son, Finn."

He rose, laid some money on the table, and sat down again.

The pastor counted the money.

"It is a large amount of money," said he.

"It is half of the price brought by my estate. I sold it today."

The pastor sat long in silence. At last he asked, but in a gentle manner:

"What do you now intend to do, Thord?"

"Something better."

They sat there for a time, Thord with his eyes cast on the floor, the pastor with his eyes set on Thord.

Then the pastor began very slowly and very softly:

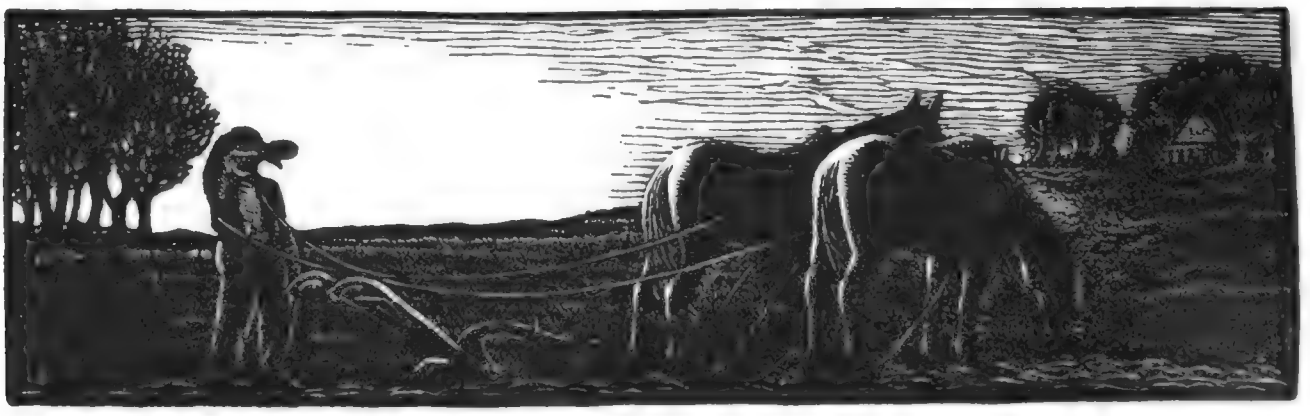
"I think your son has at last become a great blessing to you."

"Yes, I think so myself," said Thord, looking up, while two big tears ran slowly down his cheeks.

"THE MENTION *of Björnstjerne Björnson's name in a gathering of his countrymen is like running up the national flag.*"

Björnson, nineteenth century folk leader and writer, has become the symbol of the Norwegian nationalist movement. He was the first great Norwegian writer to turn for his inspiration to the soil, thus opening a new field for modern writers of fiction.

He is the author of the Norwegian national anthem, and of novels, peasant stories, and dramas. Through the vehicle of an easy colloquial style, he preaches vehemently love of one's country and one's neighbor, morality and the evils of overwrought religious faith. In 1903, at the age of seventy-one (he was born in 1832), he received the Nobel prize in literature.



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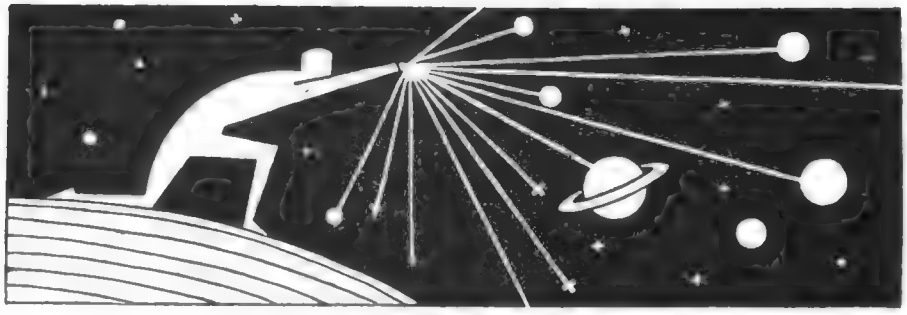
The Machine Way to Civilization

By EDWIN MIMS



From *Toward Civilization*

¶ In *Toward Civilization*, Dr. Charles A. Beard and a dozen scientists, engineers and philosophers view the progress of our machine world and answer with "tempered optimism" the question asked by Dr. Beard, Bertrand Russell, James Harvey Robinson, Stuart Chase and others in *Whither Mankind?*

Dr. Edwin Mims here makes clear both sides of this most discussed of modern problems: what is this machine-age coming to? In this review of Dr. Beard's two volumes, written especially for the GOLDEN BOOK, he summarizes briefly the evils many fear, as well as the point of view of those who believe that they can "create, out of the materials in hand, a more magnificent future."

DR. CHARLES A. BEARD has in these latter days become one of the major prophets. From being one of the best known students and writers of American history he has emerged as one of the wisest interpreters of the signs of the times and of conditions and tendencies not only in America but throughout the world. He would be quick to disclaim the rôle of a prophet with its usual Biblical connotations, but it should be remembered that the prophets of the Old Testament were not merely, or essentially magicians gifted with some power of divination as to some specific phenomenon yet to come, but men thoroughly conversant with actual conditions and able to forecast the trend of events. If there is less talk of Providence or Jehovah, whose mouthpiece they were, Dr. Beard is constantly aware even in a machine age of "a demiurgic movement, with new values in the making—a process continuing the old tendencies of Western civilization on a new level, on a scale more vast, with a possible humanistic upshot transcending the historic ideals of caste—literary, artistic, political, and religious."

In the last chapter of his *Rise of American Civilization*, in the introductions and epilogues to the two symposia, *Whither Mankind?* and *Toward Civilization*, he has clearly committed himself to the idea of evolutionary progress as manifest in history. He is fully aware that the rather optimistic idea of progress as formulated in the Victorian age has been given a rude shock by the catastrophic forces unleashed in the World War and by the unrest and disillusionment that have followed in its wake. He is too much the master of irony and of reality to be a placid optimist, but he sees in an age predominantly scientific and technological the basis of hope and adventure. It is his contention that, by understanding more clearly the processes of science and the machine, mankind "may subject the scattered and perplexing things of this world to a more ordered dominion of the spirit"; that there is in the new order of affairs "a prospect for life on higher levels, more emancipated from vain imaginings and conquerable sufferings." The spirit of intelligent control is here; it has a fighting chance to prevail. Nowhere in these volumes is there a signal for surrender to the voices of despair or for a retreat to the ideals of another age. This is the author's answer to the cycle theory of history as phrased by Byron and Edward Fitzgerald, or as scientifically and ruthlessly defined by Oswald Spengler; or to the humanist's conviction that nothing has been added to the content of culture during the past century; or to religious leaders who would have us believe that there is in the vast achievements of science and invention no evidence of an underlying spirit in the divine government of the world, or that this is the only age in which the arm of the Lord has not been revealed.

Dr. Beard is not content to rest his conclusion on his own study, observation, and reflection, buttressed though it is by learning that is astonishing and by a style that carries its own appeal. In the first symposium *Whither Mankind?* he commanded some of the ablest philosophers, and men of letters of our time

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—men who look at what is being done in all fields of action and attempt to assess at their true value the results of a technological era as contrasted with other periods—outsiders looking in and reporting their impressions. In *Toward Civilization* he has summoned engineers and scientists—insiders looking out—to reflect upon the upshot and outcome of their work now in course. The result is, as the editor suggests, a significant volume—"significant as a disclosure of technical tendencies, as a sign of deep stirrings among the members of the engineering fraternity, as the promise of a wider coöperation among the makers of our machine civilization, as a revelation of the engineering mind to the lay public." Such engineers are thinkers as well as doers; they realize as well as any of the critics the defects and limitations of the Machine Age; they have the sense of responsibility that comes with power; they are interested in human welfare in the broadest sense of the word; they have imagination to plan for long years ahead. It will surprise many readers to find, in the various chapters, so many illustrations of the constructive imagination, and to find the editor writing at the end of the volume a dithyramb on imagination as essential to the achievement of results in the realm of the unexplored and unprecedented. Imagination must be and is being cultivated and nourished as one of the essential forces of the modern world: "Imagination, informed by the known laws of nature, but unbound and free to experiment and dare, combined with the spirit of rationality, lives and flowers in the engineering age and will swing new planets into the ken of those who watch the heavens for the signs of the future."

Critics of the Machine Age

EVERYBODY KNOWS that even this tempered optimism has been challenged by foreign and American critics, who contend that the Machine Age is responsible for the emphasis upon quantity rather than upon quality, for the mechanization of all the elements of life, for standardized conduct and thinking, for the utilitarian theory of ethics, for the industrial city, the chief abomination of all time, for the rule of an oligarchy based upon wealth, for naturalistic science that reaches its climax in Behaviorism, for a religion that has lost all sense of inner value in its emphasis on organization, and, finally, for the prospect of a civilization destroying itself either by war or by a catastrophe brought on by the interdependence of the sources of material power. Men with more imagination have objectified these abstractions as the Dynamo, the symbol of a ruthless force, as the Locomotive God with the face, the jaws, of an aboriginal monster, as the Jungle in which the machines take the place of tarantulas and banyan trees—"an anarchaic mindless master in place of God to trample us and rule us." Such critics are either defeatists, seeing no way out of the chaos, or they escape into some past age when life was simpler and more beautiful.

Now Dr. Beard and his colleagues in the two symposia can not see "why it is nobler in mind to attempt the impossible task of reversing a world process and returning to a dead past than to take up the inviting enterprise of creating out of materials in hand a more magnificent future." Theoretically, the latter adventure is possible; practically, the engineers —men working with resoluteness, with engines of power greater and more mysterious than ever served artists and architects before, and with insight and imagination—point to tendencies now visible, to movements already in strong current, to achievements being accomplished as evidences that the future may be far different from the present.

A More Magnificent Future

THEY WOULD all agree, as they reiterate in the various chapters, that there are many dark spots in the modern industrial picture, that there are tyrannies and futilities as well as marvels and wonders, that engineers have not yet found units and methods and devices by which to measure intangibles as well as tangibles. But they insist just as strongly that progress is being made in creating a new type of business man or engineer, with larger vision and with as great a concern for human welfare as for wealth, and that the problem of distribution will in time be attacked as vigorously as the problem of production. In other words, more and more men have a direct personal knowledge of the machines they have created, and they see the chance of subordinating them to intellectual, esthetic, and spiritual values. If there are great risks there are also great adventures; there are fighting chances all along the way, and that is all that brave and patient men demand of life.

There is abundant evidence—recently amassed by Stuart Chase in his *Men and Machines*—that a decreasing number of men are robots, that conditions

From *Whither Mankind*

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under which men work are constantly being made better, that there is more leisure for workers of all kinds, that architects coöperating with engineers are working out new solutions for the problems of building on a large scale, and that, crude as are the beginnings, there is a widespread interest in all the arts that promises much for the future. Granted that the radio is subject to the gravest abuses, it may become a means for the dissemination of knowledge and culture. Granted that the automobile has its evils it has also provided a means of travel and recreation not hitherto enjoyed by the masses of people.

Suppose that certain things should happen in the organization of the industrial system, that the forces of education and religion should coöperate in the improvement of public taste and morality, then the machine might be the tool of man rather than his master. The *if's*, and *maybe's*, give zest to the struggle of the forces of light with those of darkness. A well informed historian like Dr. Beard is constantly reminding us that any supposed golden age of the past disappears under close scrutiny, that the great masses of laborers in the thirteenth century were hewers of wood and drawers of water and not artisans intent on the creation of beauty. The present state of civilization may be chaotic and crude but it is full of promise for adventurous souls. Philosophy, art, religion may yet find in existing conditions the chance for creating a new era in the life of mankind.

If I may give a somewhat personal and local turn to these reflections, I may say that I live in daily contact with a group of scholars and poets who are at present writing a symposium in which they contend that the South is in grave danger of losing its distinctively rural characteristics and of becoming involved in the industrial life of today. They are deeply concerned—and rightly—about the mechanization and standardization now rapidly invading this section. They grow restive at every announcement of a new factory so loudly heralded by chambers of commerce and service clubs. They find in the civilization of the ante-bellum South something that we are fast losing, and they are as unhappy over the change as was Ruskin at the passing of feudalism or Chesterton at the passing of mediævalism. But they all own automobiles and ride in them to see the country districts they love; they use all the conveniences that have been brought about by gas and electricity. They have profited in their training and culture by Rhodes scholarships or Guggenheim fellowships, and they are at present able to associate with each other in the comradeship of learning because of the endowments that have come to the university from the Rockefeller and Carnegie boards. They are an integral part of the Machine Age and yet they transcend it—they use what they want of it and discard what they do not want. And they are free to criticize it. Like so many other fine souls who have felt the oppression of industrialism, they will not be able to turn back the tide of time; even in their beloved section, rivers will furnish the power that will turn the wheels of industry and supply the needs of farmers—not necessarily at the expense of the finer graces and values of life. So may it be here, and elsewhere!

◆ ◆

The Shop-bill *of* Roger Giles

An authentic old Devonshire advertisement written by a countryman of the west of England

RESPECTABLY INFORMS ladys and gentlemen that he drors teef without wateing a minit, applies laches every hour, blisters on the lowest tarms, and vizicks for a penny a peace. He sells Godfather's kordales, kuts korns, bunyons, docters hosses, clips donkies, wance a month, and undertakes to luke ater every bodies nays by the ear. Joesharps, penny wissels, brars kanelsticks, fryin pans, and other moozikal hinstrumints, hat grately reydooced figers. Young ladys and gentlemen larnes their grammur and langeudge in the purtiest mannar, also grate care taken off their morils and spellin. Also zarm-zinging, taychings the base vial, and all other zorts of fancy work, squadrils, pokers, weazels, and all country dances tort at home and abroad at perfekshun. Perfumin and snuff in all its branches. As times is cruel bad I begs to tell ee that i has just beginned to sell all sorts of stashonary ware, cox, hens, vouls, pigs, and all other kinds of poultry. Blackin-brishes, herrins, coles, scrubbin-brishes, traykel and godley bukes and bibles, mise-traps, brick-dist, whisker-seeds, morrel pokker-ankerchefs, and all zorts of swatemaits including taters sassages and other garden stuff, bakky, zizzars, lamp oyle, pattins, bukkits, grindin stones and other aitables, korn and bunyon zalve and all hardware. I as laid in a large azzortement of trype, dogs mate, lolipops, ginger beer, matches and other pikkles, such as hepsom salts, hoysters, Winzer sope anzetrar. Old rags bort and zold here and nowhere else, newlayed heggs by me Roger Giles; zinging burdes, keeped, sich as howles, donkies, paykox, lobsters, crickets, also a stock of a celebrated brayder. Agent for selling gutty-porker souls. P. S.—I tayches gography, rithmetic, cowsticks, jimnastics and other chynees tricks.

—*From Treasure Trove.*

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Gustav Doré

The Bagman's* Story

of How He Won *the* Widow

ONE WINTER'S EVENING, about five o'clock, just as it began to grow dusk, a man in a gig might have been seen urging his tired horse along the road which leads across Marlborough Downs, in the direction of Bristol. I say he might have been seen, and I have no doubt he would have been, if anybody but a blind man had happened to pass that way; but the weather was so bad, and the night so cold and wet, that nothing was out but the water, and so the traveler jogged along in the middle of the road, lonesome and dreary enough. If any bagman of that day could have caught sight of the little neck-or-nothing sort of gig, with a clay-colored body and red wheels, and the vixenish, ill-tempered, fast-going bay mare, that looked like a cross between a butcher's horse and a two-penny post-office pony, he would have known at once, that this traveler could have been no other than Tom Smart, of the great house of Bilson and Slum, Cateaton Street, City. However, as there was no bagman to look on, nobody knew anything at all about the matter; and so Tom Smart and his clay-colored gig with the red wheels, and the vixenish mare with the fast pace, went on together, keeping the secret among them.

There are many pleasanter places, even in this dreary world, than Marlborough Downs when it blows hard; and if you throw in beside, a gloomy winter's evening, a miry and sloppy road, and a pelting fall of heavy rain, and try the effect in your own proper person, you will experience the full force of this observation.

The wind blew—not up the road or down it, though that's bad enough, but sheer across it, sending the rain slanting down like the lines they used to rule in the copybooks at school, to make the boys slope well. For a moment it would die away, and the traveler would begin to delude himself into the belief that, exhausted with its previous fury, it had quietly lain itself down to rest, when, whoo! he would hear it growling and whistling in the distance, and on it would come rushing over the hilltops, and sweeping along the plain, gathering sound and strength as it drew nearer, until it dashed with a heavy gust against horse and man, driving the sharp rain into their ears, and its cold damp breath into their very bones; and past them it would scour, far, far away, with a stunning roar, as if in ridicule of their weakness, and triumphant in the consciousness of its own strength and power.

"Well, damn my straps and whiskers," says Tom Smart (Tom sometimes had an unpleasant knack of swearing). "Damn my straps and whiskers," says Tom, "if this ain't pleasant, blow me!"

You'll very likely ask me why, as Tom Smart had been pretty well blown already, he expressed this wish to be submitted to the same process again. I can't say—all I know is, that Tom Smart said so—or at least he always told my uncle he said so, and it's just the same thing.

"Blow me," says Tom Smart; and the mare neighed as if she were precisely of the same opinion.

"Cheer up, old girl," said Tom, patting the bay mare on the neck with the end of his whip. "It won't do pushing on, such a night as this; the first house we come to we'll put up at, so the faster you go the sooner it's over. Soho, old girl—gently—gently."

Whether the vixenish mare was sufficiently well acquainted with the tones of Tom's voice to comprehend his meaning, or whether she found it colder standing still than moving on, of course I can't say. But I can say that Tom had no sooner finished speaking than she pricked up her ears and started forward at a speed which made the clay-colored gig rattle till you would have supposed every one of the red spokes were going to fly out on the turf of Marlborough Downs; and even Tom, whip as he was, couldn't stop or check her pace, until she drew up, of her own accord, before a roadside inn on the right-hand side of the way, about half a quarter of a mile from the end of the Downs.

Tom cast a hasty glance at the upper part of the

*Traveling salesmen were so called in Dickens' day.

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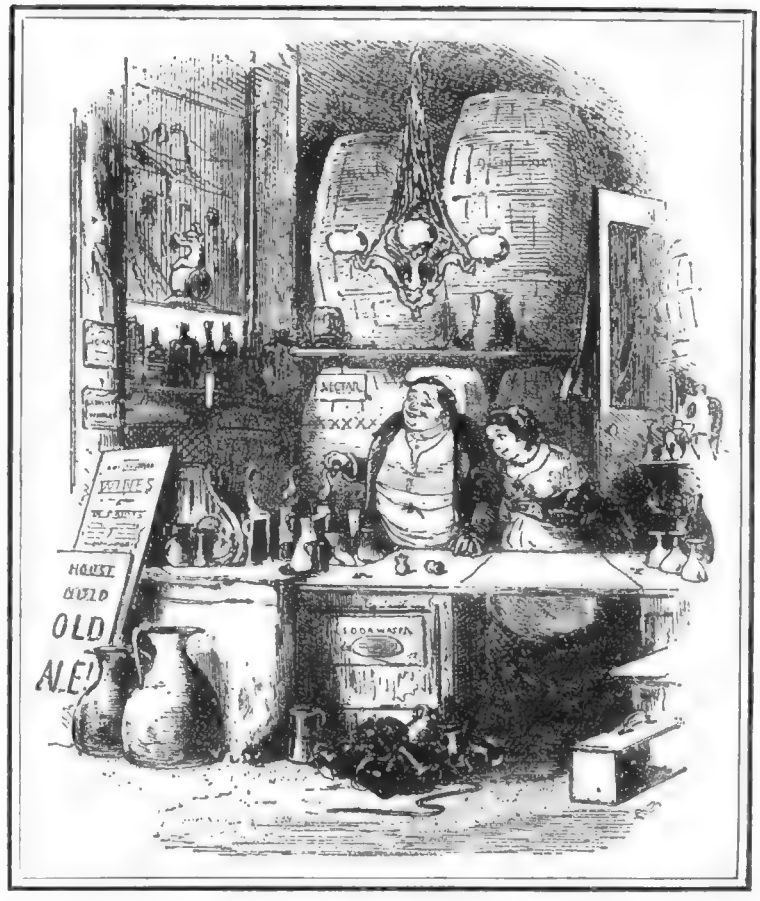
By
CHARLES
DICKENS



It had long been his ambition to stand in a bar of his own.

house as he threw the reins to the hostler and stuck the whip in the box. It was a strange old place, built of a kind of shingle, inlaid, as it were, with cross-beams, with gabled-topped windows projecting completely over the pathway, and a low door with a dark porch, and a couple of steep steps leading down into the house, instead of the modern fashion of half a dozen shallow ones leading up to it. It was a comfortable-looking place though, for there was a strong, cheerful light in the bar-window, which shed a bright ray across the road and even lighted up the hedge on the other side; and there was a red flickering light in the opposite window, one moment but faintly discernible and the next gleaming strongly through the drawn curtains, which intimated that a rousing fire was blazing within. Marking these little evidences with the eye of an experienced traveler, Tom dismounted with as much agility as his half-frozen limbs would permit, and entered the house.

In less than five minutes' time Tom was ensconced in the room opposite the bar—the very room where he had imagined the fire blazing—before a substantial, matter-of-fact, roaring fire, composed of something short of a bushel of coals and wood enough to make half a dozen decent gooseberry bushes, piled half-way up the chimney, and roaring and crackling with a sound that of itself would have warmed the heart of any reasonable man. This was comfortable, but this was not all, for a smartly dressed girl, with a bright eye and a neat ankle, was laying a very clean white cloth on the table; and as Tom sat with his slippered feet on the fender and his back to the open door, he saw a charming prospect of the bar reflected in the glass over the chimney-piece, with delightful rows of green bottles and gold labels, together with jars of pickles and preserves, and cheeses and boiled hams, and rounds of beef, arranged on shelves in the most tempting and delicious array. Well, this was comfortable, too; but even this was not all—for in the bar,

¶ Dickens once said about himself:

"To BE *numbered among the household gods of one's distant countrymen . . . to be told that in each nook and corner of the world's great mass there lives one well-wisher who holds communion with one in the spirit, is a worthy fame indeed, and one which I would not barter for a mine of wealth.*"

He was putting it pretty perfectly, even modestly, when he thus described his place in the minds and hearts of his contemporaries and of millions of readers since.

Whether he felt like writing or not, Dickens invariably spent all morning at his desk. Wagenknecht tells us in his extraordinarily fine biography, "When he was asked on one occasion whether the writing impulse always came, he replied 'No—sometimes I have to coax it: sometimes I do little else than draw figures or make dots on the paper, and plan and dream till perhaps my time is nearly up.'" When he wrote, he did so "muttering to himself, walking about, pulling his beard, making dreadful faces."

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seated at tea at the nicest possible little table, drawn close up before the brightest possible little fire, was a buxom widow of somewhere about eight and forty or thereabouts, with a face as comfortable as the bar, who was evidently the landlady of the house and the supreme ruler over all these agreeable possessions. There was only one drawback to the beauty of the whole picture and that was a tall man—a very tall man—in a brown coat and bright basket buttons, and black whiskers, and wavy black hair, who was seated at tea with the widow, and who it required no great penetration to discover was in a fair way of persuading her to be a widow no longer, but to confer upon him the privilege of sitting down in that bar for and during the remainder of the term of his natural life.

Tom Smart was by no means of an irritable or envious disposition, but somehow or other the tall man with the brown coat and the bright basket buttons did rouse what little gall he had in his composition and did make him feel extremely indignant: the more especially as he could now and then observe, from his seat before the glass, certain little affectionate familiarities passing between the tall man and the widow, which sufficiently denoted that the tall man was as high in favor as he was in size. Tom was fond of hot punch—I may venture to say he was *very* fond of hot punch—and after he had seen the vixenish mare well fed and well littered down and had eaten every bit of the nice little hot dinner which the widow tossed up for him with her own hands, he just ordered a tumbler of it, by way of experiment. Now, if there was one thing in the whole range of domestic art which the widow could manufacture better than another it was this identical article; and the first tumbler was adapted to Tom Smart's taste with such peculiar nicety that he ordered a second with the least possible delay. Hot punch is a pleasant thing, gentlemen—an extremely pleasant thing under any circumstances—but in that snug old parlor, before the roaring fire, with the wind blowing outside till every timber in the old house creaked again, Tom Smart found it perfectly delightful. He ordered another tumbler and then another—I am not quite certain whether he didn't order another after that—but the more he drank of the hot punch the more he thought of the tall man.

"Confound his impudence!" said Tom to himself, "what business has he in that snug bar? Such an ugly villain, too!" said Tom. "If the widow had any taste, she might surely pick up some better fellow than that." Here Tom's eye wandered from the glass on the chimney-piece to the glass on the table; and as he felt himself become gradually sentimental, he emptied the fourth tumbler of punch and ordered a fifth.

Tom Smart, gentlemen, had always been very much attached to the public line. It had long been his ambition to stand in a bar of his own in a green coat, knee-cords and tops. He had a great notion of taking the chair at convivial dinners, and he had often thought how well he could preside in a room of his own in the talking way and what a capital example he could set to his customers in the drinking department. All these things passed rapidly through Tom's mind as he sat drinking the hot punch by the roaring fire, and he felt very justly and properly indignant that the tall man should be in a fair way of keeping such an excellent house, while he, Tom Smart, was as far from it as ever. So, after deliberating over the last two tumblers, whether he hadn't a perfect right to pick a quarrel with the tall man for having contrived to get into the good graces of the buxom widow, Tom Smart at last arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that he was a very ill-used and persecuted individual and had better go to bed.

Up a wide and ancient staircase the smart girl preceded Tom, shading the chamber candle with her hand to protect it from the currents of air which in such a rambling old place might have found plenty of room to disport themselves in without blowing the candle out, but which did blow it out nevertheless, thus affording Tom's enemies an opportunity of asserting that it was he and not the wind who extinguished the candle, and that while he pretended to be blowing it alight again he was in fact kissing the girl. Be this as it may, another light was obtained, and Tom was conducted through a maze of rooms and a labyrinth of passages to the apartment which had been prepared for him, where the girl bade him good night and left him alone.

It was a good large room with big closets and a bed which might have served for a whole boarding-school, to say nothing of a couple of oaken presses that would have held the baggage of a small army; but what struck Tom's fancy most was a strange, grim-looking high-backed chair, carved in the most fantastic manner, with a flowered damask cushion, and the round knobs at the bottom of the legs carefully tied up in red cloth, as if it had got the gout in its toes. Of any other queer chair Tom would only have thought it *was* a queer chair and there would have been an end of the matter, but there was something about this particular chair, and yet he couldn't tell what it was, so odd and so unlike any other piece of furniture he had ever seen, that it seemed to fascinate him. He sat down before the fire and stared at the old chair for half an hour. Deuce take the chair, it was such a strange old thing, he couldn't take his eyes off it.

"Well," said Tom, slowly undressing himself and staring at the old chair all the while, which stood with a mysterious aspect by the bedside, "I never saw such a rum concern as that in my days. Very odd," said Tom, who had got rather sage with the hot punch. "Very odd." Tom shook his head with an air of profound wisdom and looked at the chair again. He couldn't make anything of it though, so he got into bed, covered himself up warm and fell asleep.

In about half an hour Tom woke up with a start from a confused dream of tall men and tumblers of punch, and the first object that presented itself to his waking imagination was the queer chair.

"I won't look at it any more," said Tom to himself, and he squeezed his eyelids together and tried to persuade himself he was going to sleep again. No use; nothing but queer chairs danced before his eyes, kicking up their legs, jumping over each other's back and playing all kinds of antics.

"I may as well see one real chair as two or three complete sets of false ones," said Tom, bringing out his

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head from under the bedclothes. There it was, plainly discernible by the light of the fire, looking as provoking as ever.

Tom gazed at the chair; and, suddenly as he looked at it, a most extraordinary change seemed to come over it. The carving of the back gradually assumed the lineaments and expression of an old shriveled human face; the damask cushion became an antique, flapped waistcoat; the round knobs grew into a couple of feet, encased in red cloth slippers, and the old chair looked like a very ugly old man of the previous century with his arms akimbo. Tom sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes to dispel the illusion. No. The chair was an ugly old gentleman and, what was more, he was winking at Tom Smart.

Tom was naturally a headlong, careless sort of dog, and he had had five tumblers of hot punch into the bargain; so, although he was a little startled at first, he began to grow rather indignant when he saw the old gentleman winking and leering at him with such an impudent air. At length he resolved that he wouldn't stand it; and as the old face still kept winking away as fast as ever, Tom said in a very angry tone:

"What the devil are you winking at me for?"

"My dear ma'am, you deserve a very excellent husband."

"Because I like it, Tom Smart," said the chair; or, the old gentleman, whichever you like to call him. He stopped winking, though, when Tom spoke and began grinning like a superannuated monkey.

"How do you know my name, old nut-cracker face?" inquired Tom Smart rather staggered, though he pretended to carry it off so well.

"Come, come, Tom," said the old gentleman, "that's not the way to address solid Spanish Mahogany. Dam'me, you couldn't treat me with less respect if I was veneered." When the old gentleman said this he looked so fierce that Tom began to be frightened.

"I didn't mean to treat you with any disrespect, sir," said Tom, in a much humbler tone that he had spoken in at first.

"Well, well," said the old fellow, "perhaps not—perhaps not. Tom——"

"Sir——"

"I know everything about you, Tom; everything. You're very poor, Tom."

"I certainly am," said Tom Smart. "But how came you to know that?"

"Never mind that," said the old gentleman; "you're much too fond of punch, Tom."

Tom Smart was just on the point of protesting that he hadn't tasted a drop since his last birthday, but when his eye encountered that of the old gentleman he looked so knowing that Tom blushed and was silent.

"Tom," said the old gentleman, "the widow's a fine woman—remarkably fine woman—eh, Tom?" Here the old fellow screwed up his eyes, cocked up one of his wasted little legs and looked altogether so unpleasantly amorous that Tom was quite disgusted with the levity of his behavior—at his time of life, too!

"I am her guardian, Tom," said the old gentleman.

"Are you?" inquired Tom Smart.

"I knew her mother, Tom," said the old fellow, "and her grandmother. She was very fond of me—made me this waistcoat, Tom."

"Did she?" said Tom Smart.

"And these shoes," said the old fellow, lifting up one of the red-cloth mufflers; "but don't mention it, Tom. I shouldn't like to have it known that she was so much attached to me. It might occasion some unpleasantness in the family." When the old rascal said this he looked so extremely impertinent that, as Tom Smart afterwards declared, he could have sat upon him without remorse.

"I have been a great favorite among the women in my time, Tom," said the profligate old debauché, "hundreds of fine women have sat in my lap for hours together. What do you think of that, you dog, eh?" The old gentleman was proceeding to recount some other exploits of his youth when he was seized with such a violent fit of creaking that he was unable to proceed.

"Just serves you right, old boy," thought Tom Smart, but he didn't say anything.

"Ah!" said the old fellow, "I am a good deal troubled with this now. I am getting old, Tom, and have lost nearly all my rails. I have had an operation performed, too—a small piece let into my back—and I found it a severe trial, Tom."

"I dare say you did, sir," said Tom Smart.

"However," said the old gentleman, "that's not the point, Tom! I want you to marry the widow."

"Me, sir!" said Tom.

"You," said the old gentleman.

"Bless your reverend locks," said Tom (he had a few scattered horsehairs left), "bless your reverend locks, she wouldn't have me." And Tom sighed involuntarily as he thought of the bar.

"Wouldn't she?" said the old gentleman firmly.

"No, no," said Tom; "there's somebody else in the wind. A tall man—a confoundedly tall man—with black whiskers."

"Tom," said the old fellow, "she will never have him."

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"Won't she?" said Tom. "If you stood in the bar, old gentleman, you'd tell another story."

"Pooh, pooh," said the old gentleman. "I know all about that."

"About what?" said Tom.

"The kissing behind the door and all that sort of thing, Tom," said the old gentleman. And here he gave another impudent look which made Tom very wroth, because as you all know, gentlemen, to hear an old fellow who ought to know better talking about these things is very unpleasant—nothing more so.

"I know all about that, Tom," said the old gentleman. "I have seen it done very often in my time, Tom, between more people than I should like to mention to you; but it never came to anything after all."

"You must have seen some queer things," said Tom with an inquisitive look.

"You may say that now," replied the old fellow with a very complicated wink. "I am the last of my family, Tom," said the old gentleman with a sigh.

"Was it a large one?" inquired Tom Smart.

"There were twelve of us, Tom," said the old gentleman; "fine, straight-backed, handsome fellows as you'd wish to see. None of your modern abortions—all with arms and with a degree of polish, though I say it that should not, which would have done your heart good to behold."

"And what's become of the others, sir?" asked Tom Smart.

The old gentleman applied his elbow to his eyes as he replied, "Gone, Tom, gone. We had hard service, Tom, and they hadn't all my constitution. They got rheumatic about the legs and arms and went into kitchens and other hospitals; and one of 'em, with long service and hard usage, positively lost his senses: he got so crazy that he was obliged to be burnt. Shocking thing that, Tom."

"Dreadful!" said Tom Smart.

The old fellow paused for a few minutes, apparently struggling with his feelings of emotion, and then said:

"However, Tom, I am wandering from the point. This tall man, Tom, is a rascally adventurer. The moment he married the widow, he would sell off all the furniture and run away. What would be the consequence? She would be deserted and reduced to ruin and I should catch my death of cold in some broker's shop."

"Yes, but——"

"Don't interrupt me," said the old gentleman. "Of you, Tom, I entertain a very different opinion, for I well know that if you once settled yourself in a public house you would never leave it as long as there was anything to drink within its walls."

"I am very much obliged to you for your good opinion, sir," said Tom Smart.

"Therefore," resumed the old gentleman in a dictatorial tone, "you shall have her and he shall not."

"What is to prevent it?" said Tom Smart eagerly.

"This disclosure," replied the old gentleman; "he is already married."

"How can I prove it?" said Tom, starting half out of bed.

The old gentleman untucked his arm from his side, and having pointed to one of the oaken presses, then replaced it in its old position immediately.

"He little thinks," said the old gentleman, "that in the right-hand pocket of a pair of trousers in that press he has left a letter entreating him to return to his disconsolate wife with six—mark me, Tom—six babes, and all of them small ones."

As the old gentleman solemnly uttered these words his features grew less and less distinct and his figure more shadowy. A film came over Tom Smart's eyes. The old man seemed gradually blending into the chair, the damask waistcoat to resolve into a cushion, the red slippers to shrink into little red cloth bags. The light faded gently away and Tom Smart fell back on his pillow and dropped asleep.

Morning aroused Tom from his lethargic slumber, into which he had fallen on the disappearance of the old man. He sat up in bed and for some minutes vainly endeavored to recall the events of the preceding night. Suddenly they rushed upon him. He looked at the chair; it was a fantastic and grim-looking piece of furniture certainly, but it must have been a remarkably ingenious and lively imagination that could have discovered any resemblance between it and an old man.

"How are you, old boy?" said Tom. He was bolder in the daylight—most men are.

The chair remained motionless and spoke not a word.

"Miserable morning," said Tom. No. The chair would not be drawn into conversation.

"Which press did you point to?—you can tell me that," said Tom. Devil a word, gentlemen, the chair would say.

"It is not much trouble to open it, anyhow," said Tom, getting out of bed very deliberately. He walked up to one of the presses. The key was in the lock; he turned it and opened the door. There *was* a pair of trousers there. He put his hand into the pocket and drew forth the letter the old gentleman had described!

"Queer sort of thing, this," said Tom Smart, looking first at the chair and then at the press, and then at the letter, and then at the chair again. "Very queer," said Tom. But, as there was nothing in either to lessen the queerness, he thought he might as well dress himself and settle the tall man's business at once—just to put him out of his misery.

Tom surveyed the rooms he passed through, on his way down stairs, with the scrutinizing eye of a landlord, thinking it not impossible that before long they and their contents would be his property. The tall man was standing in the snug little bar, with his hands behind him, quite at home. He grinned vacantly at Tom. A casual observer might have supposed he did it only to show his white teeth; but Tom Smart thought that a consciousness of triumph was passing through the place where the tall man's mind would have been, if he had had any. Tom laughed in his face and summoned the landlady.

"Good morning, ma'am," said Tom Smart, closing the door of the little parlor as the widow entered.

"Good morning, sir," said the widow. "What will you take for breakfast, sir?"

Tom was thinking how he should open the case, so he made no answer.

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"There's a very nice ham," said the widow, "and a beautiful cold larded fowl. Shall I send 'em in, sir?"

These words roused Tom from his reflections. His admiration of the widow increased as she spoke. Thoughtful creature! Comfortable provider!

"Who is that gentleman in the bar, ma'am?" inquired Tom.

"His name is Jinkins, sir," said the widow, slightly blushing.

"He's a tall man," said Tom.

"He is a very fine man, sir," replied the widow, "and a very nice gentleman."

"Ah!" said Tom.

"Is there anything more you want, sir?" inquired the widow, rather puzzled by Tom's manner.

"Why, yes," said Tom. "My dear ma'am, will you have the kindness to sit down for one moment?"

The widow looked much amazed, but she sat down, and Tom sat down too, close beside her. I don't know how it happened, gentlemen—indeed my uncle used to tell me that Tom Smart said *he* didn't know how it happened either—but somehow or other the palm of Tom's hand fell upon the back of the widow's hand and remained there while he spoke.

"My dear ma'am," said Tom Smart—he had always a great notion of committing the amiable—"my dear ma'am, you deserve a very excellent husband—you do, indeed."

"Lor', sir!" said the widow as well she might, Tom's mode of commencing the conversation being rather unusual, not to say startling; the fact of his never having set eyes upon her before the previous night being taken into consideration. "Lor', sir!"

"I scorn to flatter, my dear ma'am," said Tom Smart. "You deserve a very admirable husband, and whoever he is, he'll be a very lucky man." As Tom said this his eye involuntarily wandered from the widow's face to the comforts around him.

The widow looked more puzzled than ever and made an effort to rise. Tom gently pressed her hand as if to detain her and she kept her seat. Widows, gentlemen, are not usually timorous, as my uncle used to say.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you, sir, for your good opinion," said the buxom landlady, half laughing; "and if ever I marry again——"

"*If*," said Tom Smart, looking very shrewdly out of the right-hand corner of his left eye. "*If*——"

"Well," said the widow, laughing outright this time. "*When* I do, I hope I shall have as good a husband as you describe."

"Jinkins to wit," said Tom.

"Lor'!" exclaimed the widow.

"Oh, don't tell me," said Tom; "I know him."

"I am sure nobody who knows him knows anything bad of him," said the widow, bridling up at the mysterious air with which Tom had spoken.

"Hem!" said Tom Smart.

The widow began to think it was high time to cry, so she took out her handkerchief and inquired whether Tom wished to insult her: whether he thought it like a gentleman to take away the character of another gentleman behind his back: why, if he had got anything to say, he didn't say it to the man like a man instead of terrifying a poor weak woman in that way.

"I'll say it to him fast enough," said Tom, "only I want you to hear it first."

"What is it?" inquired the widow, looking intently in Tom's countenance.

"I'll astonish you," said Tom, putting his hand in his pocket.

"If it is that he wants money," said the widow, "I know that already and you needn't trouble yourself."

"Pooh, nonsense, that's nothing," said Tom Smart. "*I* want money. 'Tain't that."

"Oh, dear, what can it be?" exclaimed the poor widow.

"Don't be frightened," said Tom Smart. He slowly drew forth the letter and unfolded it. "You won't scream?" said Tom doubtfully.

"No, no," replied the widow; "let me see it."

"You won't go fainting away or any of that nonsense?" said Tom.

"No, no," returned the widow hastily.

"And don't run out and blow him up," said Tom, "because I'll do all that for you; you had better not exert yourself."

"Well, well," said the widow, "let me see it."

"I will," replied Tom Smart; and, with these words, he placed the letter in the widow's hand.

Gentlemen, I have heard my uncle say that Tom Smart said the widow's lamentations when she heard the disclosure would have pierced a heart of stone. Tom was certainly very tender-hearted, but they pierced him to the very core. The widow rocked herself to and fro and wrung her hands.

"Oh, the deception and villainy of man!" said the widow.

"Frightful, my dear ma'am; but compose yourself," said Tom Smart.

"Oh, I can't compose myself," shrieked the widow. "I shall never find anyone else I can love so much!"

"Oh, yes, you will, my dear soul," said Tom Smart, letting fall a shower of the largest sized tears in pity for the widow's misfortune. Tom Smart, in the energy of his compassion, had put his arm round the widow's waist; and the widow, in a passion of grief, had clasped Tom's hand. She looked up in Tom's face and smiled through her tears. Tom looked down in hers and smiled through his.

I NEVER COULD find out, gentlemen, whether Tom did or did not kiss the widow at that particular moment. He used to tell my uncle he didn't, but I have my doubts about it. Between ourselves, gentlemen, I rather think he did.

At all events, Tom kicked the very tall man out at the front door half an hour after and married the widow a month after. And he used to drive about the country with the clay-colored gig with red wheels and the vixenish mare with the fast pace till he gave up business many years afterwards and went to France with his wife, and then the old house was pulled down.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past, and over future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy. —LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

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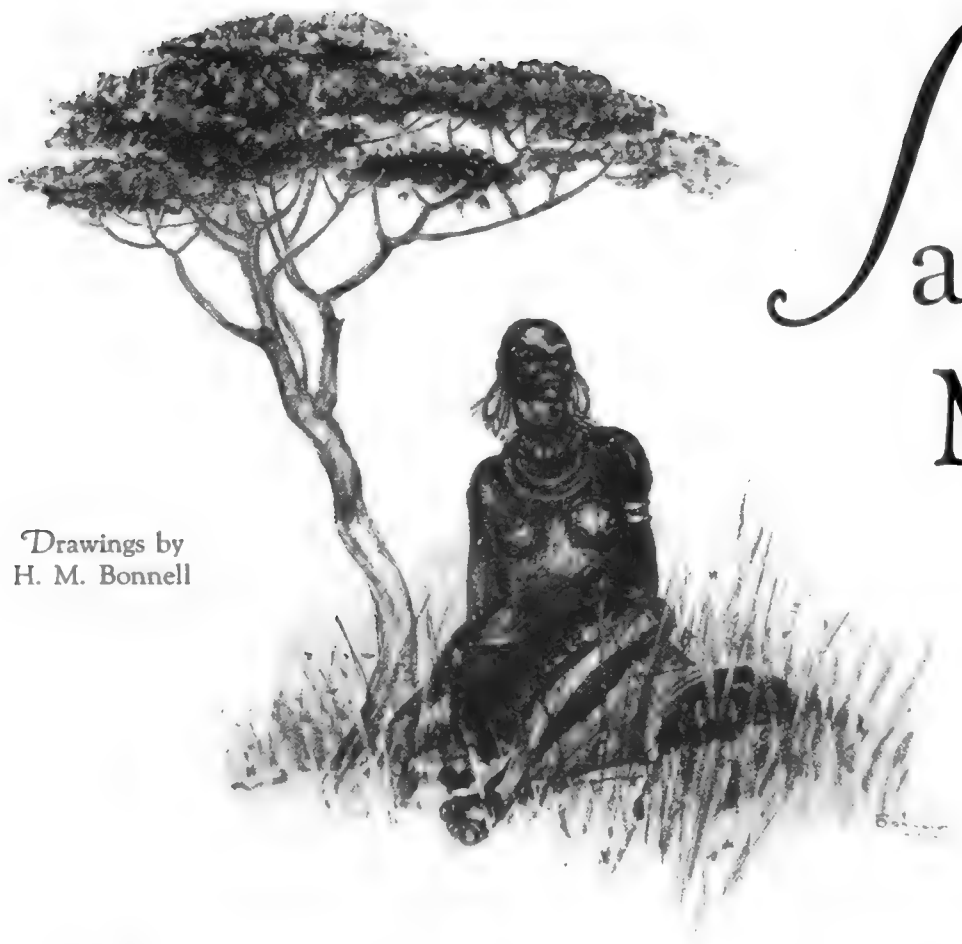

Drawings by
H. M. Bonnell

Sanders Meets Love

THE LIFE of one of His Britannic Majesty's Commissioners of Native Territories is necessarily a lonely one. He is shut off from communion with those things which men hold most dear. He is bound as by a steel wall to a life which has no part and no harmony with the life to which his instincts call him, and for which his early training, no less than the hereditary forces within him, have made no preparation. He lives and thinks with black people, who are children of thought, memory and action.

They love and hate like children; they are without the finesse and subtlety which is the possession of their civilized brethren, and in their elementary passions rather retrograde toward the common animal stock from whence we have all sprung, than progress to the nicenesses of refinement.

And white men who live with them and enter into their lives whole-heartedly, become one of two things, clever children or clever beasts.

I make this bald statement; the reader must figure out the wherefore.

Sanders came down the river in the spring of the year, in a thoughtful mood. Under the striped awning which covered the bridge of his stern-wheeler he sat in a deep-seated lounge chair; his book on his knees, but he read little.

His eyes wandered idly over the broad, smooth surface of the big river; they followed the line of the dark N'gombi forest to the left, and the flat rolling land of the Isisi to the right. They were attracted by the blue gray smoke which arose from the villages. The little fishing canoes, anchored in likely places, the raucous call of the parrots overhead, the peering faces of little monkeys of which he caught glimpses, when the *Zaire* moved to deep water in shore, all these things interested him and held him as they had not interested him since—oh, since quite a long time ago.

As he came abreast of a village he pulled the cord which controlled the siren, and the little steamer hooted a welcome to the waving figures on the beach.

With his fly whisk in his hand, and his unread book on his knee, he gazed by turns absently and interestedly at the landscape.

Bogindi, the steersman, who stood in the shadow of the awning with his hand on the wheel, called him by name.

"Lord, there is a man in a canoe ahead who desires to speak with your lordship."

Sanders shaded his eyes. Directly in the course of the steamer a canoe lay broadside on, and standing upright was a man whose outstretched arms spoke of desire for an urgent palaver.

Now only matters of great moment, such as rebellion and the like, justify holding up the King's ship on the river.

Sanders leaped forward in his chair and pulled over the handle of the telegraph to "Stop," then to "Astern Easy." He rose and took a survey of the man through his glasses.

"This is a young man, Abiboo," he said, "and I think of the Isisi people; certainly he is no chief to bid me halt."

"He may be mad, Lord," said Abiboo; "in the spring of the year, the Isisi do strange things, as all men know."

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By EDGAR WALLACE

THE omnipotence of Sanders, British Commissioner in Africa who rules his people with an iron hand and an all-seeing eye, is threatened by a pretty lady missionary.

She was to Sanders' eyes, a radiant vision of loveliness.

The *Zaire* came slowly to the canoe, and its occupant, wielding his paddles scientifically, brought his little craft alongside and stepped aboard.

"Who are you?" asked Abiboo, "and what great matter have you in hand that you stop our lord on his splendid way?"

"I am Kobolo of the Isisi, of the village of Togobonobo," said the young man, "and I love a chief's daughter."

"May God send you to the bottom of the waters," swore the wrathful Abiboo, "that you bring your vile body to this ship; that you disturb our lord in his high meditations. Come thou, Kaffir, and whilst you speak with Sandi, I go to find the whip he will surely order for you."

Thus Kobolo came before Sanders and Abiboo introduced him in words which were not flattering.

"This is a strange palaver," said Sanders not unkindly, "for it is not the practice for young men to stop the ship of the King's Commissioner because they love maidens."

The young man was tall, straight of back, and well made of shoulder, and he showed no remorse for his outrageous conduct. Rather there was an air about him of desperate earnestness.

"Lord," he said, "I love Nimimi, who is the daughter of my chief, the chief of the village of Togobonobo. And because she is a beautiful dancer, and men come from afar to see her, her father demands two thousand rods for her, and I am a poor man."

"'The father is always right,'" quoted Sanders, "for it is said on the River, 'A thing is worth its price and that which you give away is worth nothing.'"

"This woman loves me," said the youth, "and because of her I have saved a thousand matakos, which, as your lordship knows, is a great fortune."

"What can I do?" asked Sanders, with one of his rare smiles.

"Lord, you are all powerful," said the agitated young man, "and if you say to the chief her father——"

Sanders shook his head.

"That may not be," he said.

There was something in the spring air, something responsive in his blood, that inclined him to act as he did, for after a moment's thought he turned to Abiboo.

"Take this man," he said, "and give him——"

"Lord, I have the whip ready," said Abiboo complacently. "For I knew that your lordship would be offended by this foolish one."

"Give him a thousand matakos from the store, that he may buy the woman of his desire."

Abiboo, a little dazed, went slowly to do his master's bidding.

"Lord," said Kobolo, and fell at the Commissioner's feet, "you are as my father and mother, and I will repay you with good words and thoughts."

"Repay me with matakos," said the practical Sanders. "Go, take your girl, and God help you!"

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Yet he was in no cynical mood. Rather there was a gentleness, a mild stirring of emotions long repressed, a strange tenderness in heart, which harmonized with the tenderness of the young green trees, with the play of budding life about him.

He stood watching the native as he paddled to shore, singing a loud song, tuneless save for the tune of joy that ran through it. Wistfully Sanders watched. This man, little better than an animal, yet obedient to the inexorable laws which Sanders in his wisdom defied; hastening, with his brass rods, to a glorious life, to a hut and a wife, and the raising of young children to manhood. To toil and the dangers and vicissitudes of his peculiar lot; but to the fulfilment of his highest destiny.

The Commissioner stood watching him until he saw the canoe ground on the beach, and the man leap lightly ashore and make the boat fast.

Sanders shook his head and turned the handle of the telegraph to "full speed."

He made no pretence at reading; his gaze was abstracted. Presently he rose and walked into his cabin. He pulled the curtains across the door as though he desired none to witness his folly, then he took a key from his pocket and unlocked the little safe which was let into the wall over the head of his bunk. He opened a drawer and took out a fat brown book.

He laid it upon his desk and turned the leaves.

It was his bank book from the coast agent of Cox, and the balance to his credit ran into five figures, for Sanders had been a careful man all his life, and had bought land at Lagos in the days when you could secure a desirable building lot for the price of a dress suit. He closed the book, and replacing it in the safe resumed his seat on the bridge.

In the course of the next day he arrived at headquarters. It was late in the afternoon when the *Zaire* went slowly astern into the little dock, which Sanders with much labor had built.

It was a pretentious little dock, the pride of his days, for it had walls of concrete and a big sluice gate, and it had been erected at the time when the *Zaire* had undergone her repairs. Sanders never saw that dock without a feeling of intense gratification. It was the "child" which awaited his return; the creation of his mind which welcomed him back.

And there was a concrete footpath from the dock to the residency—this he had built. On each side Isisi palms had been planted—the work of his hands. They seemed pitiably insignificant.

He surveyed the residency without joy.

It stood on a little rise; from its corrugated roof to its distempered stoep, a model of neatness and order.

"God bless the place!" said Sanders irritably.

For its old charm had departed; the old pleasant home-coming had become a bleak and wearisome business. And the house was lonely and needed something.

It needed a touch which he could not supply.

He walked disconsolately through the rooms, lit a pipe, knocked it out again, and wandered vaguely in the direction of the Houssas lines.

Captain Hamilton, of the King's Houssas, in white shirt and riding breeches, leant over the rail of the stoep and watched him.

"Back again," he said conventionally.

"Lord," moaned the chief. "I wish I were dead—dead as my firstborn who lies in the hut of my wife."

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"No," said Sanders disagreeably, "I'm on the top river catching flies."

Hamilton removed his pipe.

"You've been reading the American Sunday Supplements," he said calmly, "which is either a sign of mental decrepitude or the awakening of a much-needed sense of humor."

He called to his servant.

"Ali," he said solemnly, "prepare the lord Sandi such a cup of tea as the houris of paradise will prepare for the Khalifa on the great day."

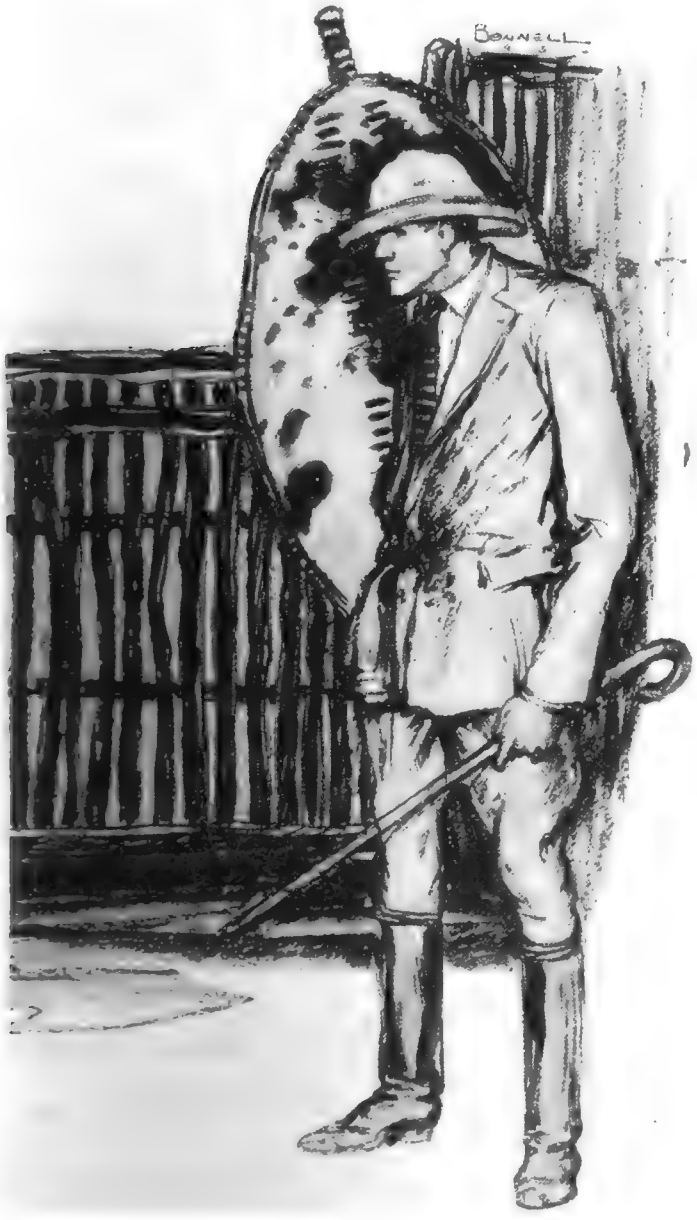
"What rot you talk, Hamilton!" said Sanders irritably when the man had gone. "You know well enough the Khalifa would drink nothing but Turkish coffee on that occasion."

"Who knows?" asked the philosophical Hamilton. "Well, and how are all your good people?"

"They're all right," said Sanders, seating himself in a big chair.

"The usual murders, witchcraft and pillage," Hamilton grinned. "Bosambo the virtuous sitting on the foreshore of the Ochori, polishing his halo and singing comic songs!"

"Bosambo—oh, he's subdued just now!" said Sanders, stirring the tea which the man had brought, "he's the best chief on this river, Hamilton," the other nodded, "if I had my way—if I were the British Government—I'd make him paramount chief of all these territories."



"You'd have a war in ten minutes," said the Houssa skipper, "but he's a good man. Depressed, was he?"

"Horribly—I've never seen him so worried, and I'm blest if I know why!"

Hamilton smiled.

"Which shows that a poor devil of a soldier, who is not supposed to be *au courant* with the gossip of the River, may be wiser than a patent stamped-in-every-link Commissioner," he said. "Bosambo is very fond of that Kana wife of his."

"I know that, my good chap," said Sanders, "and a good wife is half the making of a man. Why, what is a man without——"

He saw the curious laughing eyes of the other watching him, and stopped, and under the tan his eyes went red.

"You're singularly enthusiastic, Sandi Labolo," he said, using the Commissioner's native name; "you're thinking——"

"What about Bosambo's wife?" interrupted Sanders loudly.

The Houssa was eyeing him suspiciously.

"Bosambo's wife," he repeated, "oh—she goes the way of womankind! Bosambo hopes and fears—after the way of men. He has no child."

"Oh!—I didn't know that, who told you?"

"My men; they are singing a little song about it—I must introduce you to the regimental poet."

There was a long silence after this, neither men talking; then Hamilton asked carelessly:

"You went to Kosumkusu of course?"

"I went—yes," Sanders seemed reluctant to proceed.

"And Miss Glandynne, that medical missionary of ours?"

"She—oh, she was cheerful."

Hamilton smiled.

"I sent her a wad of letters which came by the last mail," he said, "you probably passed the mail canoe on your way down?"

Sanders nodded and there was another pause in the conversation.

"She's rather pretty, isn't she?" asked Hamilton.

"Very," responded Sanders with unnecessary emphasis.

"A very nice girl indeed," Hamilton continued absently.

Sanders made no response for a time—then:

"She is a charming lady, much too good for——"

He checked himself.

"For——?" enticed Hamilton.

"For—for that kind of life," stammered Sanders, hot all over.

He rose abruptly.

"I've got some letters to write," he said and took a hurried departure.

And Hamilton, watching the dapper figure stride along the path toward the residency, shook his head sorrowfully.

Sanders wrote no letters. He began many, tore them

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up and put the scraps in his pocket. He sat thinking till the servants came to put lights in the room. He hardly tasted his dinner, and the rest of the evening he spent on the stoep staring into the darkness, wondering, hoping, thinking. In the nearby village a wedding feast was in progress, and the mad tattoo of the drum was a fitting accompaniment to his thoughts.

Nor did the next day bring him nearer to a decision, nor the next, nor the next.

She was too good for him—he could not ask her to share his life in a country where none knew what the day will bring forth—a country filled with every known tropical disease, and populated by cannibal peoples who were never certain from day to day to retain their allegiance. It would not be fair to ask it—and yet she had said she loved the country; she was beginning to understand the people. And she could go home in the hot months—he would take his arrears of leave.

And a man ought to be married; he was getting on in years—nearly forty.

A panic seized him.

Perhaps he was too old? That was a terrible supposition. He discovered that he did not know how old he was, and spent two days collecting from his private documents authentic evidence. Thus three weeks passed before he wrote his final letter.

During all the period he saw little of the Houssa Captain. He thought once of telling him something of his plans, but flunked it.

He turned up at Hamilton's quarters one night.

"I am going up river tomorrow," he said awkwardly. "I leave as soon after the arrival of the homeward-bound mail as possible—I am expecting letters from the Administration."

Hamilton nodded.

"But why this outburst of confidence?" he asked. "You do not often favor me with your plans in advance."

"Well," began Sanders, "I think I was going to tell you something else, but I'll defer that."

He spent the rest of the evening playing piquet and made remarkable blunders.

In the morning he was up before daybreak, superintending the provisioning of the *Zaire*, and when this was completed he awaited impatiently the coming of the mail steamer. When it was only a smudge of black smoke on the horizon, he went down to the beach, though he knew, as a reasonable man, it could not arrive for at least an hour.

He was standing on the sand, his hands behind his back, fidgeting nervously, when he saw Abiboo running toward him.

"Master," said the orderly, "the God-woman is coming."

Sanders' heart gave a leap, and then he felt himself go cold.

"God-woman?" he said, "what—which God-woman?"

"Lord, she we left at the last moon at Kosumkusu."

Sanders ran back across the beach, through the Houssa barracks to the river dock. As he reached the stage he saw the girl's canoe come sweeping round the bend.

He went down to meet her and gave her his hand to assist her ashore. She was, to Sanders' eyes, a radiant vision of loveliness. Snowy white from head to foot; a pair of grave gray eyes smiled at him from under the broad brim of her topee.

"I've brought you news which will please you," she said; "but tell me first, is the mail steamer gone?"

He found his tongue.

"If it had gone," he said, and his voice was a little husky, "I should not have been here."

Then his throat grew dry, for here was an opening did he possess the courage to take it; and of courage he had none.

His brain was in a whirl. He could not muster two consecutive thoughts. He said something which was conventional and fairly trite.

"You will come up to breakfast," he managed to say at last, "and tell me—you said I should be pleased about some news."

She smiled at him as she had never smiled before—a mischievous, happy, human smile. Yes, that was what he saw for the first time, the human woman in her.

"I'm going home," she said.

He was making his way towards the residency, and she was walking by his side.

He stopped.

"Going home?" he said.

"I'm going home."

There was a sparkle in her eyes and a color he had not seen before.

"Aren't you glad? I've been such a nuisance to you—and I am afraid I am rather a failure as a missionary."

It did not seem to depress her unduly, for he saw she was happy.

A Ballad of

Trees *and the* Master

By SIDNEY LANIER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent,
Into the woods my Master came
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
And the little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came
Content with Death and Shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

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"Going home?" he repeated stupidly.

She nodded.

"I'll let you into a secret," she said, "for you have been so good a friend to me that I feel you ought to know—I'm going to be married."

"You're going to be married?" Sanders repeated.

His fingers were touching a letter he had written, and which lay in his pocket. He had intended sending it by canoe to her station and arriving himself a day later.

"You are going to be married?" he said again.

"Yes," she said, "I—I was very foolish, Mr. Sanders. I ought not to have come here—I quarreled—you know the sort of thing that happens."

"I know," said Sanders.

She could not wait for breakfast. The mail steamer came in and sent its pinnace ashore. Sanders saw her baggage stored, took his mail from the second officer, then came to say goodby to her.

"You haven't wished me—luck," she said.

At the back of her eyes was a hint of a troubled conscience, for she was a woman and she had been in his company for nearly an hour, and women learn things in an hour.

"I wish you every happiness," he said heartily and gripped her hand till she winced.

She was stepping in the boat when she turned back to him.

"I have often wondered——" she began, and hesitated.

"Yes."

"It is an impertinence," she said hurriedly, "but I have wondered sometimes, and I wonder more now when my own happiness makes me take a greater interest—why you have never married?"

Sanders smiled, that crooked little smile of his.

"I nearly proposed once," he said. "Goodby and good luck!"

He left that morning for the Upper River, though the reason for his visit was gone and the ship that carried her to her happiness, below the western horizon.

Day by day the *Zaire* steamed northward, and there was in her commander's heart an aching emptiness, that made time and space of no account.

One day they came to a village and would have passed, but Abiboo at his side said:

"Lord, this is Togobonobo, where sits the man whom your lordship gave a thousand matakos."

Sanders showed his teeth.

"Let us see this happy man," he said in Arabic, "for the prophet hath said, 'The joy of my friend cleanseth my heart from sorrow.'"

When the *Zaire* reached the shore, Sanders would have sent for the bridegroom, but that young man was waiting, a woe-begone figure that shuffled to the bridge with dejected mien.

"I see," said Sanders, "that the father of your woman asked more than you could pay."

"Lord, I wish that he had," said the youth, "for, lord, I am a sorrowful man."

"Hath the woman died?"

"Lord," said the young man, "if the devils had taken her I should be happy; for this woman, though only a girl, has a great will and does that which she desires, taking no heed of me. And when I speak with her she has a bitter tongue, and, lord, this morning she gave me fish which was not cooked, and called me evil names when I corrected her. Also, lord!" said the youth with a catch in his voice, "the cooking-pot she threw at me before the whole village."

"That is a bad palaver," said Sanders hastily; "now you must give way to her, Tobolo, for she is your wife, and I cannot stay——"

"Lord," said the young man, catching his arm, "I am your debtor, owing you a thousand matakos—now if your lordship in justice will divorce me I will repay you with joy."

"Go in peace," said Sanders, and when the youth showed a reluctance to leave the ship, Abiboo threw him into the water.

The incident gave Sanders food for thought—and there was another matter.

Two days farther up the River he came to the Ochori and found Bosambo's people in mourning.

THE CHIEF waited his master's coming in the dark of his hut and Sanders went in to see him.

"Bosambo," he said, soberly, "this is bad hearing."

"Lord," moaned the chief, "I wish I were dead—dead as my firstborn who lies in the hut of my wife."

He rocked to and fro in his grief, for Bosambo had the heart of a child, and in this little son, who had counted its existence by days, was centered all the ambition of his life.

"God be with you, Bosambo my brother," said Sanders gently, and laid his hand on the black man's heaving shoulder; "these things are ordained from the beginning of time."

"It is written," whispered Bosambo, between his sobs, and caught his lord's hand.

* * * * *

Sanders turned his steamer down river, and that night, when he prepared for bed, the sorrow of his chief was fresh in his mind.

Before he turned in, he took a letter from his pocket, tore it deliberately into a hundred scraps and threw it from the door of the cabin into the river.

Then he got into his bunk and switched out the light.

He thought of the young man of the Isisi, and he thought of Bosambo.

"Thank God I'm not married," he said, and went to sleep.

◆ ◆

Honesty is the best policy, but he who acts on that principle is not an honest man.—ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

Skating is a chilly pleasure, and therefore no sin.—HEINRICH HEINE.

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A Marriage Has Been

CHARACTERS

MR. HARRISON CROCKSTEAD.
LADY ALINE DE VAUX.

SCENE: *The conservatory of No. 300 Grosvenor Square.*

HOUR: *Close on midnight. A ball is in progress, and dreamy waltz music is heard in the distance.*

LADY ALINE DE VAUX *enters, leaning on the arm of* MR. HARRISON CROCKSTEAD.

CROCKSTEAD (*looking around*)—Ah—this is the place—very quiet, retired, romantic—*et cetera.* Music in the distance—all very appropriate and sentimental. (*He motions her to sit in chair R. of table L. C. She moves to settee R. and sits at L. end.*) You seem perfectly calm, Lady Aline.

ALINE (*sitting*)—Anterooms are not unusual appendages to a ballroom, Mr. Crockstead; nor is this anteroom unlike other anterooms.

CROCKSTEAD—I wonder why women are always so evasive?

ALINE—With your permission we will not discuss the sex. You and I are too old to be cynical, and too young to be appreciative. And, besides, it is a rule of mine, whenever I sit out a dance, that my partner shall avoid the subjects of women—and war.

CROCKSTEAD—You limit the area of conversation—— But then, in this particular instance, I take it, we have not come here to talk? (*Moves R. at back of settee and sits beside her.*)

ALINE (*coldly*)—I beg your pardon!

CROCKSTEAD (*sitting beside her*)—Lady Aline, they are dancing a cotillion in there, so we have half an hour before us. We shall not be disturbed, for the Duchess, your aunt, has considerately stationed her aged companion in the corridor, to ward off intruders.

ALINE (*very surprised*)—Mr. Crockstead!

CROCKSTEAD (*looking hard at her*)—Didn't you know? (ALINE *turns aside, embarrassed.*) That's right—of course you did. Don't you know why I have brought you here? That's right; of course you do. The Duchess, your aunt, and the Marchioness, your mother—observe how fondly my tongue trips out the titles—smiled sweetly on us as we left the ball-room. There will be a notice in the *Morning Post* tomorrow: "A marriage has been arranged between——"

ALINE (*bewildered and offended. Rises*)—Mr. Crockstead! This—this is——

CROCKSTEAD (*always in the same quiet tone*)—Because I have not yet proposed, you mean? Of course I intend to. Only, as I know that you will assuredly accept me, it seems as though——

ALINE (*rising, in icy tones*)—Let us go back to the ballroom.

CROCKSTEAD (*quite undisturbed*)—Oh, please! That won't help us, you know. Do sit down. I assure you I have never proposed before, so that naturally I am a trifle nervous. (LADY ALINE *moves to fireplace.*) Of course I know that we are only supers really, without much of a speaking part; but the spirit moves me to gag, in the absence of the stage-manager, who is, let us say, the Duchess——

ALINE—I have heard of the New Humor, Mr. Crockstead, though I confess I have never understood it. This may be an exquisite example——

CROCKSTEAD—By no means. I am merely trying to do the right thing, though perhaps not the conventional one. Before making you the formal offer of my hand and fortune, which amounts to a little over three millions——

ALINE (*fanning herself*)—How people exaggerate! Between six and seven, *I* heard.

CROCKSTEAD—Only three at present, but we must be patient. Before throwing myself at your feet, metaphorically, I am anxious that you should know something of the man whom you are about to marry.

ALINE—That is really most considerate!

CROCKSTEAD—I have the advantage of you, you see, inasmuch as you have many dear friends, who have told me all about you.

ALINE (*with growing exasperation*)—Indeed?

CROCKSTEAD—I am aware, for instance, that this is your ninth season——

ALINE—You are remarkably well informed.

CROCKSTEAD—I have been told that again tonight, three times, by charming young women who vowed that they loved you. Now, as I have no dearest friends, it is unlikely that you will have heard anything equally definite concerning myself. I propose to enlighten you.

ALINE (*satirically*)—The story of your life—how thrilling!

CROCKSTEAD—I trust that you may find it so. (*Sits on R. end of settee.*) Lady Aline, I am a self-made man, as the foolish phrase has it—a man whose early years were spent in savage and desolate places, where

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Arranged

By ALFRED SUTRO

A deft comedy of match-making difficulties with a difference

George du Maurier

the devil had much to say; a man in whom whatever there once had been of natural kindness was very soon kicked out. I was poor and lonely, for thirty-two years; I have been rich and lonely for ten. My millions have been made honestly enough; but poverty and wretchedness had left their mark on me, and you will find very few men with a good word to say for Harrison Crockstead. I have no polish, or culture. Art wearies me, literature sends me to sleep——

ALINE—When you come to the chapter of your personal deficiencies, Mr. Crockstead, please remember that they are sufficiently evident.

CROCKSTEAD (*without a trace of annoyance*)—That is true. I will pass, then, to more intimate matters. In a little township in Australia—a horrible place where there was gold—I met a woman whom I loved. She was what is technically known as a bad woman. She ran away with another man. I tracked them to Texas, and in a mining camp there I shot the man. I wanted to take the woman back, but she refused. That has been my solitary love affair; and I shall never love any woman again as I loved her. And now—will you marry me, Lady Aline?

ALINE (*very steadily, facing man*)—Not if you were the last man in this world, Mr. Crockstead.

CROCKSTEAD (*with a pleasant smile*)—At least that is emphatic.

ALINE—See, I will give you confidence for confidence. This is, as you suggest, my ninth season. Living in an absurd *milieu* where marriage with a wealthy man is regarded as the one aim in life, I have, during the past few weeks, done all that lay in my power to wring a proposal from you.

CROCKSTEAD—I appreciate your sincerity.

ALINE—Perhaps the knowledge that other women were doing the same lent a little zest to the pursuit, which otherwise would have been very dreary; for I confess that your personality did not—especially appeal to me.

CROCKSTEAD (*cheerfully*)—Thank you very much.

ALINE—Not at all. Indeed, this room being the Palace of Truth, I will admit that it was only by thinking hard of your three millions that I have been able to conceal the weariness I have felt in your society. And now—will you marry me, Mr. Crockstead?

CROCKSTEAD (*serenely*)—I fancy that's what we're here for, isn't it?

ALINE (*stamping her foot*)—I have, of course, been debarred from the disreputable *amours* on which you linger so fondly; but I loved a soldier cousin of mine, and would have run away with him had my mother not packed me off in time. He went to India, and I stayed here; but he is the only man I have loved, or ever shall love. Further, let me tell you I am twenty-eight; I have always been poor—I hate poverty, and it has soured me no less than you. Dress is the thing in life I care for most, vulgarity my chief abomination. And, to be frank, I consider you the most vulgar person I have ever met. Will you still marry me?

CROCKSTEAD (*with cheerfulness*)—Why not?

ALINE—This is an outrage. (*Crossing to L.*) Am I a horse, do you think, or a ballet-dancer? Do you imagine I will sell myself for your three millions?

CROCKSTEAD—Logic, my dear Lady Aline, is evidently not one of your more special possessions. For, had it not been for my—somewhat eccentric preliminaries—you *would* have accepted me, would you not?

ALINE (*embarrassed*)—I—I——

CROCKSTEAD—If I had said to you timidly: "Lady Aline, I love you; I am a simple, unsophisticated person; will you marry me?" you would have answered, "Yes, Harrison, I will."

ALINE (*L. C., fanning herself*)—It is a mercy to have escaped marrying a man with such a Christian name as Harrison.

CROCKSTEAD—It has been in the family for generations, you know; but it is a strange thing that I am

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always called Harrison, and that no one ever adopts the diminutive.

ALINE—That does not surprise me: we have no pet name for the east wind.

CROCKSTEAD—The possession of millions, you see, Lady Aline, puts you into eternal quarantine. It is a kind of yellow fever, with the difference that people are perpetually anxious to catch your complaint. But we digress. To return to this question of marriage——

ALINE—I beg your pardon?

CROCKSTEAD—I presume that it is—arranged?

ALINE (*haughtily*)—Mr. Crockstead, let me remind you that frankness has its limits: exceeding these, it is apt to degenerate into impertinence. Be good enough to conduct me to the ball-room.

CROCKSTEAD—You have five sisters, I believe, Lady Aline? (ALINE *stops short.*) All younger than yourself, all marriageable, and all unmarried. (ALINE *hangs her head and is silent.*) Your father——

ALINE (*fiercely*)—Not a word of my father!

CROCKSTEAD (*R.*)—Your father is a gentleman. The breed is rare, and very fine when you get it. But he is exceedingly poor. People marry for money nowadays; and your mother will be very unhappy if this marriage of ours falls through.

ALINE (*moving down C.*)—Is it to oblige my mother, then, that you desire to marry me?

CROCKSTEAD—Well, no. But you see I must marry someone, in mere self-defense; and honestly, I think you will do at least as well as anyone else. (ALINE *bursts out laughing*)—That strikes you as funny?

ALINE—If you had the least grain of chivalrous feeling, you would realize that the man who would speak to a woman as you have spoken to me——

CROCKSTEAD—Yes?

ALINE—I leave you to finish the sentence.

CROCKSTEAD—Thank you. I will finish it my own way. I will say that when a woman deliberately tries to wring an offer of marriage from a man whom she does not love, she deserves to be spoken to as I have spoken to you, Lady Aline.

ALINE (*scornfully*)—Love! What has love to do with marriage?

CROCKSTEAD—That remark rings hollow. You have been good enough to tell me of your cousin, whom you did love——

ALINE—Well?

CROCKSTEAD—And with whom you would have eloped, had your mother not prevented you.

ALINE—I most certainly should.

CROCKSTEAD (*meditatively*)—If I had been he, mother or no mother, money or no money, I would have carried you off. I fancy it must be pleasant to be loved by you, Lady Aline.

ALINE (*sitting*)—You do me too much honor.

CROCKSTEAD (*still thoughtful, moving C.*)—Next to being king, it is good to be maker of kings. Where is this cousin now?

ALINE—In America. But might I suggest that we have exhausted the subject?

CROCKSTEAD—Do you remember your *Arabian Nights*, Lady Aline?

ALINE—Vaguely.

CROCKSTEAD—You have at least not forgotten that sublime Caliph, Haroun Al-Raschid?

ALINE—Oh, no—but why?

CROCKSTEAD—We millionaires are the Caliphs today; and we command more faithful than ever bowed to them. What is your cousin's address?

ALINE—Again I ask—why?

CROCKSTEAD—I will put him in a position to marry.

ALINE (*in extreme surprise*)—What! (*Rises.*)

CROCKSTEAD—Oh, don't be alarmed, I'll manage it pleasantly. I'll give him tips, shares, speculate for him, make him a director of one or two of my companies. He shall have an income of four thousand a year. You can live on that.

ALINE—You are not serious?

CROCKSTEAD—Oh, yes; and though men may not like me, they always trust my word. You may.

ALINE—And why will you do this thing?

CROCKSTEAD—Call it caprice—call it a mere vulgar desire to let my magnificence dazzle you—call it the less vulgar desire to know that my money has made you happy with the man you love.

ALINE (*moved*)—That is generous. (*Sitting in armchair below table L. C.*)

CROCKSTEAD—I remember an old poem I learned at school—which told how Frederick the Great coveted a mill that adjoined a favorite estate of his: but the miller refused to sell. Frederick could have turned him out, of course—there was no County Council in those days—but he respected the miller's firmness, and left him in solid possession. And mark that, at that very same time, he annexed—in other words stole—the province of Silesia.

ALINE—Ah——

CROCKSTEAD (*moving to fireplace R.*)—

'Ce sont là jeux de Princes:
Ils respectent un meunier,
Ils volent une province.

(*Music stops.*)

ALINE—You speak French?

CROCKSTEAD—I am fond of it. It is the true and native language of insincerity.

ALINE—And yet you seem sincere.

CROCKSTEAD—I am permitting myself that luxury tonight. I am uncorking, let us say, the one bottle of '47 port left in my cellar.

ALINE—You are not quite fair to yourself, perhaps.

CROCKSTEAD—Do not let this action of mine cause you too suddenly to alter your opinion. The verdict you pronounced before was, on the whole, just.

ALINE—What verdict?

CROCKSTEAD—I was the most unpleasant person you ever had met.

ALINE—That—was an exaggeration.

CROCKSTEAD—The most repulsive——

ALINE (*quickly*)—I did not say that.

CROCKSTEAD—And who prided himself on his repulsiveness. Very true, in the main, and yet consider! (*Sitting on R. arm of settee R.*) My wealth dates back ten years; till then I had known hunger, and every kind of sorrow and despair. I had stretched out longing arms to the world, but not a heart opened to me. And suddenly, when the taste of men's cruelty was bitter in my mouth, capricious fortune snatched me from abject poverty and gave

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me delirious wealth. I was ploughing a barren field, and flung up a nugget. From that moment gold dogged my footsteps. I enriched the few friends I had—they turned howlingly from me because I did not give them more. I showered money on whomever sought it of me—they cursed me because it was mine to give. In my poverty there had been the bond of common sorrow between me and my fellows: in my wealth I stand alone, a modern Ishmael, with every man's hand against me.

ALINE (*gently*)—Why do you tell me this?

CROCKSTEAD—Because I am no longer asking you to marry me. Because you are the first person in all these years who has been truthful and frank with me. And because, perhaps, in the happiness that will, I trust, be yours, I want you to think kindly of me. (*She puts out her hand, he takes it; they move arm in arm to C. and stop.*) And now, shall we return to the ball-room? The music has stopped; they must be going to supper.

ALINE (*archly*)—What shall I say to the Marchioness, my mother, and the Duchess, my aunt?

CROCKSTEAD—You will acquaint those noble ladies with the fact of your having refused me.

ALINE—I shall be a nine-days' wonder. And how do you propose to carry out your little scheme?

CROCKSTEAD—I will take Saturday's boat—you will give me a line to your cousin. I had better state the case plainly to him, perhaps?

ALINE—That demands consideration.

CROCKSTEAD—And I will tell you what you shall do for me in return. Find me a wife!

ALINE—I?

CROCKSTEAD—You. I beg it on my knees. I give you *carte blanche*. I undertake to propose, with my eyes shut, to the woman you shall select.

ALINE—And will you treat her to the—little preliminaries—with which you have favored me?

CROCKSTEAD—No. I said those things to you because I liked you.

ALINE—And you don't intend to like the other?

CROCKSTEAD—I will marry her. I can trust you to find me a loyal and intelligent woman.

ALINE—In Society?

CROCKSTEAD—For preference. She will be better versed in spending money than a governess, or country parson's daughter.

ALINE—But why this voracity for marriage?

CROCKSTEAD—Lady Aline, I am hunted, pestered, worried, persecuted. I have settled two breach of promise actions already, though Heaven knows I did no more than remark it was a fine day, or inquire after the lady's health. If you do not help me, some energetic woman will capture me—I feel it—and bully me for the rest of my days. I raise a despairing cry to you—Find me a wife!

ALINE (*R.*)—Do you desire the lady to have any—special qualifications?

CROCKSTEAD—No—the home-grown article will do. One thing—I should like her to be—merciful.

ALINE—I don't understand.

CROCKSTEAD—I have a vague desire to do something with my money: my wife might help me. I should like her to have pity.

ALINE—Pity?

CROCKSTEAD—In the midst of her wealth I should wish her to be sorry for those who are poor.

ALINE (*nods*)—Yes. And, as regards the rest——

CROCKSTEAD—The rest I leave to you, with absolute confidence. You will help me?

ALINE—I will try. My choice is to be final?

CROCKSTEAD—Absolutely.

ALINE—I have an intimate friend—I wonder whether she would do?

CROCKSTEAD—Tell me about her.

ALINE—She and I made our début the same season. Like myself, she has hitherto been her mother's despair.

CROCKSTEAD—Because she has not yet——

ALINE—Married—yes. Oh, if men knew how hard the lot is of the portionless girl, who has to sit, and smile, and wait, with a very desolate heart—they would think less unkindly of her, perhaps (*with a smile*). But I too am digressing.

CROCKSTEAD—Tell me more of your friend. (*Moving toward her.*)

ALINE—She is outwardly hard, and a trifle bitter, but I fancy sunshine would thaw her. There has not been much happiness in her life.

CROCKSTEAD—Would she marry a man she did not love?

ALINE—If she did, you would not respect her?

CROCKSTEAD—I don't say that. She will be your choice; and therefore deserving of confidence. Is she handsome?

ALINE—Well—no.

CROCKSTEAD (*with a quick glance at her*)—That's a pity. But we can't have everything.

ALINE—No. There is one episode in her life that I feel she would like you to know——

CROCKSTEAD—You are not betraying confidence?

ALINE (*looking down*)—No. She loved a man, years ago, very dearly. They were too poor to marry, but they vowed to wait. Within six months she learned that he was engaged.

CROCKSTEAD—Ah!

ALINE—To a fat and wealthy widow——

CROCKSTEAD—The old story.

ALINE—Who was touring through India, and had been made love to by every unmarried officer in the regiment. She chose him.

CROCKSTEAD (*meaningly*)—India? (*Moving to her.*)

ALINE—Yes.

CROCKSTEAD—I have an idea that I shall like your friend. (*Taking her hand.*)

(*Music starts "God Save the King."*)

ALINE—I shall be careful to tell her all that you said to me—at the beginning——

CROCKSTEAD—It is quite possible that my remarks may not apply after all——

ALINE—But I believe myself, from what I know of you both, that—if she marries you—it will not be—altogether—for your money.

CROCKSTEAD—Listen—they're playing "God Save the King." Will you be my wife, Aline?

ALINE—Yes—Harry. (*He takes her in his arms and kisses her.*)

(CURTAIN)

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Playing *at* Love

By CARL CARMER
Associate Editor, *Theatre Arts Monthly*

No New York dramatic season of recent years has shown so comprehensive an interest in other times as the one but now at an end. On the magic carpet of the drama playwrights have carried theater audiences back to the days of the first generation of men with Marc Connolly's *The Green Pastures* and forward into generations still to come with Bernard Shaw's *The Apple Cart*. Producers, too, have taken advantage of the current enthusiasm for distant periods to revive old plays, and during some weeks of the season a theater-goer has been able to choose between attending an 18th Century play of the 18th Century (Sheridan's *The Rivals*) or a 20th Century play of the 18th Century (Balderston's *Berkeley Square*); between a great play written almost five hundred years before the time of Christ (Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*) and a play written by a very much alive young man about men and women who also lived

May Ellis as Lactitia, the jailor's daughter, and Basil Sidney as Count La Ruse, her prisoner in more ways than one, both Children of Darkness.

In the family home in "Berkeley Square," Kate Pettigrew (Valerie Taylor) receives her cousin from America, Peter Standish (Leslie Howard), her approval tempered with 18th Century modesty.

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The Broadway Season Tells an Old Story in Varying Ways

In "The Green Pastures," Cain (Lou Vernon) and Cain's Girl (Dorothy Randolph) begin the first courtin'.

Photographs from Vandamm Studios

Laetitia adds another beau to her string: the young poet Cartwright (J. Kirby Hawkes) in a scene from "Children of Darkness."

centuries before the Christian era (again Connolly's *The Green Pastures*).

In these plays which span the wide reaches of the years the same situations occur again and again, affirming the old adage, "Human nature does not change." But styles of talk change. Vocabulary and manners vary with the centuries. It has seemed entertaining to select one situation which is a part of each of the period plays and follow it chronologically through the Broadway season. And it is not surprising that the one scene common to all is a love scene.

In the following passage Marc Connolly shows how the deep South negroes believe "courtin' " was done in the time of the first man. The dialogue of the scene is taken almost verbatim from Roark Bradford's *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun*, the book of tales upon which *The Green Pastures* was based:

CAIN'S GIRL (*off stage*)—Hello, Country Boy!

(CAIN *glances up to the off-stage branches of a tree.*)

CAIN—Hey-ho, good-lookin'! which way is it to town?

CAIN'S GIRL (*off stage*)—What you tryin' to do? You tryin' to mash me? I be doggone if it ain't gittin' so a girl caint hardly leave de house 'out some of dese fast men ain' passin' remarks at her.

CAIN—I ain' passin' remarks.

CAIN'S GIRL (*off stage*)—If I thought you was tryin' to mash me, I'd call de police an' git you tooken to de first precinct.

CAIN—Look yere, gal, I ast you a question, an' if you don' answer me I'm gonter bend you 'cross my pants an' burn you up.

CAIN'S GIRL (*off stage*)—I'm comin' down.

After she has joined Cain on the ground the girl starts on a new tack:

CAIN'S GIRL—I bet you can handle a gal mean wid dem big

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stout arms of your'n. I sho' would hate to git you mad at me, Country Boy.

CAIN (*smiling*)—Come yere. (*She goes a little closer to him.*) Don't be fraid, I ain' so mean.

CAIN'S GIRL—You got two bad lookin' eyes. I bet yo' hot coffee 'mong de women folks. . . .

Later the conversation continues:

CAIN—. . . You got a beau?

CAIN'S GIRL—Huh-uh!

CAIN (*smiling*)—You has *now.*

CAIN'S GIRL—I guess if you wanted to kiss me an' I tried to stop you, you could pretty nearly crush me wit' dem stout arms.

Years later, in Greek times, according to Aristophanes' robust comedy, *Lysistrata,* which the Philadelphia Theater Association has produced with great success in both Pennsylvania and New York, the course of true love ran not quite so smooth when Kinesias, returning from the wars, discovers that the wife of his bosom is not at home but has betaken herself with the other women to a tower whence they will not descend until their husbands promise there shall be no more wars. This passage is from the translation by Gilbert Seldes used by the Philadelphia Theater Association:

KINESIAS (*shouting to her in the tower*)—Myrrhina, my little darling. Myrrhina! . . . You know I love you. Come here to me, quick.

MYRRHINA—I will not.

KINESIAS—Myrrhina, I beg you, come down.

MYRRHINA—Why should I? You don't want me—much.

KINESIAS (*writhing exaggeratedly*)—Not want you much. If I wanted you any more I'd perish.

MYRRHINA—What are you doing?

KINESIAS—Oh, my darling—my sweet precious.

MYRRHINA—You behave like a little boy. Goodby.

Later Kinesias approaches Myrrhina with a child by the hand who hangs back:

KINESIAS—Oh, Myrrhina, if you won't come to me at least come to our little child. He wants you too. Call your mother, baby.

CHILD—Mammy! Mammy! Mammy!

KINESIAS—There—you hear? It's six days since you washed or fed the child.

MYRRHINA—Poor dear. You look so thin. Your father doesn't love you.

KINESIAS—I love you both, Myrrhina, sweet, come down, where we can talk in private.

MYRRHINA—Ah, what it means to be a mother nowadays. Well, if I must, I will.

It is a journey down the centuries before coming upon the next landmark in this year's dramatic history of the tender passion. In *Children of Darkness* Edwin Justus Mayer catches the fine literary spirit of the stylized conversations characteristic of the late 17th and early 18th centuries. Here, in this play which counts among its dramatis personæ the great literary rogue, Jonathan Wilde, is a gracefully embroidered love tale of a "gaoler's wench" and a noble prisoner:

LAETITIA—I am mad about you, La Ruse. Are you not mad about me?

COUNT LA RUSE—I abominate you.

LAETITIA—And yet you make love to me.

LA RUSE—Because I abominate.

LAETITIA—'Tis your one drawback as a lover, that your reasoning is always original.

LA RUSE—. . . and true. The surrender of a woman one adores is but tepid compared to the subjection of a woman one abominates. Therefore—(*clasps and kisses her*).

LAETITIA (*sparkling*)—For a prisoner, sir, you take more liberties than a free man dares.

LA RUSE (*coldly, leaving her*)—Pray remember, madam, you have granted me greater liberties than I now implore.

LAETITIA—It is the privilege of a lady to remember, sir, as it is the duty of a gentleman to forget. But alas! when a gentleman becomes a lover, he ceases to be a gentleman: the one is killed in the other, as the boy is killed in the man. Yet I adore you, La Ruse, and would not willingly be without you.

LA RUSE—I shall be free of you yet.

LAETITIA—I shall do my best to hold you near. I have no wish to join that unhappy throng of ladies, who must ever bear in their memory as the last portrait of their lover, not his face but his heels! Yet you are foolish, sir, imagining you can escape me, merely by leaving me.

LA RUSE—Out of this jail and I am out of your life.

LAETITIA—Leave these prison walls and your days shall still be spent in matching your mind against my mind—your nights, in matching your strength against my strength—your time, always in matching your malice against my malice. Haven't you told me yourself, La Ruse, that men are attracted to women, either by those qualities of goodness wholly unlike their own—or by those perverse qualities which reflect only too well their own secret natures?

Almost a hundred years later young ladies seem to have grown more shy and less garrulous in John Balderston's romantic play, *Berkeley Square*:

PETER (*goes to settee—sits by her awkwardly—a little afraid*)—Kate, forgive me for being such a boor.

KATE (*nervous, but coquettish, since she likes him*)—Your manners have been unexceptional.

PETER—But hardly appropriate for a man who has just met his betrothed for the first time.

KATE—Are we betrothed? I had not heard of it.

PETER—Come, don't tease me. It's been practically all arranged in our letters. (*Clumsily steals a kiss.*)

KATE (*shrinking back*)—There's nothing settled yet, and this is more in keeping with what I have heard of your rough ways at home, sir.

PETER (*taking cue from her altered tone and rather awkwardly attempting to act as he imagines his role demands*)—Come back, Kate. Don't call me sir. I'll certainly not call you miss. (*Seizes her arm.*) Call me Peter! Say it!

KATE (*protestingly*)—Sir! Cousin! (*Both rise.* PETER *makes to kiss her again—she escapes laughing*)—Peter, then! You'll think me a brazen creature to laugh at your clowning, but I'll have no more of it!

PETER—Come, Kate. It's all arranged. The settlement was to be—fifteen thousand pounds, wasn't it? That's all for the lawyers. We two needed only a kiss to make sure.

Broadway paid its respects to the much respected '90's this winter in Noel Coward's quaint and tuneful musical comedy, *Bitter Sweet.* Mr Coward would have us pretend that lovers spoke thus modestly and somewhat in the manner of Oscar Wilde in the days of what-nots:

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A love scene from Philip Barry's play of youth's life and disillusionment, HOTEL UNIVERSE, *produced by the Theater Guild.*

LORD SHAYNE—Will you honor me by becoming my wife? You've now refused me in practically every capital in Europe. —London is the last on the list.

SARI—Why should London prove the exception?

LORD SHAYNE—It's home.

SARI (*sighing*)—Yes, I suppose it is.

LORD SHAYNE—It has charm. London—a very peaceful charm, particularly for anyone who is tired like you. You can drive in the park in the Spring and look at the crocuses.

SARI—Please don't talk of Spring.

LORD SHAYNE—Then there is the Autumn, when the leaves fall in the Square, and you can sit on a rickety iron chair and watch the children searching for horsechestnuts.

SARI (*wistfully*)—Who's children?

LORD SHAYNE—Just anybody's.

SARI—The fogs come in November.

LORD SHAYNE—Fogs can be delightful.

SARI—Can they? (*She smiles.*)

LORD SHAYNE—Particularly when you are warm and snug by a crackling fire drinking tea, while from the yellow gloom outside the trees look in at you like ghosts.

SARI—I don't like tea or ghosts.

LORD SHAYNE—You're very hard to please.

More than a quarter of a century later the Great War gave poignancy to many a real life conversation such as this from Sherwood's *Waterloo Bridge:*

ROY—Well, of course, when you're in the army you don't have much chance to go out with girls.

MYRA—How about when you're on leave?

ROY—There's not much chance even then—I mean, with decent girls. Take a feller like me, for instance, in a strange country—how could I meet any decent girls?

MYRA—I suppose not.

ROY—It took an air raid and a freak of luck to fix it up for me to meet you.

MYRA—Do you think—would you call me a decent girl?

ROY—I wouldn't put you in the same class with other girls.

MYRA—Why not?

ROY—Well—you're nice. . . .

MYRA—After you go back to the trenches, Roy, I'd like to send you some parcels.

ROY—Gee! that would be great.

MYRA—I'd like to make something for you—socks or something like that.

ROY—I can always use socks. And anyway—whatever you sent me, I'd treasure it.

MYRA—I'd just like to think there was something to make you think—to remind you of our little meeting.

ROY—I don't need anything to remind me, Myra. I'm not likely to forget anything about you. You can't imagine what it is—how it feels to find someone here, that's friendly. . . .

Finally, to bring this play-history to its end, here is a pretty scene laid in that recent addition to American life, a speak-easy. The conversation was set down by Preston Sturgis in *Strictly Dishonorable.*

GUS—I came here just now . . . to ask you to marry me.

ISABELLE—Oh! (*She turns away from him.*)

GUS—Yes.

ISABELLE—When did you get that idea?

GUS—This morning—after I left you I couldn't sleep. I lay in bed wondering—wondering——

ISABELLE—What to do with me?

GUS—Yes.

ISABELLE—Then you thought of this solution.

GUS—Yes—always you see, I thought marriage was not for me. For a woman such life would be—Hell. Here a few months, then quick to Milan, a week at La Scala, then two, maybe three days at home, then a rotten trip to Spain (ISABELLE *who has been only to West Orange, N. J., and New York, listens breathlessly*) one week in Barcelona, one week in Madrid, then off to South America. It's terrible!

ISABELLE—Yes—it must be.

GUS—It is. It's awful. So always I put behind me thoughts of marriage, so that some poor woman would not have to—share my sufferings.

ISABELLE—That was very thoughtful of you.

GUS—But bad as it would be for the woman, think what it would mean for the children.

ISABELLE—I suppose it would be hard for the children.

GUS—Terrible! But I will *not* be separated from my wife and children. I am, by nature, a family man. All my ancestors on both sides had families.

ISABELLE—I guess mine did too.

GUS—So you can see what it would be like to travel? Nurses, valets, governesses, maids, toys, animals—tutors, little boys, little girls—it would be like traveling with a menagerie.

ISABELLE—How many children did you expect to have?

GUS—I haven't decided yet.

ISABELLE—Oh.

GUS—But this morning I said what the Hell, we only live once . . . if I can travel, the family can travel. So I put on my best suit, and came to tell you.

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The Second of Three Parts

The Lust of Conquest

By RAFAEL SABATINI

CESARE BORGIA is relentlessly conquering the independent cities of Italy. Having subdued Assisi, he is ready to attack the walls of proud Solignola. Panthasilea, true fifteenth-century daughter of the Count of Solignola, determines to save her father's castle by matching her guile with that of the Borgia Prince. She sets out to ensnare him with her charms and to have him borne captive to the dark dungeon of Solignola. Incognito, she takes up headquarters at the home of Messer Gianluca della Pieve within the very walls of the city where her unscrupulous enemy is encamped.

As she is passing the marketplace in a mule litter, she encounters the man she has sworn to destroy—and realizes for the first time that he is young and handsome. Cesare, taken with her beauty, and made watchful by her confusion, sends a messenger to follow the litter and to summon her escort, Gianluca della Pieve, before him. Meanwhile Panthasilea has quarreled with Messer della Pieve for daring to make love to her, and has dismissed him from her attendance.

PART TWO

Illustrations by John Alan Maxwell

WITH A WHITE, SULLEN FACE Gianluca della Pieve watched Panthasilea alight, leaning upon the arm of a footman who had hastened to discharge the pleasant duty that usually was Gianluca's own; then he doffed his hat, bowed frigidly, and, wheeling his horse, he rode slowly away, nursing his sorely lacerated pride, which the young Assisian mistook for injured love, just as he had mistaken for love the ambition which had caused him to lift his eyes to the future high and mighty Countess of Solignola.

It was, therefore, a very short-tempered young gentleman who found himself suddenly confronted and hailed by a tall, warlike fellow on a tall horse.

Messer Gianluca scowled at Cesare's captain. "I do not know you, sir," said he.

"That misfortune I am here to amend," said the bland Scipione.

"I do not seek your acquaintance," said Gianluca, still more rudely.

"You shall have it, none the less. For I have orders to force it upon you if necessary."

Now, these were ugly words to one whose conscience was not clear of treason. Della Pieve's dark mood was elbowed aside by fear.

"Is this an arrest?" he asked.

Scipione laughed. "Why, no," said he. "I am sent to escort you; that is all."

"And whither, sir?"

"Now, here's a catechism! To the Communal Palace, to repair your omission to wait upon His Highness of Valentinois."

Gianluca looked into the other's rugged face and observed that it was friendly; he took courage and made no more demur. And as they rode, he sought to draw information from Scipione, but finding the captain as close as an oyster, and mistrusting this closeness, he grew afraid again.

At the Communal Palace matters were no better. He was left to cool his heels in an ante-chamber for two hours and more, to await the return of the Duke, who was abroad. It was in vain that he begged to be allowed to depart, vowing that he would return anon. He was desired, for only answer, to be patient; and so the conviction was forced upon him that in some sort he was a prisoner. He remembered Baglioni's words, that the Duke had spies everywhere, and he began to fear the worst. So engrossed was he with these fears that all thought of Panthasilea faded from his mind —that lesser matter being supplanted by this greater.

At length, when his torture of suspense had reached a climax, and he had begun to shiver in that chilly ante-room, an usher came to inform him that the Duke awaited him. Whether it was of intent that the Duke had submitted him to this suspense, to the end that through fear his spirit might be softened as metal in the furnace, it is not possible to say. But it may well be that some such purpose this crafty Duke had sought to serve, desiring as he did to ascertain precisely what was the attitude towards himself of this puissant gentleman of Assisi who had failed to come with his brother Anziani to take the oath of allegiance. Certain it is that Della Pieve was a very subdued and morally

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"From such masterful ways—how can I defend myself?" said she; then lost her balance and fell heavily against him with a little cry.

weakened young man when at length he was admitted to Cesare Borgia's presence.

He was ushered into the gloomy hall of the palace, which was lighted by windows set high in the wall, and decorated by a multitude of rampant lions—the Assisian emblem—frescoed in red upon a yellow ground, unpleasantly bewildering to the eye. The place was chilly, for all that a wood fire was burning in the vast fireplace. About this stood a group of Cesare's captains and courtiers, talking and laughing, when Gianluca was admitted. His advent, however, was followed by a general and somewhat disconcerting silence, and he became the object of a no less disconcerting attention on the part of those same gentlemen, whilst here he caught a smile, and there a shrug, all serving to heighten his uneasiness.

He gained the middle of the chamber, and hung there pausing awkwardly for a moment. Then from the group the Duke's tall figure detached itself. His Highness was all in black, but his doublet was embroidered in arabesque of gold thread, so finely wrought that at the little distance separating them Gianluca thought him to be wearing damascened body-armor.

Cesare advanced, his pale young face very set and grave, fingers toying with his tawny beard, eyes sad and thoughtful.

"I have waited a week to give you welcome, Messer della Pieve," said he coldly. "As I seemed in danger of having to forego the honor, I was constrained to send for you." He paused, awaiting an explanation.

But Della Pieve had nothing to say. His mind seemed benumbed under the Duke's steady glance, under the eyes of all those gentlemen at the room's end.

It was Cesare's aim to determine whether Della Pieve's recusancy was that of active or of passive enmity. If passive, the man might go his ways; but active, Cesare must know more of it. And meanwhile he had been gathering information.

He had ascertained that Gianluca della Pieve had quitted Assisi on the eve of his own arrival and had returned upon the morrow of that event, bringing with him a very beautiful lady, a kinswoman of his, it was put about. That lady was lodged in his palace and was shown a great deference by her attendants.

Such was the sum of Cesare's information. Slight in itself; most certainly too slight to have aroused the least suspicion against Della Pieve, had he but come to take the oath. Viewed, however, in the light of that recusancy and in conjunction with the sudden pallor of the beauty in the litter at sight of Cesare, His Highness judged that there was matter to be probed. And now he had Della Pieve's confused and guilty bearing to confirm him in that judgment.

As the Assisian offered no explanation, Cesare passed to questions.

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"Although you are one of the first citizens of Assisi, you were not among the Anziani when the oath was taken on Sunday last," he said. "I shall rejoice to hear your motives for that absence."

"I—I was not in Assisi at the time, Magnificent," said Della Pieve.

"Aye—but dare you tell us where you were?" cried Cesare sharply—and his tone was the tone of one who questions upon matters fully known to him. "I do not wonder that you hesitate to answer," he added after a moment's pause, and thus completed Gianluca's assurance that his movements were already known.

"My Lord," he faltered, "Count Guido was my father's friend. We owed him many favors."

Here was knowledge gained, and upon it Cesare built rapidly.

"I am not quarreling with your visit to Solignola," he said slowly, and the stricken Gianluca never suspected that he, himself, had just afforded the first intimation of that same visit. "Nor yet am I quarreling with your friendship for Count Guido. My displeasure is with the motives that led you to seek him."

That fresh vague, random shot of Cesare's went home as had done the others. Gianluca blanched. Plainly all was known.

"My lord," he cried, "I swear before Heaven that I took no willing part in any of the measures determined at Solignola."

So! Measures had been determined at Solignola! Cesare turned it over in his mind, recalled the fact that Della Pieve had gone alone and had returned accompanied by a lady—the lady of the litter, the lady who had turned pale at the sight of him that day. Undoubtedly she was from Solignola. It remained to ascertain her identity.

"How am I to believe you?" he asked.

Della Pieve clenched his hands. " I have, of course, no means of proving what I say," he admitted miserably.

"Indeed you have, sir. There is one proof you are overlooking." Cesare's voice was very cold. "It is yours to use frankness with me now, and so convince me of your honesty. Yet you are careful to tell me nothing." His eyes narrowed, and again in that tone of one who is possessed of the fullest knowledge: "Not even," he added, "in the matter of this lady whom you fetched from Solignola with you on your return."

THE ASSISIAN recoiled as if he had been struck, unable to follow the simple method of inference by which Cesare had arrived at the conclusion that the lady was from Solignola, never dreaming that the Duke was but groping for information, and assured that the identity of Panthasilea must be known to this man with as many eyes as Argus.

He took refuge at the last in falsehood, touching the motives of his visit to Count Guido's stronghold. "Magnificent," he began by way of preface, "since you know so much you will understand the rest."

"My present aim," said Cesare, "is to test your honesty."

Gianluca plunged headlong into the falsehoods he contemplated, praying Heaven that Cesare's information might be so limited to admit of his being believed.

"Why, is it not natural, Excellency, that, being determined upon this resistance, Count Guido should have desired to place his daughter in safety—to remove her from the perils and discomforts of a place besieged? In my having given her the shelter of my house, is there anything that reflects upon my honesty towards Your Highness? I have said that my father owed great favors to Count Guido. Could I, then, do less than I have done?"

Cesare stood surveying him, his face inscrutable. So! The lady was Count Guido's daughter. That was valuable knowledge gained. But that Count Guido's daughter should have come to Assisi—into Cesare's very camp—to seek safety and shelter was a foolish, clumsy lie. Therefore, there must be some other motive for her presence, which Gianluca found himself forced to withhold.

Thus reasoned the Duke. And having formed his sound conclusions, he shrugged and laughed scornfully. "Is this your honesty?" he asked. "Is it thus that you would prove that you are not my enemy?"

"It is the truth, my lord!"

"It is a lie, I say," the Duke retorted, raising his voice for the first time. "I am too well informed, sir, to be hoodwinked so easily." Then, dropping back to his calm, level tones: "You abuse my patience, sir," he said, "and you forget that there are the rack and the hoist below-stairs with which I can force the truth from you if necessary."

Gianluca's manhood rebelled at the threat. He braced himself by an effort of will, and looked the Duke boldly between the eyes, sustained by the courage of the desperate.

"Neither hoist nor rack could extract another word from me," he said; "for I have no more to tell."

Cesare continued to ponder him in silence. He was not prone to needless or fruitless cruelty. And he fancied that, having learned so much already, the rest might be discovered without resorting to the violence of the rack. For the moment, however, it was plain that Della Pieve would say no more. He nodded.

"You have no more to tell me, eh? An ambiguous phrase, sir. But I think I read its real meaning."

He turned to the group about the hearth, which included the tall captain Scipione. He beckoned the condottiero to him.

"Baldassare," said he, "take Messer della Pieve hence, and place him under arrest until I make known my pleasure. Let him be closely confined with guards you can trust to allow him to commune with none."

It was not Cesare's intention to run the risk of Panthasilea's learning that her identity was known to him, for in that case the present gain would all be wasted and the true aim of her presence in Assisi remain undiscovered.

The matter intrigued Cesare Borgia not a little. He took counsel that night with Agabito Gherardi, his shrewd, white-faced secretary; and Agabito, though by nature a mild and kindly man, had no hesitation in recommending that the torture should be employed to squeeze the last drop of truth from Messer della Pieve.

"We may come to it in the end," said Cesare. "But the moment, I fancy, is not propitious. There was in this fellow's face this morning a look as of willingness

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"We took this man, Magnificent, less than an hour ago, upon the slopes of Solignola."

for martyrdom which does not augur well. I infer that he loves Count Guido's daughter, and so is strengthened in obstinacy. What is at the bottom of it all I cannot even guess. I swear it would baffle that crafty Florentine Secretary Macchiavelli—which is as much as to say the Devil himself."

And at that same hour Monna Panthasilea degli Speranzoni was in earnest talk with one of her faithful followers from Solignola, a youth named Giovanni. Until tonight the manner of approaching her task had baffled her completely, since Della Pieve had failed her in her original scheme. She had desired him to make pretence of loyalty to the Duke, and to present her as his kinswoman, Eufemia Bracci of Spoleto. But Della Pieve, out of repugnance for the whole affair, had refused, and so had thwarted her.

But now that at last she had seen her man, and taken his measure as much by his brave appearance as by the very ready gallantry expressed in the obeisance to which the mere sight of her had moved him, she saw her way; and she was laying her plans for the morrow with Giovanni.

The morrow dawned fair and clear, a day that was more of April than of February. A soft wind was blowing from the south, warm and subtly fragrant, and from a cloudless, cobalt sky the sun shone genially upon the plain of Umbria, and struck fire and silver from the tumbling waters of the Tescio.

It was at the ford, almost under the very walls of Assisi, that Cesare Borgia, returning with a half-dozen gentlemen from an early morning ride to the camp under Solignola, came suddenly and unexpectedly upon Madonna Panthasilea.

She was seated upon the ground in a forlorn and dejected attitude, resting her shoulders against a gray boulder that had partly concealed her from the Duke's eyes until he was abreast of her. She was dressed in that bright russet gown in which you beheld her at her father's council; cut low in the bodice it revealed the perfection of her throat, the splendid column of her neck. Her bright hair was partly unbound, and strands of it caught the breeze and fluttered distractingly about her faintly tinted cheeks. Her veil had fallen back and slipped down on to her shoulders.

In the meadow, at some little distance, a riderless mule was cropping the short grass.

At sight of her, Cesare instantly swung himself from the saddle and she had leisure to admire the athletic ease of the movement and the matchless grace of the man as he approached her, cap in hand, his long, bronze-colored hair gleaming in the sunlight.

At a glance he had recognized her; at a glance perceived the plight—real or pretended—in which she found herself; and however that might be, he rejoiced in this chance to come to grips with her.

He bowed profoundly, and she found herself looking into the gentlest and most beautiful eyes that she had ever seen. The appeal to her womanhood of this very perfect manhood, this splendid youth and strength of which he was the incarnation, was instant and irresistible. A pang shot through her at the thought of her task; her first qualm beset her with that first glance of his. But it was no more than the momentary outcry of her instincts under the shock of the encounter; immediately reason's cold hand seized the reins of her will and governed it.

"You are hurt, Madonna," he murmured, in that gentle yet richly melodious voice that was one of his greatest charms. "The mischance you have suffered is very plain to see. Permit that we assist you?"

She smiled at him, and even as she smiled her mouth assumed a painful twist and grew as quickly smooth again. "It is my ankle," she complained, and put a hand to the injured limb.

"It must be bound," said he, and swiftly loosed a scarf he wore about his body.

"No, no!" she cried—a cry of real alarm, as his sharp ears detected. " My women will tend it when I reach home. It is not far."

"Believe me," he insisted, "it should be bound at once."

She crimsoned under his glance. She looked up piteously and very beautiful, and made the crimsoning do service for a blush of virgin modesty.

"I implore you not to pain me by insisting," she pleaded. And he, playing his part as she played hers, lowered his eyes in submission, and shrugged his regret at such injudicious obstinacy.

She proceeded to tell him how she came in such a plight. "My mule had crossed the ford," she said, "and was mounting the hither bank when it slipped upon those stones, came down upon its knees and threw me off."

He looked grave concern. "Ungracious beast," said he, "to cast off so fair a burden!" And he added: "You should not ride forth alone, Madonna."

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Until tonight the manner of approaching her task had baffled her completely.

"It is not my custom. But on such a morning the spring was in my soul, and I was athirst for freedom."

"A dangerous thirst," said he, "the quenching of which has been the death of many. You should have considered all the Borgia soldiery aswarm about the countryside."

"What should I fear from them?" she asked him, bewitchingly innocent, her eyes wide. "You, yourself, are one—are you not? Must I, then, fear you?"

"Ah, Madonna," he cried, "'tis you fill me with fear."

"I?" quoth she, lips parting in a half-smile.

"Fear for this same freedom which you seem to prize, and which I prize no less. What man can account himself free who has met your glance? What man can be other than a slave thereafter?"

She laughed lightly as she turned aside that thrust in the high lines. "Why, here's a courtier," said she. "And I deemed you but a soldier."

"I am a courtier here, Madonna," he said, bowing low before her. "Elsewhere I am the Duke."

He watched the pretty play of feigned surprise upon her face; the simulated confusion. "The Duke—you!"

"Your slave," said he.

"My lord, I have been blind—very blind. It had been better had I been as dumb. What must you deem me?"

He looked at her and sighed. "Life is so short! I should not find it long enough to tell you."

She flushed again under his burning gaze; for despite suspicion and all else, he found her—as all men must—very good to see; and his admiration showed clearly in his glance.

"We are forgetting my poor foot, my lord," she reminded him. "And I detain you. Perhaps one of your gentlemen will come to my assistance."

"Nay, in this office I will not be supplanted. But one of them shall fetch your mule." He turned, and sharply gave an order which sent his gentlemen all spurring towards the grazing beast. "Can you rise with help?" he asked her.

"I think I could."

He stooped and crooked his arm. But she drew back. "Highness!" she murmured in confusion, "it were too much honor! By your leave, I will await one of your gentlemen."

"Not one of them shall have my leave to help you," he said, laughing, and again, insistently, he thrust his arm upon her notice.

"From such masterful ways—how can I defend myself?" said she, and taking his arm she rose painfully on her one sound foot; then lost her balance and fell heavily against him with a little cry.

His arm flashed round her waist to steady her. Her hair lay an instant against his cheek; the sweet fragrance of her filled his brain. She murmured piteous excuses. He smiled, silent, and held her so until the mule was brought. Then, without a word, he lifted her in his arms as though she had been a child, and set her in the saddle. And the strength of him amazed her, as it had amazed many to more hurtful purpose.

One covert but very searching glance he bestowed upon the mule's knees. As he had expected, they were smooth and glossy and showed no slightest hurt or stain. It left him no doubt that her ankle was in like case, and with a little smile he turned and vaulted lightly into his own saddle. Then, coming beside her, he took the bridle of her mule in his right hand and called to one of his gentlemen to protect her on the other flank.

"Thus, Madonna, you will be safe," he assured her. "And now—forward!"

They went down the short incline to the water, and splashed across the ford, and so rode forward into Assisi. As they went, the Duke talked slightly, and she responded with a ready tongue and many a sidelong glance of admiration for his person and of pleasure in the flattering homage of his words, which was not wholly feigned. As they were entering the town, he asked her where she desired them to conduct her.

"To the house of my kinsman, Messer Gianluca della Pieve, by San Rufino."

Her kinsman! Here, considered Cesare, was more deception. How did she propose to call herself, he wondered; and bluntly asked her.

Her reply came readily. "I am Eufemia Bracci of Spoleto, Your Highness' devoted subject."

He made no answer to Eufemia Bracci of Spoleto. But he smiled fondly upon her, such a sweet, guileless smile as assured her that Gianpaolo Baglioni had by much overrated his acuteness.

At the door of Della Pieve's house he took his leave of her. And at the last moment, and purely out of malice, he promised to send his own physician Torella to attend her; and he dissembled his amusement and his perception of the sudden fear that leaped for a moment to her eyes. She implored him not to think

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of it, assured him that a day's rest would mend her foot, and she was obviously relieved that he took her word for this, and did not insist.

He rode away bemused, and once back at the Communale he sent for Agabito Gherardi and told him what had passed.

"And so, Agabito," he concluded, "the Lady Panthasilea degli Speranzoni is here in Assisi, calling herself Eufemia Bracci of Spoleto, the kinswoman of Della Pieve. She has thrust herself upon my notice, and sought to enlist my interest and ensnare my senses. Can you read me this riddle?"

Agabito's round white face was contemptuously placid. "It is extremely simple," said he. "She is the bait in a trap that has been set for you."

"That, Agabito, is what I have been telling you. What I desire to know is the nature of the trap itself. Can you hazard me a guess?"

"The matter is too serious for guessing," replied the secretary, unmoved. "If I might venture to advise you, Highness, it is that you go armed abroad and with all precaution, and that you do not adventure yourself within the doors of the Palazzo Pieve save with an ample escort."

Cesare opened his black doublet to show Agabito the gleam of steel mesh he wore beneath. "Armed I am," said he. "But for the rest of your advice—" he shrugged. "There is a way of handling these traps so that they close upon those who set them. There was such a trap prepared for a man in Sinigaglia, not so long ago. But you know that story."

"In that case, my lord, you had precise knowledge of what was intended."

Cesare looked at the other, smiling cruelly. "Knowledge which the torture wrung from Messer Ramiro de Lorqua," he said. "Bid them prepare a hoist in the hall below tonight; and let the executioner and his assistants be summoned to await my pleasure."

Agabito departed, and the Duke turned his mind to other matters. That evening he sat late at supper with his gentlemen, and when he dismissed them it was to closet himself with Agabito and his clerks and keep them at work upon despatches for Rome and Florence until far into the night.

Towards midnight he turned to Agabito to inquire had all been made ready for the examination of Della Pieve; and then, even as the secretary was answering him, the door was opened and a servant entered quickly.

"What now?" demanded Cesare, frowning.

"Soldiers from the camp under Solignola, Magnificent, with a prisoner."

He raised his brows, surprised. "Admit them," he said. And a youth in peasant garb and cross-gartered leggings, his hands pinioned behind him, was led in between two men-at-arms. With them came a young officer of Corella's, whom Cesare instantly addressed.

"What is this?"

The officer saluted. "We took this man, Magnificent, less than an hour ago, upon the slopes under Solignola. He had eluded our sentries and was through our lines, and but that in the dark he loosed a boulder, and so drew our attention, he had gained the city. We found him to be the bearer of a letter written in cipher. But Don Michele was unable to induce him to say whence this letter or for whom."

He handed Cesare a small square of paper the seal of which had already been broken. The Duke took it, ran his eye over the array of baffling ciphers, examined the seal, and finally bore the paper to his nose and sniffed it. Very faintly he caught a fragrance that reminded him of a woman in a bright russet gown.

"At what hour," he asked quietly, "did Madonna Panthasilea degli Speranzoni give you this letter?"

The man's countenance changed upon the instant. Its calm was swept away by a consternation amounting to fear. He recoiled a step, and stared wild-eyed at this Duke, who watched him with such awful impassiveness.

"Men speak the truth of you!" he cried at last.

"Rarely, my friend—believe me, very rarely." And the Duke smiled. "But what have you heard?"

"That you have made a compact with the Devil."

Cesare nodded. "It is as true as most things that are said of me. Take him away," he bade the officer. "Let him be confined in strictest solitude." Then to the youth: "You have nothing to fear," he said. "You shall come by no harm, and your detention shall not exceed a week at most."

The youth was led out in tears—tears for the mistress whom he served, persuaded that from this terrific Duke nothing was concealed.

Cesare tossed the note to Agabito. "Transcribe it for me," he said shortly.

"It is in cipher," said Agabito, bewildered.

"But the key has been obligingly supplied. The last word is composed of eleven numerals, and of these the second, sixth, and last are the same. Assume that word to be 'Panthasilea.' It will simplify your task."

Agabito said no more, but bent, quill in hand, over the letter, whilst Cesare—a long scarlet figure in a furred robe that descended to his ankles—thoughtfully paced the chamber. Soon the secretary rose, and handed Cesare the transcription.

I engaged his attention at last this morning, and I have made an excellent beginning. Within a few days now I count upon an opportunity to carry out the business. I am prepared. But I shall proceed slowly, risking nothing by precipitancy. PANTHASILEA.

Cesare read, and held the paper in a candle flame, reducing it to ashes. "It tells no more than we already knew. But that much it confirms. Mend the seal of the original, and let means be found to convey it to Count Guido. Let one of my men replace the original messenger, then let him pretend that he is wounded, and so induce some rustic with a promise of good payment from Count Guido to bear the letter to Solignola.

"And let Corella be advised that he is to see to it that he captures no more messengers at present. Thus he will find it easier to complete the mine; for as long as the folk of Solignola depend upon my defeat here in Assisi and believe it to be progressing, they are not likely to be as vigilant as if they had but their own efforts to depend upon. And now for Messer della Pieve. Let him be sent for."

To be Concluded in August

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Uncle Sam

By ELIOT GREGORY

THE GENTLEMAN who graced the gubernatorial armchair of New York state when the nineteenth century was born happened to be an admirer of classic lore and the sonorous names of antiquity.

It is owing to his weakness in bestowing pompous cognomens on our embryo towns and villages that today names like Utica, Syracuse, and Ithaca, instead of evoking visions of historic pomp and circumstance, raise in the minds of most Americans the picture of cocky little cities, rich only in trolley-cars and Methodist meeting-houses.

When, however, this cultured governor, in his ardor, christened one of the cities Troy, and the hill in its vicinity Mount Ida, he little dreamed that a youth was living on its slopes whose name was destined to become a household word the world over, as a synonym for the proudest and wealthiest republic yet known to history, a sobriquet that would be familiar in the mouths of races to whose continents even the titles of Jupiter or Mars had never penetrated.

A little before this century began, two boys with packs bound on their stalwart shoulders walked from New York and established a brick-yard in the neighborhood of what is now Perry Street, Troy. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson soon became esteemed citizens of the infant city, their kindliness and benevolence winning for them the affection and respect of the community.

The younger brother, Samuel, was an especial favorite with the children of the place, whose explorations into his deep pockets were generally rewarded by the discovery of some simple "sweet" or home-made toy. The slender youth with the "nutcracker" face proving to be the merriest of playfellows, in their love his little band of admirers gave him the pet name of "Uncle Sam," by which he quickly became known, to the exclusion of his real name. This is the kindly and humble origin of a title the mere speaking of which today quickens the pulse and moistens the eyes of millions of Americans with the same thrill that the dear old flag arouses when we catch sight of it, especially an unexpected glimpse in some foreign land.

With increasing wealth the brick-yard of the Wilson brothers was replaced by an extensive slaughtering business, in which more than a hundred men were soon employed—a vast establishment for that day, killing weekly some thousand

The popular conception of Uncle Sam as interpreted by a noted Dutch artist, John Braakensick, for De Groene Amsterdammer.

The inconsistencies of Uncle Sam—composite of millions of various-minded Americans—offer a rare target for the ridicule of European caricaturists. The jibe pictured above in which an olive branch conceals a sword is from the Berlin Kladderadatsch.

IN 1846, John Leech drew the caricature reproduced at the left, for London Punch. *This typical American planter, a precursor of Uncle Sam, was called Yankee Doodle, and was referred to as a son of John Bull.*

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How Samuel Wilson of Troy, New York, became the national symbol.

UNCLE SAM'S pursuit of wealth has long been a popular theme with cartoonists. His Alaskan gold rush, pictured above, is reprinted from an August, 1897, issue of the New York Journal. *Foreign artists of the last decade frequently portray Uncle Sam as an overfed plutocrat. The Glasgow (Scotland)* Bulletin *cartoon, at left, is representative of this manner.*

head of cattle. During the military operations of 1812 the brothers signed a contract to furnish the troops at Greenbush with meat, "packed in full bound barrels of white oak"; soon after, Samuel was appointed Inspector of Provisions for the army.

It is a curious coincidence that England also should have taken an ex-army contractor as her patron saint, for if we are to believe tradition, St. George of Cappadocia filled that position unsatisfactorily before he passed through martyrdom to sainthood.

True prototype of the nation that was later to adopt him as its godfather, the shrewd and honest patriot, "Uncle Sam," not only lived loyally up to his contracts, giving full measure and of his best, but proved himself incorruptible, making it his business to see that others too fulfilled their engagements both in the letter and the spirit; so that the "U. S." (abbreviation of United States) which he penciled on all provisions that had passed his inspection became in the eyes of officers and soldiers a guarantee of excellence. Samuel's old friends, the boys of Troy (now enlisted in the army), naïvely imagining that the mystic initials were an allusion to the pet name they had given him years before, would accept no meats but "Uncle Sam's," murmuring if other viands were offered them. Their comrades without inquiry followed this example until so strong did the prejudice for food marked "U. S." become, that other contractors, in order that their provisions should find favor with the soldiers, took to announcing "Uncle Sam" brands.

To the greater part of the troops, ignorant (as are most Americans today) of the real origin of this pseudonym, "Uncle Sam's" beef and bread meant merely government provisions, and the step from national belongings to an impersonation of our country by an ideal "Uncle Sam" was but a logical sequence.

In his vigorous old age, Samuel Wilson again lived on Mount Ida, near the estates of the Warren family, where as children we were taken to visit his house and hear anecdotes of the aged patriot's hospitality and humor.

The honor in which he was held by all the countryside, the influence for good he exerted, and the informal tribunal he held, to which his neighbors came to get their differences straightened out by his common sense, are still talked of by the older inhabitants. One story in particular used to charm our boyish ears. It was about a dispute over land between the Livingstons and the Van Rensselaers, which was brought to an end by "Uncle Sam's" producing a barrel of old papers (confided to him by both families during the war, for safe keeping) and extracting from this original "strong box" title deeds to the property in litigation.

One's thoughts revert with pleasure to the half-mythical figure on the threshold of the nineteenth century, and to legends of the clear-eyed giant, with the quizzical smile and the tender, loyal heart, whose life's work makes him a more lovable model and a nobler example to hold up before the youth of today than all the mythological deities that ever disported themselves on the original Mount Ida.

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The Elixir of Life

By RICHARD GARNETT

THE AGED PHILOSOPHER Aboniel inhabited a lofty tower in the city of Balkh, where he devoted himself to the study of chemistry and the occult sciences. No one was ever admitted to his laboratory. Yet Aboniel did not wholly shun intercourse with mankind, but, on the contrary, had seven pupils, towardly youths belonging to the noblest families of the city, whom he instructed at stated times in philosophy and all lawful knowledge, reserving the forbidden lore of magic and alchemy for himself.

But on a certain day he summoned his seven scholars to the mysterious apartment. They entered with awe and curiosity, but perceived nothing save the sage standing behind a table, on which were placed seven crystal phials, filled with a clear liquid resembling water.

"Ye know, my sons," he began, "with what ardor I am reputed to have striven to penetrate the hidden secrets of Nature, and to solve the problems which have allured and baffled the sages of all time. In this rumor doth not err: such hath ever been my object; but, until yesterday, my fortune hath been like unto theirs who have preceded me. The little I could accomplish seemed as nothing in comparison with what I was compelled to leave unachieved. Even now my success is but partial. I have not learned to make gold; the talisman of Solomon is not mine; nor can I recall the principle of life to the dead, or infuse it into inanimate matter. But if I cannot create, I can preserve. I have found the Elixir of Life."

The sage paused to examine the countenances of his scholars. Upon them he read extreme surprise, undoubting belief in the veracity of their teacher, and the dawning gleam of a timid hope that they themselves might become participators in the transcendent discovery he proclaimed. Addressing himself to the latter sentiment—"I am willing," he continued, "to communicate this secret to you, if such be your desire."

A unanimous exclamation assured him that there need be no uncertainty on this point.

"But remember," he resumed, "that this knowledge, like all knowledge, has its disadvantages and its drawbacks. A price must be paid, and when ye come to learn it, it may well be that it will seem too heavy. And understand also that I am not minded to employ this knowledge on my own behalf. My fourscore years' acquaintance with life has rendered me more solicitous for methods of abbreviating existence, than of prolonging it. It may be well for you if your twenty years' experience has led you to the same conclusion."

There was not one of the young men who would not readily have admitted, and indeed energetically maintained, the emptiness, vanity, and general unsatisfactoriness of life; for such had ever been the doctrine of their venerated preceptor. Their present behavior, however, would have convinced him, had he needed conviction, of the magnitude of the gulf between theory and practice, and the feebleness of intellectual persuasion in presence of innate instinct. With one voice they protested their readiness to brave any conceivable peril, and undergo any test which might be imposed as a condition of participation in their master's secret.

"So be it," returned the sage, "and now hearken to the conditions.

"Each of you must select at hazard, and immediately quaff, one of these seven phials, in one of which only is contained the Elixir of Life. Far different are the contents of the others; they are the six most deadly poisons which the utmost subtlety of my skill has enabled me to prepare, and science knows no antidote to any of them. The first scorches up the entrails as with fire; the second slays by freezing every vein, and benumbing every nerve; the third by frantic convulsions. Happy in comparison he who drains the fourth, for he sinks dead upon the ground immediately, smitten as it were with lightning. Nor do I overmuch

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commiserate him to whose lot the fifth may fall, for slumber descends upon him forthwith, and he passes away in painless oblivion. But wretched he who chooses the sixth, whose hair falls from his head, whose skin peels from his body, and who lingers long in excruciating agonies, a living death. The seventh phial contains the object of your desire. Stretch forth your hands, therefore, simultaneously to this table; let each unhesitatingly grasp and intrepidly drain the potion which fate may allot him."

The seven disciples contemplated each other with visages of sevenfold blankness. They next unanimously directed their gaze toward their preceptor, hoping to detect some symptom of jocularity upon his venerable features. Nothing could be descried thereon but the most imperturbable solemnity, or, if perchance anything like an expression of irony lurked beneath this, it was not such irony as they wished to see. Lastly, they scanned the phials, trusting that some infinitesimal distinction might serve to discriminate the Elixir from the poisons. But no, the vessels were indistinguishable in external appearance.

"Well," demanded Aboniel at length, with real or assumed surprise, "wherefore tarry ye thus? I deemed to have ere this beheld six of you in the agonies of death!"

This utterance did not tend to encourage the seven waverers. Two of the boldest, indeed, advanced their hands half-way to the table, but perceiving that their example was not followed, withdrew them.

"Think not, great teacher, that I personally set store by this worthless existence," said one of their number at last, breaking the embarrassing silence, "but I have an aged mother, whose life is bound up with mine."

"I," said the second, "have an unmarried sister, for whom it is meet that I should provide."

"I," said the third, "have an intimate and much-injured friend, whose cause I may in nowise forsake."

"And I an enemy upon whom I would fain be avenged," said the fourth.

"My life," said the fifth, "is wholly devoted to science. Can I consent to lay it down ere I have sounded the seas of the seven climates?"

"Or I, until I have had speech of the man in the moon?" inquired the sixth.

"I," said the seventh, "have neither mother nor sister, friends nor enemies, neither doth my zeal for science equal that of my fellows. But I have all the greater respect for my own skin; yea, the same is exceedingly precious in my sight."

"The conclusion of the whole matter, then," summed up the sage, "is that not one of you will make a venture for the cup of immortality?"

The young men remained silent and abashed, unwilling to acknowledge the justice of their master's taunt, and unable to deny it. They sought for some middle path, which did not readily present itself.

"May we not," said one at last, "may we not cast lots, and each take a phial in succession, as destiny may appoint?"

"I have nothing against this," replied Aboniel, "only remember that the least endeavor to contravene the conditions by amending the chance of any one of you, will ensure the discomfiture of all."

The disciples speedily procured seven quills of unequal lengths, and proceeded to draw them in the usual manner. The shortest remained in the hand of him who had pleaded his filial duty to his mother.

He approached the table with much resolution, and his hand advanced half the distance without impediment. Then, turning to the holder of the second quill, the man with the sister, he said abruptly:

"The relation between mother and son is notoriously more sacred than that which obtains between brethren. Were it not therefore fitting that thou——?"

"A truce to this trifling," cried the other six; "fulfil the conditions, or abandon the task."

Thus urged, the scholar approached his hand to the table, and seized one of the phials. Scarcely, however, had he done so, when he fancied that he detected something of a sinister color in the liquid, which distinguished it, in his imagination, from the innocent transparency of the rest. He hastily replaced it, and laid hold of the next. At that moment a blaze of light burst forth upon them, and, thunderstruck, the seven scholars were stretched senseless on the ground.

On regaining their faculties they found themselves at the outside of Aboniel's dwelling, stunned by the shock, and humiliated by the part they had played. They pledged secrecy, and returned to their homes.

The secret of the seven was kept as well as the secret of seven can be expected to be; that is to say, it was not, ere the expiration of seven days, known to more than six-sevenths of the inhabitants of Balkh. The last of these to become acquainted with it was the Sultan, who immediately dispatched his guards to apprehend the sage, and confiscate the Elixir. Failing to obtain admission at Aboniel's portal, they broke it open, and, on entering his chamber, found him in a condition which more eloquently than any profession bespoke his disdain for the life-bestowing draught. He was dead in his chair. Before him, on the table, stood the seven phials, six full as previously, the seventh empty. In his hand was a scroll inscribed as follows:

"Six times twice six years have I striven after knowledge, and I now bequeath to the world the fruit of my toil, being six poisons. One more deadly I might have added, but I have refrained.

"Write upon my tomb, that here he lies who forbore to perpetuate human affliction, and bestowed a fatal boon where alone it could be innoxious."

The intruders looked at each other, striving to penetrate the sense of Aboniel's last words.

While yet they gazed, they were startled by a loud crash from an adjacent closet. A large monkey bounded forth, whose sleek coat, exuberant playfulness, and preternatural agility convinced all that the philosopher, ironic to the last, had administered to the creature every drop of the Elixir of Life.

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The Golden Age

A very rare mahogany Hepplewhite chair, showing Adam influence in decorative motifs
Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY is rightly called the "Golden Age" of furniture. During this century the classical note was in the flesh and blood of every designer and builder, and the trail of this influence leads back to the Italian Renaissance—that era which stands alone in the history of art. Bramante inspired Palladio, and Palladio's work made an indelible impression on Inigo Jones, of whom it has been said that perhaps no other man ever had so great a share in changing the architecture of a nation. This mantle of classical inspiration fell upon Sir Christopher Wren, whose strong individuality created a beautiful English Renaissance in architecture about the middle of the Seventeenth Century, at the same time that Grinling Gibbons was carving his way to fame. Thus the stage was set for the famous English cabinetmakers who were to establish a standard of excellence and beauty which has never since been equaled.

It was in the reign of Queen Anne (1702-1714) that the sun began to rise on English cabinet work; it shone gloriously throughout the Eighteenth Century and sank in early Victorian clouds. The term Queen Anne, in its relation to furniture, is elastic. It is often used to cover the reigns of William and Mary, Queen Anne, George I., and a part of the reign of George II.—or in other words, all the time of Dutch influence introduced by William and Mary. But at best, classification is difficult, for in England as well as other countries the different styles overlap and intermingle.

An elaborately carved Georgian mirror, of unusual beauty. The decorative motifs are typical of the closing years of the XVIII. Century.
Courtesy of Syrie Maugham, Inc.

In Anne's short reign there were born many household articles familiar to us now—highboys, lowboys, double chairs or love seats, slope-top desks with bookcase above, and corner cabinets. It was a period of innovation and conflicting currents, and as the reign progressed all furniture and decoration became more elaborate. About this time, (1700), walnut superseded oak in popularity in England, and gradually fruitwoods and pine came into their own, to be followed in 1720 by mahogany. Marquetry died out, and gave place to carving which ran the gamut from extreme simplicity to elaboration, the designs frequently taken from Grinling Gibbons' decorations. The cabriole leg, arriving via Holland, became the almost universal support for furniture for the next sixty years. Color began to play an important rôle, walls were paneled and wainscoted, and often painted some pale tone as a contrasting background for the rich walnut and gorgeous lacquered furniture of red, black or green brought over from the Orient by trading ships. Also Chinese painted and

The keynote of this XVIII. Century ensemble is harmony—created by art from England, Italy, and France. The walls are painted a soft blue-green, and the wallpaper panel is a French reproduction, showing a scene on the Hudson. Hepplewhite chairs flank a Sheraton table, and the reproduced Chippendale side chairs are at home with the Sheraton sideboard. The corner cabinets are Italian.
Courtesy of Barton, Price and Willson

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By LEONORA R. BAXTER

# of Furniture

—The Eighteenth Century

Queen Anne mirrors have never been surpassed for rich simplicity. The mirror shown here is framed in carved and gilded wood.
Courtesy of Syrie Maugham, Inc.

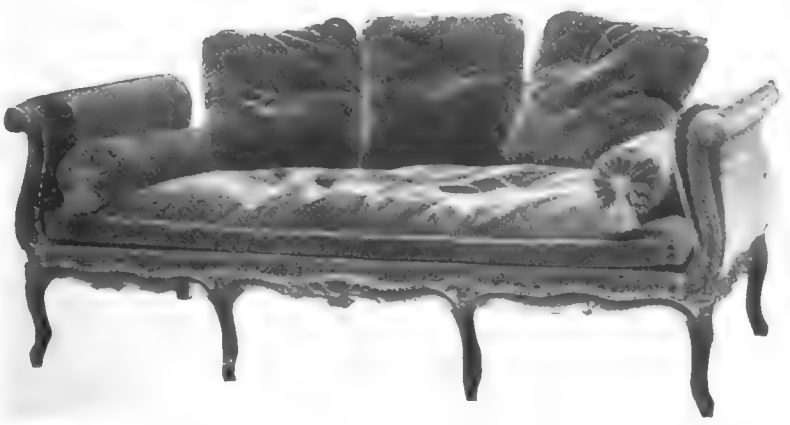
In this modern living-room English and French furniture co-operate to produce a charming interior. The Louis XV. chairs are on good terms with their over-stuffed neighbor, and the French mantel. The tables and bookcase are English.
Courtesy of Diane Tate and Marian Hall

THIS new department is in response to the growing demand for beauty in everyday life, and for knowledge of how best to appreciate and utilize our artistic heritage.

printed paper, imported into England by the East India Trading Company, was extensively used as wall covering, not only in England but in Holland and France. Luscious damasks, velvets and printed silks came from France to serve as hangings and coverings, and dainty silks frequently paneled the walls in drawing-rooms.

The gay Eighteenth Century was in full swing, giving promise of the perfect development yet to come. Throughout its entire length it was, like ours, a restless age. An awakening interest in Science, Art and Literature was increasingly evident and resulted in the founding of the Royal Society and the British Museum. Englishmen traveled extensively abroad, where they were tolerated chiefly because of their lavish spending. This wandering afar broadened an outlook that tended to be rather insular, and caused the establishment of art collections that are a source of justifiable pride in England today. Woe to the author or artist who did not enjoy noble patronage, or who failed to dedicate his work to the powers that be. Underneath surface culture there was a layer of social grossness which found expression in wholesale gambling, excessive drinking, and language that would reduce a modern taxi-driver to speechless admiration. The nobility led a life of elaborate luxury, quite oblivious of the miserable conditions existing in the middle and laboring classes. This tenor of life continued until the puritanical refinement of the Victorian era applied the brakes, and brought it temporarily to a full stop.

It was not until the early years of the reign of George II., son of Queen Anne, that the Georgian period first came into its own, under the leadership of Chippendale, whose influence was to dominate English furniture for fifty years. The period of Chippendale was contemporaneous with that of Louis XV. in France, and French influence at this time was marked. Not only Chippendale but Adam, Hepplewhite and Sheraton adapted French ideas with a vigor and originality which created a distinct English style.



Louis XV. lit de repos of beechwood, delicately carved, and covered in rose-mauve velvet. It reflects the lavishness and charm of its festive age.
Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

There were three Thomas Chippendales and the second was the great one. He was born in Worcester, England, about 1710, the son of a picture-frame maker. Coming to London in his youth he began business in Conduit Street, Long Acre, but attained no special prominence until 1753 when he moved to the address he afterwards made famous—60, St.

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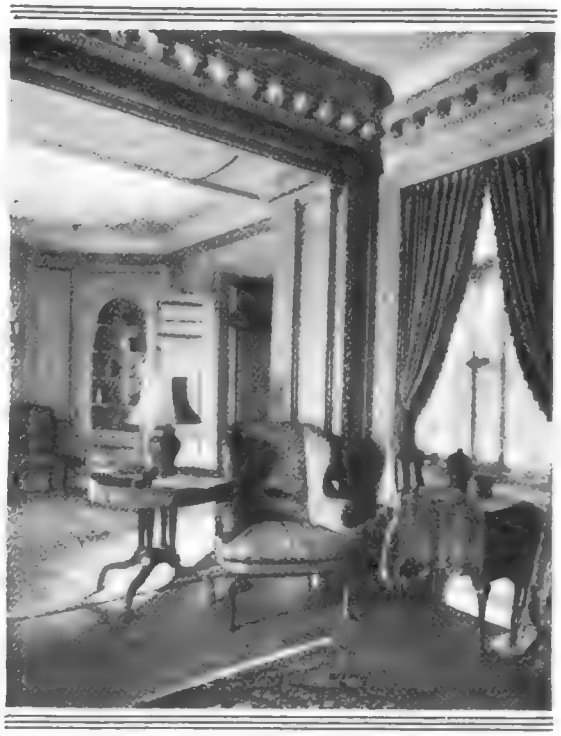
Glimpse of a bedroom in the Park Avenue apartment of Mrs. J. R. Johnston showing walls papered in steel gray with decor panels that reflect the blue of the curtains. Antique Directoire furniture, made of beechwood and upholstered in blue and gray, exemplifies the classic lines of that period. The mantel is Georgian, white, like the woodwork, and the Victorian fireplace bench is covered with needlework, the design picked out in colored beads.
Courtesy of
Barton, Price and Willson

Martin's Lane. Very little is known of his private life, but it is fairly certain that he was that rare combination: a genius with business ability. He was the father of eleven children, and in the early years the wolf often knocked at his door. Although he became wealthy, he died poor, without a will, while his Scotch partner and bookkeeper, James Rannie, left a fortune. After Chippendale's death the business was carried on by his son and another bookkeeper, one Haig by name. Again the canny Scot retired with a competency, whereupon the business promptly expired in the darkness of a bankruptcy court.

Chippendale looked upon his work as one of the fine arts, and placed his ideal of achievement very high. That he received the recognition of the best people of the time as an artist of merit is proved by his election to the Society of Arts along with such men as Joshua Reynolds, Horace Walpole, David Garrick and others. His association with Robert Adam was a priceless privilege, and the fact that some of the best of his contemporaries worked for and with him undoubtedly helped establish him as the greatest cabinetmaker of the Eighteenth Century. Most of his work is rather heavy, but is distinguished for beauty of line, exquisite carving and fretwork. His carvings are among the few in existence in almost as high relief as those of Grinling Gibbons. He originated the ladder-back and the riband-back chair, and, breaking away from the ever-present cabriole leg he made of the straight one a thing of beauty. In the latter years of his life he came more under the influence of Adam and lost his love for rococo curves, scrolls, and Chinese effects—hence toward the end he executed some of his simplest and most beautiful pieces, using the soft-toned mahogany he preferred to any other medium. Chippendale was accused of designing furniture which could be produced only by himself, but in his book, *Gentleman's and Cabinetmaker's Director*, he repudiates this charge by saying, "Upon the whole I have given no design but what may be executed with advantage by the hands of a skilful workman." The excellence of modern reproductions of Chippendale pieces seems to bear out the truth of this statement. It was in the "reign" of Chippendale that wallpapers became generally popular, and his wallpaper designs are among the most delightful in existence. Many of them show Chinese influence; the colors are heavenly, and many and varied are the rôles they play in modern decorative schemes.



In this pent-house apartment Oregon pine forms a dignified background for XVIII Century furniture. The commode is Queen Anne, the chair Chippendale, and the table is Sheraton. Each piece is a reproduction, and emphasizes the excellence of modern workmanship.
Courtesy of
the Hampton Shop

Robert Adam's Influence

Robert Adam was born in 1728 in a Scotch family of good social position. He was slated for the law, but having the courage to follow his own gleam he journeyed to study Roman architecture in Italy. When he returned to England in 1758, his classical taste was firmly established, and it became one of the important influences of the Eighteenth Century. He brought back with him lasting impressions of Pompeii, and all through his work one can trace the rich conceptions inspired by excavations of the buried city. His keen perception saw the possibility of adapting late Roman decoration to English homes, and from it he evolved the daintiest style of architectural adornment that has ever existed. In 1762 he was appointed architect to the King, and he and his brother James became the most noted members of his honorable profession.

Adam was really the first interior decorator. Undoubtedly, like Chippendale, the talented contemporaries he employed helped him to build his great reputation: Cipriani, Zucchi, and last but not least, Angelica Kauffmann, who painted exquisite decorative figure subjects for him—all of which went to his credit. It may seem to be putting the cart before the horse to say that Adam influenced the style called Louis XVI., but his classical innovations were well under way in England before the transition from Louis XV. to Louis XVI. began, and he published his book in parallel columns of French and English

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This Louis XVI. group shows the simple beauty of the straight line. The inlaid mahogany desk, signed by Jacob, is a perfect example of the period, and is now owned by Mrs. J. R. Newton, of New York. It was shown in the Bloomingdale collection.
Courtesy of Barton, Price and Willson

to satisfy the demand for it in France. Certainly the two styles have so much in common that Louis XVI. furniture may be used in an Adam room with perfect fitness, and vice versa. Adam gloried in designing not only the house but all of the furnishings, down to the last detail—and this he often did. He was not a maker of furniture, however, and many of his designs were executed in Chippendale's shop. Some of the finest English mansions of the period owe much of their distinction to furnishings designed by Adam and carried out by Chippendale—such as Harewood House, Yorkshire, and Osterley Park.

The early furniture of Adam was quite plain, and his walls showed much classic ornamentation, but about 1770 he simplified his walls and elaborated his furniture until they met in perfect harmony. He was the first to adopt the French idea of decorating furniture with painted motifs and porcelain plaques, and in his hands the result was very beautiful. Adam invariably created mirrors to accord with architectural surroundings, and with tables beneath and gilt "carnishes" above they formed an impressive part of his decorative schemes. Exquisite is the word that best describes the work of Adam. His furniture and decorations have a light-hearted quality that makes them very livable—one can scarcely be gloomy in an Adam room.

Hepplewhite and Hoop-Skirts

Some authorities assert that the work of Hepplewhite and Sheraton is but a modification and variation of motifs introduced by Adam, but in spite of this, each created a clearly defined style which bears the unmistakable stamp of individual genius. Hepplewhite was at the height of his influence from 1760 to 1795, as a maker of chairs, settees, sideboards and tables, as well as past master in the use of carving and inlay. He did not carve in the lavish manner of Chippendale, but the workmanship was beautiful, as was his intricate inlay work of satinwood on mahogany. It is interesting to recall that hoop-skirts and stiffened coat tails went out of vogue just as Hepplewhite came in—hence the reduced proportion of his chairs as compared to those of Adam and Chippendale. Although influenced by the artists mentioned, it was his great admiration for Louis XVI. that led him into the light, rhythmic style he originated. He made many sideboards, some of them going back to the side table and pedestal idea, with knife boxes on the ends. His regular sideboards, however, were based on Shearer's design, to whom (although he is now unknown to fame) belongs the honor of making the first real serpentine sideboard—the forerunner of Hepplewhite's and Sheraton's finest examples.

Sheraton the Fanatic

Sheraton was a country lad with a fair education, and it was in the country as a journeyman tramp that he did most of his best work, as far as the actual making of furniture was concerned. And it was there that he learned to love carving and inlay, which he always laid so lightly upon his slender structures. He had the advantage of starting when the fame of Chippendale was well established and when furniture like architecture was regarded as one of the fine arts. Due to his genius and the fortunate fact that he had friends at Court, he was frequently called on when a masterpiece was wanted, and he executed orders for the most distinguished establishments and collectors of England. He worked only twenty years as an active maker of furniture, and produced fewer pieces than any of his contemporaries, all of whom he cordially hated. He was a victim of envy, jealousy, poverty and religious fanaticism, and his life from the human angle was a total failure.

In the Park Avenue living-room of Mrs. J. R. Johnston the walls are dead white, and the glazed English chintz hangings and coverings blossom with gay bouquets of flowers. The Sheraton cabinet and tables are rare, as is the antique French needlepoint rug. The Adam mantel is crowned with an old French clock, and the lamp bases are French porcelain.
Courtesy of Barton, Price and Willson

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We in America are realizing the delightful possibilities of soft-toned pine, and the important part it has played in art. The group pictured here shows what XVIII. Century cabinetmakers did with this humble wood. The Adam mantel is carved pine, set with a Wedgwood plaque, and the Adam chairs are reproductions in pine. The 1730 pine commode bears lacquer decorations of a later period.

Courtesy of Barton, Price and Willson

He moved to London in 1790, and from then until his death in 1806 he seems to have abandoned practical application to his trade for the doubtful honors of a scribe. His books didn't sell very well, but his *Drawing Book* was translated and sold extensively in Germany—a distinction not accorded any other English cabinetmaker. Although decidedly influenced by French ideas, his style was recognized as distinctly his own, and he is responsible for one of the most beautiful types of furniture the world has known. He covered the two periods of Louis XVI. and the Empire, interpreting them with an infinite delicacy that places his name high on the roster of fame. Mahogany and satinwood were his favorite mediums of expression, and he made all kinds of furniture. There are many beautiful cabinets, sideboards, tables and beds to his credit—some of satinwood, some painted, and others of mahogany inlaid—but all of them graceful and slender—the light yet sturdy construction bespeaking his genius. At his best Sheraton had a perfect sense of proportion and color, and used just enough ornament to enhance the beauty of an article rather than to overpower it. It is this fine work that the world remembers, and which deepens our regret that his life was hard and bitter. About the time of his death the high traditions of the Eighteenth Century ceased to hold public taste, and furniture took a plunge toward chaos.

There are many other English cabinetmakers of merit that space does not allow me to mention, but we have glanced at the great four who stood head and shoulders above the rest. They "were not of an age but for all time."

The Eighteenth Century in France

The style that takes its name from Louis XIV. was one of great magnificence, of beauty, with solid dignity, and during that long reign of seventy-two years many invaluable contributions were made to the art of France. Louis loved splendor, and he encouraged the great men of the intellectual and artistic world to do their best work, to shed glory on the time—while the state supported them. One of the chief elements toward achieving the stupendous results of this reign was the establishment of the "Manufacture des Gobelins." A large assortment of all kinds of artists were given apartments in the Louvre, and the versatile Le Brun was put in charge. Tapestry, jewelry, furniture, almost everything was sponsored. Thus, with royal protection and interest to smooth the way, France rose to a position of world supremacy in the arts. This glorious concerted outburst of achievement was really the foundation of the styles that followed, and many look upon the periods of Louis XIV., the Regency, Louis XV. and Louis XVI. as one great period with variations and ups and downs—a complete swing and return of the pendulum. The reign of Louis XIV. was called "the triumph of gilded woods," and in the early years exaggerated ornamentation and massiveness prevailed—gold on the walls, gold on the furniture, and tapestries, marbles and paintings of huge size, but the second phase of this period, under the guidance of Le Brun, was a softening and refining of the earlier one, becoming more and more delicate until it at length merged into the period of the Regency—considered by many to be the most perfect manifestation of art in the history of France.

This dining-room gives an idea of the dignified beauty that held sway in the reign of Queen Anne. The furniture is walnut, and the walls are paneled in the same wood. The rich carving on the chimney breast is after Grinling Gibbons, and the sun-burst clock of carved and glided wood is typical of the period.

Courtesy of W. & J. Sloane

When Louis XIV. died in 1715 his great-grandson, who was to be Louis XV., was still a small boy, so Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, became Regent. During the last years of Louis XIV.'s life the Court had been decidedly bored with Madame de Maintenon and her gloomy ways, and it turned with joy to the new ruler. Philippe was a vain sort of person who took his new responsibilities casually and lived wholly for pleasure, and consequently a period of reckless gaiety set in, the change being felt in all walks of life and in every branch of art. Architecture gave up being magnificent and catered to comfort and convenience, while furniture

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and decoration bespoke rebellion against the rigid rule of the last reign by breaking into light and capricious forms of great charm and beauty. The Regency knew a short span of inflated wealth—many got rich over night and paid fabulous prices for the best work of artists. License ran riot, and nobody heard the distant rumble of the Revolution. Paris saw mansions and pretty little houses rise by the hundred, and one of the noticeable innovations was that rooms were smaller; the boudoir became the rage. This called for furniture of more delicate construction and greater variety, though none the less extravagant and rich. The chaise longue, or *lit de répos*, suddenly rose to prominence, probably as an answer to the demand of ladies of fashion for a kind of sub-throne, or bed, upon which to recline when receiving, thereby enhancing their charms—and incidentally snatching a privilege from the queen, for time was when only queens received their favored guests in such an impressive pose. The greatest furniture maker of this time was Charles Cressant, although it was Meissonier who introduced the constant use of the curve which is so typical of the Regency and of Louis XV. The naïve generalization of the girl who said the difference between the styles of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. was like the difference in hair—one was curly and one was straight, is more than half true. The curved line persisted until the last years of Louis XV., and at its best was a beautiful, gracious curve, often elaborately carved and otherwise adorned. Finally good taste was lost in the craze for rococo, which marked the decline. Cressant glorified the use of tortoise shell and many colored woods in marquetry, but his most wonderful work was done in magic chasing on brass and gilded bronze. The influence of the Orient, beginning in the previous reign, was very noticeable at this time. Much lacquer was used, and beautiful lacquer panels became one of the features of French furniture. The Martin family evolved a famous and characteristically French style of decoration from Chinese and Japanese lacquers. They made a varnish called "vernis Martin," and gave its name to the furniture decorated by them—and they decorated everything, from beds to snuff-boxes. Watteau's delightful and frivolous decorations also truly depicted the spirit of the time; Aubusson, Gobelin and Beauvais tapestry, with Watteau designs, were used extensively. Many pieces of furniture were inlaid with lovely Sèvres plaques—a detail which was not always pleasing in effect. And this reminds us that it was the beauty-loving Madame de Pompadour who persuaded Louis XV. to finance the struggling Vincennes factory and move it into adequate quarters at Sèvres, quite near the palace of Bellevue which she had just built, and where she received the King in her much talked-off winter garden of porcelain flowers. Jacob Petit established the vogue for these dainty flowers, and having received favor at Court they proceeded to bloom gaily in all boudoirs and salons of elegance. Finally people grew tired of superabundant curves and ornament, and in the last years of Louis the reaction toward classic simplicity and the straight line began. The excavations at Pompeii and the influence of Robert Adam helped to bring this about, and it is proved that what we call the style of Louis XVI. was well known before the death of Louis XV.

Louis XVI. came to the throne in 1774, and reigned until 1793. The

Courtesy of Diane Tate and Miriam Hall

The Eighteenth Century Italian console tables and mirrors in the entrance hall of Mrs. Robert Scott's apartment exemplify the best type of the empire.

idea that Marie Antoinette's personal taste made much impression on the art of France is probably romantic fiction. She found the classic trend well established when she came from Vienna, a mere child, and there is proof in furniture she designed herself that her own taste was far from classic. Her pose of rustic simplicity was a very sophisticated pose indeed, and it only inadvertently assisted in the development of one of the most beautiful styles of decoration the world has ever seen. Cabinetmakers strove to please her, but it was the artists themselves who were responsible for the beauty of their creations. Into the restfulness of the straight line they managed to inject the warmth and gaiety of the Gallic temperament, combined with true dignity and strength. Marie's boudoir at Fontainebleau is a perfect example of the style, and other rooms both there and at the Petit Trianon demonstrate the almost matchless artistry of this great epoch. Ornament again took its proper place as a decoration of construction, a great deal of white and colored marble was used, metal reached the height of refinement as a decorative motif, and many kinds of beautiful woods went into the fashioning of furniture, which was often painted.

When Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were executed, there was a hangover of refinement and classic taste which dominated the period of the Directoire, holding at bay the chaos which followed the drastic changes of the Empire. The true inspiration of the Directoire was the painter David, and it has been said that contemporary cabinetmakers, especially Deswalter, did little but "translate into furniture his Greco-Roman dreams." After the Revolution nearly everything which would remind the people of departed kings and queens was decried, and thousands of priceless things were destroyed. But when the hysteria of war passed, the true appreciation of beauty which is inherent in the French people came to the front and worked remorsefully to preserve what was left of the reigns of the Louis'. To this reaction we owe the treasures which have survived the century since the decorative art of France reached its most glorious height.

The Chaos of the Empire

The leaders of social life after the Revolution had neither the traditions nor the taste to promote and direct art, hence the conflicting tendencies which presented themselves in all forms of decoration during the Empire. Napoleon looked to the Imperial Cæsars for inspiration, which gave him a wide field in which to exploit his love of splendor, uncontrolled by any true artistic sense. Massive furniture with little beauty of line, burdened with ormolu, took the place of the old. It was simple enough in construction, with but scanty carving, but all kinds of animals unknown to man were fashioned in brass and made to support chairs, tables and sofas. Martial grandeur was in the air, and everywhere one turned bay wreaths, eagles, winged figures, torches, the sphinx, and the initial N covered the field of decoration. Wood was left in its natural color, and mahogany, ebony and rosewood were lavishly used. There were some really beautiful things made, of course, but they were certainly in the minority, and there was no standard of comparison. Color schemes changed sharply, and dark browns, blues, and other deep tones took the place of the light and gay ones of the previous reign. Decorative beauty received a staggering blow, and might well have sung,

"I'm hurt, but I'm not slaine,
I'll lay me down and bleed awhile,
And then I'll rise and fight againe."

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Nikko Temple, Nikko, Japan.

Caravaning through Japan

By ANNA ROBERTSON BROWN LINDSAY

Golden Book representative on an American Editors' and Writers' Trip to Japan

WILL ANY ONE at home ever believe the story of our travels? We reached Japan April 12th, by the S.S. "Asama Maru." We have already seen the reconstructed cities of Tokyo and Yokohama, many public buildings, exhibits, Japanese gardens, Buddhist and Shinto temples and shrines. From a sampan lighted by Japanese lanterns, we have watched the cormorant fishing at Inuyama; in canoes we have shot the rapids of the Kiso River. We have seen a tea plantation at Shizuoka, a pottery in Nagoya, and the cloisonné studio of that city. At the Pearl Culture Fisheries of Mr. Mikimoto, we have observed the work of the women divers, who bring up from the sea-bottom the three-year-old oysters for the laboratory process of having tiny seed-pearls placed in these living oysters, tied there, and the shells closed again. Then the oysters are let down once more into the water, in cages, for a further development of seven years, after which they are found to contain lovely pearls of good size and value.

Each day brings a new type of experience. Yesterday, for instance, we left our hotels at ten o'clock in motor-cars. By special permission, first we roamed on foot over the beautiful gardens of the Shugakuden Palace, the buildings of which, placed on three levels, are situated on an estate of fifty-five acres, the ground rising in gentle slopes, and forested with many kinds of trees, including tall cryptamerias, small-leaved maples, fir pine, and azaleas in full bloom.

Driving on, we passed through village streets, crowded with all manner of people, blue trucks, bullock carts, bicycles, motor-cycles, hand-carts, children, and babies carried on their mothers' backs. Many kinds of wares were displayed in little open shops. The wind blew up cold and raw. Along the country-side the peasants, who wear a characteristic white-and-blue kerchief on the head, often had it tied also down around the neck and over the ears.

At Yase we took a cable car on a funicular for Mt. Hiei. The road is long and curling, with very steep grades (once the grade is 31°),—and it winds upward beside terrific gorges. Arriving at the top of the line (one crest of Mt. Hiei) we had the surprise of our lives! For after luncheon we found waiting for us a line of *kagos*, or portable, swinging, covered chairs, with coolie carriers. The canopied things were flat on the ground. Each had a soft, long purple cushion for a back and seat. Amid much laughter, we fitted ourselves into these strange vehicles! Between two lower horizontal poles, there was a place to poke one's feet, though the Japanese themselves curl up cross-legged, feet under! On a high hook inside, I hung my purse-bag; my Alpenstock was tied on the roof. The coolies carefully lifted on high all the *kagos*—none of us rolled out—and off we went! A caravan!

Each *kago* was carried by two coolies,—one behind, one before,—each had a stout staff, and they braced the burden on the shoulder. It was a weird feeling to be moving skyward in this manner, up a steep mountain grade, crawling above the most awful precipices, on a road none too wide, and at times startlingly narrow!

After awhile, the sure-footed coolies stopped, placed their poles upright to support the weight of the chairs, rested a moment, and then, by a skilful manipulation on the staff, changed the weight to their other shoulder. In this way, part of the time we faced the chasms, and, alternately, the mountain-wall.

At last we reached the real summit of Mt. Hiei. We were now at more than 2700 feet: Kyoto is said to be 136. Then the descent began. It is much more difficult to take a *kago* down a mountain, than up. There were sharp rocks, close turns, steep steps, and the coolies had to pick their way carefully. But magazine writers have to improve each shining hour!—Have I said that we were a party of eighteen American magazine editors and writers under the aegis of the Japan Tourist Bureau?— Seeing one encaged male journalist at work with pencil and note-book, and feeling that the GOLDEN BOOK representative must not lack in industry and energy, I got out fountain pen and paper, and actually made a few notes, not wholly legible, of this journey, while rocking in that coolie-transported *kago*, and processionally passing Buddhist temples, shrines, refreshment stands, road-makers and climbing pilgrims, my bag swinging in front of my eyes, and earth and heaven in a panoramic scene!

The journey came to an end in front of a big temple,—Konpon Chudo, the head temple of Enryakuji. The worst thing about Japanese travel, is how to spell it!

We wound our way further afoot, to another station of the Cable Company, on the opposite side of the mountain from that by which we had ascended. We took a shorter but quite steep funicular, passed through two tunnels, and at the foot found our cars waiting. Traveling in them, we for some time skirted the beautiful shores of Lake Biwa, renowned in Japanese poetry; thence back to Kyoto. Kyoto, Japan, 1930.

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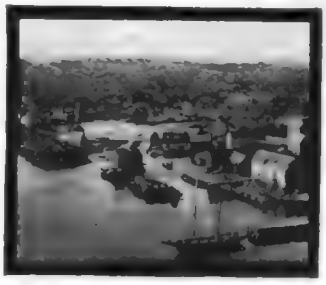

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Hors-d'oeuvres from the Newest Books

Beer for Puritan Babies

Light beer continued to be the staple drink of New Englanders during the seventeenth century. Milk came more and more into use, especially for infants and children, and to a certain extent displaced beer in the nursery. Water was held in suspicion, whether for drinking or bathing. Drunkenness, though consistently discouraged and punished by the authorities, was pretty common. Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts declared in 1630 that he would no longer drink healths, and he expressed the hope that others would follow his example. It was about at this time that the English Puritans were beginning to discover the wickedness of the old custom.

In 1676 the Reverend Increase Mather said in a sermon that there was far more drunkenness in New England than in old England. The governor of Massachusetts denied the fact, and it is now impossible to tell which man was in the right. But the fact that such a comparison was possible assures us that the colonies were not extremely sober.

Mrs. Grundy. Leo Markun.

How strange it was, this passing of love! A never-ending marvel! At one moment the merest touch of the hand is Paradise, at the next, dead flesh.

Rogue Herries. Hugh Walpole.

American Conversation

No. 1 (slowly). I see by the papers the Germans are building some fast new boats. (He spits into the sawdust.)

No. 2 (thoughtfully). That's right; but what I say is, they're going to get some pretty stiff competition from them airships. (He spits into the sawdust.)

No. 1 (contentious but tired). Oh, I don't know. I think it's going to take some time before you replace them boats. (He spits into the sawdust.)

No. 2 (reflectively). I guess that's what they said when they saw the automobile. (He makes an effort.) Do you know there's nearly one automobile for every family in this country? (He spits into the sawdust.)

No. 1 (intelligently). Yes, sir, but they didn't put the railroads out of business, did they? (He spits into the sawdust.)

King Mob. Frank K. Notch.

Hard labor is for machines, not for men.

Today and Tomorrow. Henry Ford.

Mr. Maugham Invents a Fairy Tale

First the King of Siam had two daughters, and he called them Night and Day. Then he had two more, so he changed the names of the first ones and called the four of them after the seasons, Spring and Autumn, Winter and Summer. But in the course of time he had three others, and he changed their names again and called all seven by the days of the week. But when his eighth daughter was born he did not know what to do till he suddenly thought of the months of the year. The Queen said there were only twelve and it confused her to have to remember so many new names, but the King had a methodical mind and when he made it up he never could change it if he tried. He changed the names of all his daughters and called them January, February, March (though of course in Siamese), till he came to the youngest who was called August, and the very next one to arrive was called September.

"That only leaves October, November and December," said the Queen. "And after that we shall have to begin all over again."

"No, we shan't," said the King, "because I think twelve daughters are enough for any man, and after the birth of dear little December I shall be reluctantly compelled to cut off your head."

He cried bitterly when he said this, for he was extremely fond of the Queen. Of course it made the Queen very uneasy, because she knew that it would distress the King very much if he had to cut off her head. And it would not be very nice for her. But it so happened that there was no need for either of them to worry, because September was the last daughter they ever had. The Queen only had sons after that, and they were called by the letters of the alphabet, so there

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was no cause for anxiety there for a long time, since she had only reached the letter J.

Now the King of Siam's daughters had had their characters permanently embittered by having to change their names in this way, and the older ones, whose names of course had been changed oftener than the others, had their characters more permanently embittered. But September, who had never known what it was to be called anything but September (except of course by her sisters, who because their characters were embittered called her all sorts of names) had a very sweet and charming nature.

The Gentleman in the Parlour.

W. Somerset Maugham.

D. H. Lawrence, Poet of Sensation

Mr. Lawrence and his style are both perfectly original and perfectly sincere. He has no prototype that I can find. He is a poet of sensation, but of sensation as the bodily efflorescence of a spiritual growth. Other poets have given us sensuous images; other poets have spoken of love as chiefly desire; but in no other poet does desire seem so surely the "outward and visible form of an inward and spiritual grace." Mr. Lawrence does not do this by obscuring passion in a poetical subterfuge, he gives the naked desire as it is; but so tuned is his mind that it is always the soul made visible in a supreme moment. Mr. Lawrence has been spoken of as an erotic poet, and that is true, but it is only one-half of the truth; for his eroticism leans always to the mystic something of which it is an evidence. Not to understand this is to fail completely to comprehend the whole meaning of his work.

Poetry and Poets. Amy Lowell.

A Farewell to Josephine's Arms, or The Hemingway of All Flesh

It must have been at Thérèse Tallien's that I saw Napoleon for the first time. He came up to me and said, "Hello, Mme. de Beauharnais."

"Hello, Puss-in-boots," I said. He looked like one. Everybody laughed.

"Have a *fine?*" he said.

"Have one yourself," I said.

"I'll have a *Joséphine,*" Napoleon said. That was one for him.

"It's the first time I heard about it," I said. "Aren't you the fellow that shot up the rabble on the 13 Vendémiaire, Quatre-vingt-quatorze?"

"That's me," he said, "a big croak and shoot man from Corsica. I have set my seal upon France."

"Ah," I said, "he trains seals." Everybody laughed. This was getting good.

"Don't mind her," said Mme. de Staël, "she's like that. She's a Southerner."

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"Go ahead and kid me," Napoleon said, "but I am slated for Big Things."

"Is that the way to talk to a widow?" I said. They had to take Barras out and pour cold water on him.

After a while the Man of Destiny went. I thought he was terrible.

The Facts of Life.
H. W. HANEMANN.

DARWINISM IS DEAD

Ideas are like men. They come into the world, but no one knows whence they came; they grow and flourish, and for a time cherish the illusion of eternal life and then they depart into that land "from whose bourne no traveller returns." This was the fate of Aristotelian science, of the ambitious science of the eighteenth century, of Cuvier's ideas, of naturalism; this fate is now rapidly overtaking Darwinism. Many still hold that Darwin was right, and proudly point out that no one has yet given any better explanation of the facts of animal history. This is true. But Darwinism is not being replaced by a better view; it is simply being abandoned. Not one of those who had become convinced Darwinists afterward recanted—neither Darwin nor Huxley nor Spencer. But they grew old, they vanished from the world, and were replaced by new investigators, who had not experienced the vital glow aroused by the original Darwinism. Darwin is dead; and in that peaceful home to which philosophers from the whole world came as pilgrims a girls' boarding house [was once] established. New names come into prominence, and a revision of values is in progress. . . . We may sum up the modern position in Driesch's words: "For those with insight Darwinism has been dead for a long time. The last pronouncements in its favor were little more than funeral odes inspired by the text *De mortuis nihil nisi bene;* they contained a complete admission of the inadequacy of the defense." Darwinism as a tyrannic doctrine, which imperiously enchains the minds of men, is dead. But it will continue to live as a great intellectual system worked out by men with great minds and of high ideals. In the future it will be included among the greatest of the ideas which form the legacy of the past; on it investigators of the future will train their intellectual talents. . . .

The History of Biological Theories.
EMANUEL RADL. (E. J. HATFIELD.)

HOW MARRIED LADIES AMUSED THEMSELVES IN 16TH CENTURY TURIN

Turin was at that period the seat of love and gallantry. . . .

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4. COMMONWEALTH YEAR BOOK: An illustrated detailed statement of the operations of the Commonwealth Edison Company, of much interest to investors. Offered by Commonwealth Edison Company, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

12. CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT, a booklet describing the activities of Cities Service Company and subsidiaries with special reference to the common stock history and future possibilities. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall St., New York.

6. HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS, a pamphlet outlining some sound investment principles, offered by George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

7. INVESTORS' GUIDE, a detailed statement of sound investments, is offered by Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

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wore their mistresses' liveries, their arms and sometimes even their names. Their function was never to leave them alone for a moment in public, and never to come near them in private, upon all occasions to serve them as their squires, and in tournaments to cover their lances, their housings and their tabards with the monogram and the colors of each several Dulcinea.

Matta was very far from being a foe to gallantry, but he could have wished that it had been rather less complicated than as it was practiced at Turin. The usual formalities would not have disturbed him; but he detected a certain bigotry in the ceremonial cult which love seemed to demand quite out of season. However, as he had submitted his conduct in this particular to the guiding light of the Chevalier de Gramont, he was obliged to follow his lead and conform to the custom of the country. They enlisted, at the same time, in the services of two beauties whom their original cavaliers gave up to them without more ado from motives of politeness.

Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont.

Dinner with James Joyce

We dined with the Joyces *en famille.* They were living in an apartment overlooking the Trocadero. It was not large enough to house Joyce's notebooks. He was working at a great disadvantage, having had to leave almost all of his library and his trunks of notes in Italy. His weary way of referring to the notebooks made a tragedy.

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Though I rarely try to talk any more, said Joyce, I have been too wearied by people asking me to have some more soup in the midst of conversation. I have come to feel that sustained conversation is impossible. In my books I have my revenge.

Joyce doesn't consider it a valid excuse for people to say they can't read him because he is too hard to understand. When he was a young man he wanted to read Ibsen—wanted it so much that he learned Norwegian in order to read him in the original. He feels that people can make the same effort to read him. He sees no reason why he should make it easier for them.

My Thirty Years' War.

Margaret Anderson.

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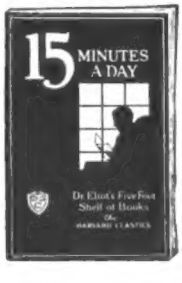

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